ATLANTIC READERS : BOOK FIVE

OUTWARD BOUND

RANDALL J. CONDON

12 50
set of five

OUTWARD BOUND

ATLANTIC READERS. BOOK FIVE

"AND ALL I ASK IS A TALL SHIP AND A STAR TO STEER HER BY" (*Page 3*)

THE ATLANTIC READERS

BOOK FIVE
Grade VIII

OUTWARD BOUND

EDITED BY

RANDALL J. CONDON
Superintendent of the Cincinnati Schools

"*Character is higher than intellect.*" — EMERSON

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1927

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Published March, 1927

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS PUBLICATIONS
ARE PUBLISHED BY
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To all who, outward bound for a distant haven,
keep their course true —

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To all who have helped to make these books the editor expresses deep appreciation.

First, to my mother, who taught her children the deep things of life: duty, honor, truth; courage, faith, hope; love of home and of country; reverence for God, for each other, and for all His lowly creatures; obedience and devotion; sincerity and simplicity; patience and perseverance; self-denial and self-reliance; kindness and helpfulness; contentment while striving to attain; joy in service; and satisfaction in work well done. With a culture not learned in school, — for her island home afforded but little in the way of schools, — but with that richer culture that comes from companionship with a few great books, from communion with God and nature, and from a life well lived, its difficulties faced and its problems solved with an unconquered and an unconquerable spirit, she taught us, by what she did, to do; and inspired us, by what she was, to become. The lessons of life and service, of beauty and truth, that my mother taught will be found within these pages.

To my brother Rufus and my nephew Melvin, who built the log cabin among the spruces on the hilltop, with its wide outlook over sea and shore and peaceful countryside, where before the open fire, to the song of the thrush and the white-throated sparrow and to the sound of rain on the roof, these books were dreamed into being.

To my daughter Katharine and her mother, whose wide reading and search for fine material, whose advice and encouragement, have never failed, and who brought to the task each day a new measure of devotion and service.

To the Cincinnati Board of Education, who granted its superintendent a year's leave of absence for the direction of this work.

Special acknowledgment is made to the teachers of America, who have told of the selections they are using and of those they most desire, and to Margaretta R. Voorhees, Head of Lower School, Beaver Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, and Supervisor, The Beaver School, Inc., Boston, Massachusetts, who has read the entire manuscript of these readers and has brought to them her ripe experience and wise criticism.

The frontispiece is a reproduction of a painting by L. Stears Thompson. The pen-and-ink drawings are by Miss Beatrice Stevens and the pencil sketches by F. M. Rines, both of whom have illustrated the earlier volumes in this series.

Acknowledgment is also gratefully made as follows: —

To the *American Magazine* and the author for the abridgment of "I Was Born in a Storm at Sea," by Lincoln Colcord.

To the *American Review of Reviews* for the "Address to Several Thousand Foreign-Born Citizens" from *Messages and Papers of Woodrow Wilson*, Volume I.

To the Atlantic Monthly Company for "Night on the Road," by Nancy Byrd Turner; and the abridgment of "'As the Swift Ships,'" by Theodore Morrison, from the *Atlantic Monthly*.

To Boni & Liveright, publishers, for "To the Mountain Spirit" from *The Path of the Rainbow*, by George Cronyon.

To Kate A. Chipman for "At the Sign of the Worn Doorstep."

To the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for "Lincoln's Eyes," by Franklin K. Lane.

To the George H. Doran Company for "Shade" from *The Dreamers and Other Poems*, by Theodosia Garrison.

To E. P. Dutton & Company for "The Common Street" from *A Chant of Love for England*, by Helen Gray Cone.

To the Girl Scouts, Inc., New York City, for material from the official handbook, *Scouting for Girls*.

To Harper and Brothers for the selection from *The Letters of Mark Twain*, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

To the Harvard University Press for the quotations from *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War against Germany*, by Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe.

To Henry Holt and Company for "A Hillside Thaw" from *New Hampshire*, by Robert Frost; the selection from *The Log of the Sun*, by William Beebe; "Earth Folk" from *Collected Poems*, by Walter de la Mare; "Monotone" from *Chicago Poems*, by Carl Sandburg; and "The Chimes of Termonde" from *Wilderness Songs*, by Grace Hazard Conkling, here reprinted by courtesy of the author.

To Houghton Mifflin Company. The selections from James Russell Lowell; William Dean Howells; *A New England Girlhood*, by Lucy Larcom; *Songs of Sixpence*, by Abbie Farwell Brown; *Wild Life on the Rockies*, by Enos A. Mills; *The Lifted Cup*, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse; and *In the Country of the Pointed Firs*, by Sarah Orne Jewett, are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

To William Allen Knight and the Pilgrim Press for the abridgment of *The Song of Our Syrian Guest*.

To Longmans, Green & Company for "The Last Poem of Cecil Spring Rice" from *Poems*, by Cecil Arthur Spring Rice.

To the S. S. McClure Company for the material from *Human Documents, Portraits and Biographies of Eminent Men*.

To The Macmillan Company for "Full Moon" from *The Dark of the Moon*, by Sara Teasdale; "The Dark Hills" from *Collected Poems*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; the selection from *The Seven Ages of Washington*, by Owen Wister; and

"Sea-Fever" from *Collected Poems*, by John Masefield, here reprinted by permission of the author.

To Edwin Markham for "The Stone Rejected" from *Gates of Paradise and Other Poems*, copyright 1920, by Edwin Markham, Doubleday, Page & Company, publishers; and "Lincoln, the Man of the People," copyright by Edwin Markham.

To Angela Morgan and Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., for "Work, a Song of Triumph" from *The Hour Has Struck and Other Poems*, by Angela Morgan.

To the Neale Publishing Company for the selections from *The Life and Letters of Robert E. Lee*, by J. William Jones.

To the Paget Literary Agency and *Asia* for "Autumn," by Rabindranath Tagore.

To J. Edgar Park for the poem, "My Mother."

To the Perry Mason Company for the following selections by Nancy Byrd Turner from the *Youth's Companion:* "The Written Word" and "Lines for a Girl's Study."

To James Pott & Company for material from *The Greatest Thing in the World*, by Henry Drummond.

To Charles Scribner's Sons for material from *A Window in Thrums*, by J. M. Barrie; the selection called "The Quiet Mind," by Robert Louis Stevenson, from *The Pocket R. L. S.;* "The Celestial Surgeon" from *The Poems and Ballads of Robert Louis Stevenson;* the selection called "These Are the Gifts" from "God of the Open Air" from *Music and Other Poems*, by Henry van Dyke; and for the selection from *Norwood* by Henry Ward Beecher.

To Abba Hillel Silver for "America."

To Small, Maynard & Company and the author for "The Deserted Pasture," by Bliss Carman.

To the Frederick A. Stokes Company for "The Old Bridge" from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling; and "A Knight of Old Japan" from *Collected Poems*, by Alfred Noyes.

To the *Sunday School Times* for "It Is Not a Little Thing," by Frances Avery Faunce.

To the University Society, Inc., for "On the Shores of Longing," by William Canton, from *The Young Folks Treasury.*

To A. P. Watt & Son and Doubleday, Page & Company for the lines from "Recessional," by Rudyard Kipling, here reprinted by courtesy of the author.

RANDALL J. CONDON

FOREWORD

THERE was never a time when the schools needed more than now to reëxamine what they are teaching and the way they are teaching, to the end that emphasis may be placed where it belongs, upon life and the things that make for useful and worthy living. Formal, static routine, mechanical processes and material, do not produce an education that will function in terms of life. Life can be learned only through living, and the more abundant life comes from the things of the spirit. Since "character is higher than intellect," we need to turn our thoughts to a consideration of character as the supreme end of education, to set ourselves the task of devising ways and means for the development of personal character and for its expression in terms of social and civic service. But character cannot be taught, nor right habits of action formed, by any didactic process. Character grows out of life, is connected with life, expresses itself in terms of life, and must be established through living experiences and through the formation of right habits of action inspired by and conducted according to the highest ideals.

The Atlantic Readers grew out of a profound conviction that there is need of fine and fresh material dealing with moral problems — of books that will deepen the sense of moral truth and inspire to noble action.

As an immediate guide to the preparation and selection of the material, ten thousand representative teachers throughout the country were asked through their superintendents to send statements as to what they were using, what plans they had followed, what had been found of greatest value, and what more they needed to help them in the work of character edu-

cation. These replies, which afford a composite view of what is now being done by the best teachers in the most representative schools of America, have served as the basis for the plan of these books. If the Readers are different, this is due, not only to our own conviction that they should be, but to the demand of teachers and superintendents everywhere for reading of this character. They are designed to be books, not of information, but of inspiration. Yet they contain material of real informational value, and the utmost care has been taken to verify scientific, historic, and other factual statements. Something of fancy, imagination, and dramatic interest may have at times been sacrificed in the interest of truth, but anything lost in this respect has been more than offset by the gain in accuracy.

In addition to the many teachers, hundreds of men and women in other professions and occupations, representing a great cross section of American life at its best, were consulted about their own early reading and its influence on their lives, and were asked for suggestions from their later reading which might best help the young people of this day and generation. Most valuable material came from this source.

No selection has been included that does not deal with some phase of life or service, that does not deepen reverence, inspire faith, hope, or courage, teach kindness and helpfulness, magnify duty, obedience, and love of home and country, or foster some other virtue. Nor does the teaching end with inculcating respect and love for our own nation, for, while this is placed first, world fellowship, sympathetic understanding, good will, and coöperation are duly emphasized.

In the books for the upper grades, where these characteristics are emphasized, neither a "narrow nationalism" nor a vague "internationalism" is taught, but a strong, self-reliant nationalism that would seek and find opportunity for expression in terms of world helpfulness, peace, and fellowship. In this,

as in all other matters, a conscious attempt has been made to teach tolerance, kindness, and open-mindedness in order that the child may learn to see and respect another's point of view upon questions about which there is an honest difference of opinion, to appreciate the settling of controversies by reason instead of by force, and to apply the Golden Rule in all personal, business, social, national, and international relations, so that he may be ready at all times to stand for right and justice no matter what the cost. In the later books especially we have turned back to the times that tried men's souls, giving something of the atmosphere of the days of old, thus helping the children to visualize the stirring times in which our fathers lived and fought for freedom. "Fought for freedom" — that is the only kind of war that we have recognized as worthy of a place in these books of character. And we have not hesitated to tell the story of the service which men and women have given in war as well as in peace, in order that liberty and justice might prevail. These books teach peace founded on justice, but they teach also the beauty of a willingness to die if need be for the sake of truth and honor, for freedom of conscience and of country.

No selection has been included that would tend to create a feeling of intolerance or controversy in social, religious, racial, or political matters. Many otherwise desirable selections have been discarded because they were found to contain a single paragraph or even a sentence that seemed to violate this standard. Far and near, selections have been sought that would help to deepen a sense of good will and fellowship and kindly consideration for others by emphasizing the fine qualities in all mankind. We have endeavored to teach that our pledge to the flag, "one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," means a national unity of spirit that cannot be divided into groups or sects or races, — into rich and poor, into weak and strong, into those who work on farms, in factories, forests,

and mines, and those who do not have to toil, — this one nation to include all, with liberty of conscience and conduct for each; and that full justice must be done to all if America is to realize the great dream that our fathers dreamed, of social amity, with religious and racial equality for all the people.

The story form was early decided upon for the major portion of each book, since strong narrative and fine biography are the best means of conveying the truths and giving the inspiration desired. To these have been added description, essays, letters, and truly distinctive poetry. Only such selections have been accepted as would help to cultivate some fundamental quality of character. These qualities are presented, however, with no touch of didacticism or self-consciousness, but always in such a natural way as to make them seem altogether desirable and worthy of imitation, thus teaching by the subtle influence of example and suggestion.

In the nature selections, both prose and verse, there might seem to be an exception to the consistent plan of presenting well-defined ideals. But this type of material has been chosen deliberately and with the utmost care, in the belief that what Nature teaches makes for the right and best development of character, and that those who in early life come to love the great out-of-doors and to commune with Nature in her intimate forms will be drawn nearer to God and to man and will build their characters on a foundation that cannot be shaken. Like all the rest, the nature selections have been chosen to give inspiration and, by creating a love of nature, to supply the soul with food to nourish it in later life.

A number of selections, in themselves entirely worthy for the purpose, have been omitted because they may be found in other schoolbooks, and we set ourselves the task of assembling the largest possible amount of material not otherwise available. A few invaluable standard selections from both prose and

poetry have inevitably been included. In certain instances we have presented what might appear to be familiar material, but with so fresh a treatment as to render it virtually new. Much of the verse is new so far as its use in schoolbooks is concerned. We have met with a generous response from a great number of publishers and authors, and in more than one case permission has been given for the use of valuable material for which the privilege of reprinting had never before been granted.

There are two other ideas which have been kept clearly in mind in making these books.

First, realizing that children learn to read during the first two or three years in school, we believe that thereafter they should have material to read from which they may learn. In these books, the material is intended to teach the great lessons of life without which all the rest of their learning is of little avail. The question will be asked: Are these books intended as "basal texts"? By all means, for they deal with the most fundamental things in life: character, courage, service. Here is no need of a mechanical vocabulary. There are, it is true, some unusual words, but these come in naturally in order that children may have the satisfaction of adding them to their vocabulary as they go along. The simpler selections, as to both language and content, have been placed in Books I and II, the more difficult in Books III, IV, and V. In general, Book I should be used in the fourth year in school; Book V in the eighth year (in elementary school or junior high school); Books II, III, and IV in the intervening grades. Nevertheless it is our hope and expectation that pupils in the eighth grade will enjoy reading many of the selections in Books I and II, as well as in III and IV, and that pupils in the fifth and sixth grades will appreciate many of the selections in both earlier and later books.

The second idea is this. Children in school ought to have beautiful books made like those they would enjoy reading out of school. Consequently, in style and binding, printing, and general make-up, the attempt has been made to create books that in themselves will give enjoyment — books that a child would like to hold in his hands, that look and feel like those he would read in the library or at home. A great deal of thought has been given to this phase of the subject — the preparation of books, not for schools, but for children. The Readers have been planned to offer the largest possible amount of value for the price that Boards of Education could reasonably be expected to pay for schoolbooks. They have been made for the profit, not of publishers, but of children. This thought has determined the nature of the binding, the size of the book, the ease with which it lies open for reading, the margins, type, paper, and all such matters as go to the making of beautiful volumes. For beautiful schoolhouses and beautiful schoolbooks are inherently inspirational.

Each volume has an individual name and a word of dedication, to make it like any fine book that may be found outside of school; and we hope the Readers may be used not only in the schoolroom but in the library and at home, where parents and children may enjoy them together.

We have followed the advice of many teachers who asked us not to classify or group the selections by topics, but to place them in a natural and somewhat informal order, adding to the variety of interest and allowing teachers and pupils to use them for reading and class discussion in any order they might prefer. We have also deliberately kept from "cluttering up" the books with suggestions as to how the material should be used. All such "helps" are quite as likely to become hindrances. The Readers are for children and young people, who should not be told how the text is to be presented by the teacher. What we have done is to follow the majority of the

selections with Notes which will stimulate both teacher and child to further original discovery. In each volume there is also a brief pronouncing and defining vocabulary of the most unusual words.

We have tried to make living books, filled with living material, presented in a form to stir the emotions and to inspire youth to noble action. Here the teacher will find many opportunities to apply essential lessons to life. For it is action that forms as well as reveals character, and in the daily school, community, and home lives of the children must be found the incentives for the emulation of humble and heroic virtues.

Whether the material shall be used for oral or for silent reading must be determined by the purpose that the individual teacher has in mind. Many of the selections, because of their stirring action or because of the beauty of the language itself, should be used for oral reading, where the sound of the voice may interpret the deeper meanings or may add to the rhythm and melody of the language. Such reading affords opportunity for discussion, comparison, interpretation, and appreciation. Many others and perhaps most of the longer selections will be used to the best advantage if read silently, either as group or as individual assignments, or as the children themselves may wish to read them, preparatory to class consideration of the full ethical meaning. As to this, a single word of warning — do not attempt to force too many lessons or to draw obvious or hidden truths from all the selections read. If left alone, the material will convey its own truth and teach its own moral, and so leave a more lasting impression. The effect is likely to be weakened by too much discussion. Beauty interprets itself, whether seen in nature, in a fine painting or building or statue, or in conduct. By a few skillful questions or suggestions that help to reveal the message, we can bring the children under the spell of the beautiful, and then leave them alone to dream their dreams.

It is our confident expectation that some of the more difficult selections, read but not fully comprehended now, will afford a reservoir from which deep drafts will be drawn in after years to bring strength and comfort as the meaning becomes clear in the light of later experience and the thought turns back in memory to the time when the selections were read in school and only dimly understood. It is a great mistake to give children only what can be fully comprehended. They need something more.

No selection has been written down to the children; we respect them too much for that. We expect them to rise to noble thoughts, expressed in fine language. They always do, unless teachers or parents deal with them on such a low plane that there is nothing to lift them up.

And now the books are printed. They have been made for the children and their teachers. May their use help to create a reverence for God, an appreciation of nature, a greater respect for parents and older people, kindness and helpfulness one to another; and may these books help to fashion citizens worthy of the institutions received from our fathers, and ready to live — or die, if need be — in protection of the flag and the ideals for which it stands.

A NOTE ON SILENT READING

THE purpose of any book must be the determining factor in its presentation to children. As these Atlantic books are planned for children over nine years of age, they presuppose in the reader a fair degree of technique in both silent and oral reading. Here we find our first hint as to the method of handling this material.

Our next hint lies in the character of the selections made by the compiler, who explains in his Foreword that reading is simply a means to a worth-while end.

The third hint comes from the children in whose hands we place the books.

Try for the moment the experiment of substituting a "treasure chest" for the book. Treasure always arouses curiosity. Curiosity prompts exploration. Instantly hands become the keys needed to open the box, and the child is well launched on his road to discovery. Absorbed in his own search, he has no interest at first in other children, who may also have treasure chests. This is an individual quest and will so remain until the initial wonder, at least, has been satisfied. After the contents have been brought to view — in some cases dumped, as it were, out of the chest; in others, carefully examined — the child may spare the time to glance at the treasure of another, and even to compare notes, to explain, to borrow, to loan, and probably to exchange. Then for the first time the discoverer sees detail, and again and again he goes back to the thing that appeals to him particularly. Who would be so thoughtless as to take away this joy of discovery? Who would force the child to take a red package when he wants the one wrapped in silver? Who would have him save the other treasures until another time?

Following this natural cue, the technique for presenting and handling these books becomes clear and appealingly simple. Each book is a treasure chest and should be put into the hands of the child as such. Surely no one would deaden the spirit of inquiry by saying, "All turn to page one." The teacher's first aim is to

arouse curiosity, for curiosity is there in every child, just waiting to be stirred. The second is to foster curiosity until it prompts exploration. The third, and most difficult, is to allow the child to make his own discoveries.

While the child is lost in his exploration, the teacher will have time to remind herself that the opening of a treasure book is as much an individual exercise as is the opening of a treasure chest, and that, if she interferes, she will defeat her own purpose. She must tell herself that the keys in the hands of the child are his ability and desire to read for his personal enjoyment, and that only in this way can the real feeling of discovery come to him. For this, plenty of time should be given to the child and, wherever needed, much encouragement. Sometimes it happens that days elapse before he is ready to share what he has found, or to listen to the discovery of another, but this by no means signifies that the golden opportunity has been lost.

Joy in discovery through reading must be the fundamental thought in the use of books of this type. Where there is real joy, sharing it with another is a perfectly natural step. The teacher must be ready for this opportunity and must see its full possibilities. These include retelling, discussion, oral reading of beautiful selections, and following the varied and alluring hints found in the Notes and new avenues of investigation suggested by the children, which would in their natural course lead to the use of other books and the sharing of real experiences.

When material is presented in this way, silent reading is necessitated by the initial mood of curiosity, which has been deliberately aroused. It becomes the wingèd horse that, by its very swiftness, carries the reader happily to the desired end. Oral reading, on the other hand, by the slowness of its pace deadens the spirit of curiosity and often defeats the very object that it seeks.

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OUTWARD BOUND

SEA–FEVER [1]

I MUST down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD

[1] From *Collected Poems*, by John Masefield. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers, and the author.

I WAS BORN IN A STORM AT SEA

I was born at sea in the region of Cape Horn, in the cabin of a sailing ship. We had just rounded the Horn on the passage from Valparaiso to New York, deeply loaded with nitrates. It was midwinter in those latitudes, the fourteenth of August, 1883. A black southwester had been blowing for many days; before this gale the bark Charlotte A. Littlefield, my father's first command, scudded under two lower topsails, laboring heavily in the mountainous running seas. Two days before, the ship had sprung a leak. She was old, and the cargo was the hardest possible on a vessel.

Now the situation was growing serious. The water in the lower hold was gaining on the pumps; the gale had increased in the previous night; and at the particular hour when Fate decided to launch me in a world that looked more like an inferno than a place fit for human habitation, my father had grave doubts that the old craft under his feet would pull through the storm. It was a bad time, but seafaring people expect bad times. Their training has largely been in the way of meeting emergencies.

These were the inhospitable auspices of my birth. It really was no place for a newborn child. Years afterward I once broached the subject to Father. "Was n't it pretty tough, sir?" I asked. He gave a short laugh. "Tough things have to be done," he said. "The memory of them gets swamped by time." It was an epitome of the high creed of seamanship.

Later I was to circumnavigate the globe in my own right under sail, on board another vessel, rounding the Horn this time in pleasant weather. It was January, the heart of summer, and we carried a light breeze, with royals set over a gently heaving sea. I remember standing beside my mother at the rail, as she gazed on the placid face of that usually tempestuous region. Her arm went around me. "It does n't seem possible!" she whispered.

This was the only time that I ever visited my birthplace. But I have a memento of it. In after years my father became master of a steamship, and died on board his vessel in a foreign port. Among the personal tokens that came home with his effects, things he had loved and treasured, there was a small pasteboard box containing a piece of shell-encrusted seaweed. On the box, in his handwriting, was this inscription: —

A bit of weed from Lincoln's [1] birthplace, washed on board the American in 44° south latitude, South Atlantic Ocean, in the same kind of a southwest gale in which he was born; picked up and salted down by his father, this being the first that any of the family ever have seen of that country.

The question of citizenship involved in birth at sea used to be well understood by the authorities along the Atlantic seaboard. We who first saw the world out of sight of land were admitted to citizenship under the law providing for children born in American embassies abroad. Our ships, too, were "patches of

[1] Lincoln Colcord, who tells this story.

American soil." The American flag flew over us, the craft was taxpaying American property, our parents were Americans of Americans. The flag raised over my birth, I believe, was immediately blown to ribbons and snatched away by the gale. But I am far from being a man without a country.

My first conscious memory is of the sea. It is one of those vivid pictures photographed on the mind of a young child, which live with singular completeness and vitality in after years. I must have been about four years old. Mother had carried me to the head of the companionway, and set me on top of the after house; with her arm around me and her face close to mine, she stood just inside the door.

The scene that lives in my mind is one of wild, stormy waters, heaving and bursting into foam under the hard, brilliant sunlight of a cloudless gale. The ship was hove to and must have been light loaded, for the decks were dry. I recall even the sensation this scene gave me — a sensation of boundless joy and exaltation, of pleasure in the deep blue color of the water streaked with foam, of delight at the rushing wind and the waves constantly in motion, of love for the straining ship and the bright ocean world of which she was a part. I flung my arms around my mother's neck, and shouted aloud in glee.

Then I noticed that her glasses were clouded with a whitish opaque substance. On childish impulse, I leaned forward and touched this substance with my tongue. It tasted salt. Years later, when I had to wear glasses myself at sea, I learned how they would

collect the flying spindrift in a gale. But saltness, too, is part of this first sea recollection.

Ships were the best of my boyhood, and it is ships chiefly that I remember. There is something of simple and fundamental life about a ship that makes her a true companion for either boys or men. A ship was my constant playmate through boyhood, and all the ships we met joined the game. Unknown and mysterious, they appeared on the rim of the horizon like tokens of undiscovered worlds. If we approached them near enough, they had to be signaled, an operation of which I took full charge. The hoisting of flags, the reading of signals through the spyglass, the patient solving of the mystery by aid of the international code book — this was play of the finest sort, a game in full reality, as the two ships sped on their way with miles of blue water between.

I remember races that lasted for weeks on end. Day after day the ships would be in sight of each other. When morning dawned, perhaps your adversary would be hull down ahead; perhaps you had caught a slant of wind in the night and put her topsails under on the lee quarter. Or perhaps the ships would break company for several weeks, only to come together farther along the course, under different conditions of wind and weather, and fight it out once more in plain sight of each other.

No seaman likes to be outsailed. Happily for my peace of mind, my boyhood was spent on board a fast ship. She was the clipper bark Harvard, a low, black-painted craft of a thousand tons register, hailing from

Boston. This handsome little vessel was a jewel of seaworthiness and sailing qualities. She would lay up within five points of the wind, and sail her best close-hauled; I have seen her beat to windward through a fleet of schooners. She was a marvel in light airs, rarely losing steerageway, slipping through the water at three knots in a breeze that could barely be felt, when other ships were turning around to look at themselves. Best of all the Harvard would tack in a teacup, and never was known to miss stays.

With a vessel like this, and under a master like my father, it was impossible for a boy not to acquire the fine art of sailing. The feeling of the sea sank into my blood. I learned it as one learns the better part of love, through daily application. The instinctive parts of seamanship — judgment and caution, the sense of a vessel's condition, the subtle message communicated by the heave of the deck — were mine by virtue of a romantic comradeship.

How well I remember one morning at the entrance to the Strait of Sunda, when we were crossing the great threshold of the East after three months at sea. A gentle but steady land breeze wafted off the hills, a breeze that seemed trying in wanton play to head us off and knock us out into the current. "Take the helm, my boy, and see what you can do," said my father in his short way.

My palms had been itching for the spokes. "Please ask Mr. Forsyth to brace the main royal a little flatter, sir," I said, "and flatten everything aft on the fore-mast as hard as he can." The shadow of a smile

crossed my father's face, but he gave the order. This luffed her half a point. Under the land, there was scarcely a ripple on the water. The weather leech of the main royal lifted. I held her so, barely moving the spokes of the wheel from minute to minute; and the little bark seemed to eat her way bodily to windward, as if making an effort independent of the rudder. I verily believe she lay within four and a half points of the wind that morning, while the green palm-clad shore slipped by at a steady five-knot gait. In ways like this, going to sea was fine.

I was allowed to climb the masts at will, to the royal yard, the highest point I could reach. I submit this as a test of my mother's character. Few women, I believe, would have been wise and brave enough to give a boy his freedom among a ship's swaying spars, walking the manropes a hundred feet above the deck or overhanging the deep sea. I like to think that I repaid this great gift in the coin of prudence and heedfulness. I never came to accident aloft; I was safe because I was careful and free.

I used to love the royal yard when the ship heeled quietly at a constant angle, or lay at rest in the heart of a calm at sea. From that height the ocean assumes a wider, distant look, the aspect of a background. The deck is far away; the plan of the ship lies spread out before the eye. In a light, airy solitude, out of the ship yet in her, above the belly of the topmost sail, I used to sit by the hour astride the yard, one arm around the royal backstay, the only inhabitant of a world all my own. It was on the main-royal yard,

crossing the Indian Ocean, that I first read the *Pickwick Papers*. I have sighted many a sail from that perch, and examined many a landfall with eager eyes.

There was another place, more perilous still, that used to attract me in a sterner mood. This was the tip of the jib boom. On a vessel of the Harvard's size, the jib boom extended some forty feet beyond the knightheads, hanging clear above the water in the path of the ship's progress. It was a stupid place in light weather, except for fishing. But when an eight-knot breeze was blowing, the jib boom became a seat of inspiration. Looking back, the narrow bows of the vessel lay directly before the eye. You saw her rushing toward you, dipping and plunging, tossing the spray to windward, rolling a broad wave-curl off the fine curve of the lee bow, her cutwater racing with eager and passionate intensity through the ocean that slipped with the steady motion of a panorama under your perch, the whole beautiful body advancing with power and purpose, as if alive. This was the place to see and know a ship's vitality.

All forenoon I had been on the jib boom, watching a pair of porpoises play around the bows. At length they finished their play and settled down to lead the ship for a while, as they have a habit of doing. The longer I watched them, the more I began to fear for their safety. Two days before, the mate had harpooned a porpoise, and the horror of it was still fresh in my mind. A porpoise is a mammal. It has warm blood by the bucketful; it squeaks and groans when it is hurt. A good-sized specimen will weigh

three hundred pounds. To see such a creature harpooned and hauled out of the water on the end of the iron, the blood and struggle of it, the weird sounds of the victim, had caused a sudden revulsion in my whole nature. I could not eat a mouthful of that porpoise. Now here were two more, placing themselves in prime position to be slaughtered. And as if in answer to my worst fears, at that moment the mate mounted the forecastle head.

"Hello — porpoises!" he cried in great excitement, sighting them and me together. "Why did n't you sing out?"

"They just arrived, sir."

"Well, keep them there. I'll run and get the harpoon."

Keep them there! What could I do? I had nothing to throw at them; porpoises are not easily frightened. Surely, I cried in agony, God will not permit this awful thing to happen again. While sounds of running broke out along the deck, I burst into fervent prayer: —

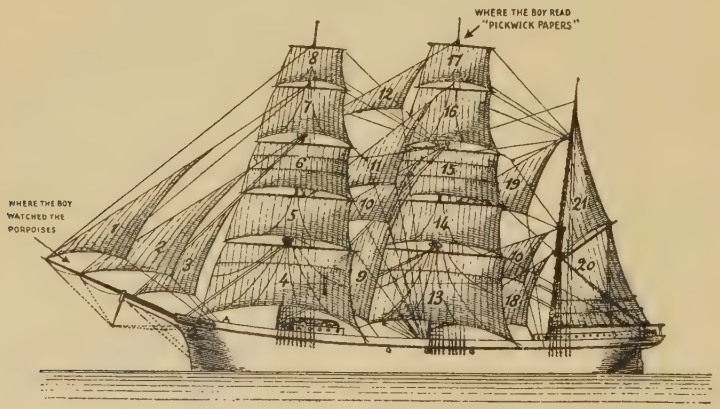
"O God," I prayed, "send these porpoises away. Send them away quick, before the mate gets the harpoon rigged! If I don't want these porpoises killed, it seems to me You ought to feel the same way. Warn them, God! You must have the power."

There was no time for more. The mate had rigged the harpoon, and now stood at the knightheads poising it in his right hand. The porpoises had not moved. A moment passed while the mate shifted his stand, so that the stroke would go clear of the bobstays. My heart sank like lead. But at that instant a wonderful

thing happened. As if in obedience to a sudden command, the two dun-colored bodies turned abruptly to starboard, gathered quick headway, and left the path of the vessel. I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"Shoot, sir! They're going!" cried a dozen voices.

The mate flung the harpoon, but it fell far short. The men hauled in the empty iron; after a while they all went away. I sat on the jib boom, motionless and overwhelmed. I had seen a miracle. Why, I had caused it — it had been sent to me! That awed me, yet I felt wonderfully safe and secure. I had proved



A BARK, SHOWING SAILS

(1) Flying jib; (2) Jib; (3) Fore-topmast staysail; (4) Foresail; (5) Lower fore-topsail; (6) Upper fore-topsail; (7) Fore-topgallant sail; (8) Fore royal; (9) Main-topmast staysail; (10) Middle staysail; (11) Main-topgallant staysail; (12) Main-royal staysail; (13) Mainsail; (14) Lower main topsail; (15) Upper main topsail; (16) Main-topgallant sail; (17) Main royal; (18) Mizzen staysail; (19) Mizzen-topmast staysail; (20) Spanker; (21) Gaff topsail.

God's presence, had almost heard His voice. I tried to imagine the nature of the Divine command that I had seen obeyed. God could hear, then; He was close at hand. The emptiness of the ocean surrounding me was His, the wind and the wave, and the fishes of the deep. How could I doubt that I was His also?

That voyage was a deeply religious one for me. Before it was over God gave me another sign. We were lying beside the wharf in the basin of Port Natal. One morning, after breakfast, I missed my dog Pint. He was nowhere on the ship. I called and whistled, but he had disappeared from the locality. This dog, an overgrown puppy, a sort of mongrel mastiff, had no acquaintance with the land. I was frantic, for I loved him dearly. I rushed ashore and started up the road toward the city of Durban. There were dogs everywhere — dogs playing in the gutter, dogs fighting, dogs running up the side lanes. My memory of the broad paved highway connecting Durban with its port is of a street of dogs. I had provided myself with a pair of binoculars, for I was nearsighted. While I searched, I prayed. But at noon I had to give up the search and come back alone to the ship. Pint could n't be found.

I ate my dinner in silence. For a couple of hours I moped at the gangway, keeping a sharp lookout along the water front. The deck seemed empty and desolate. I would never see Pint again. At last I could stand it no longer. I had to take my sorrow out of the ship, to a place I knew of, fit for thinking problems through.

This place was an immense ocean beach, fronting the seas that stretched from Africa to the Antarctic.

It lay on the outside of the long arm forming the natural sea wall of the basin of Port Natal. To reach it from our berth I followed a roadway leveled through a ridge of rocks, where the roar of the surf echoed and thundered among the ledges, till suddenly I emerged on a vast view of sand and broken water, with the wreck of a steel bark in the foreground that had dragged ashore in some southerly blow, and ships and steamers at anchor, waiting for the tide to pass in over the bar.

The beach was bleak and bare that afternoon. A strong gale was blowing off the Southern Ocean; the air had a keen cutting edge. The sea was a dark lead color; the sky and sand were a dull, lifeless gray. The scene fitted my gloomy mood. I went down to the surf, thinking the grim and logical thoughts of boyhood. The worst of it was that God had forsaken me. My dog was as well worth saving as a couple of porpoises. What had I done, to make Him withhold His hand?

After a while the mood softened; memories of my dear lost dog returned, bringing a flood of tears. At such times I am always easier if I break into a run. It was while running at top speed in a westerly direction toward the lighthouse that I came point-blank against a venerable old man seated on a curved piece of timber cast ashore from another wrecked vessel. His back was to the wind, and he was reading a book. He had on a brown ulster; a tweed hat was pulled low over his ears. The ends of a woollen scarf about his neck snapped in the breeze. He closed the book, and looked up at me with twinkling eyes.

"What are you crying for, my boy?" he asked in a kindly way.

"I've lost my dog, sir," I sniffled.

He laughed as if struck by a sudden thought. Then he raised his hand and pointed dramatically along the beach.

"There is your dog," he said. "Go fetch him."

In that instant of speech, I knew that I stood on the threshold of another revelation. I looked where he pointed. A little distance off lay something that resembled a pile of sand. I ran toward it, calling Pint by name. The pile became animated; the sand upheaved and flew about; the long legs uncoiled themselves; the thick ropy tail began to swing; the familiar ungainly form bounded like a young camel across the beach. We fell upon each other and sank together in the sand. Even as I hugged Pint tight, I felt the wonder of it. Unworthy boy, I had doubted — I had failed the test. Yet God had forgiven me. What a marvelous chain of slender chances! How easily I might have run east instead of west when the tears began to come. Or if I had seen the old man in time, I would n't have approached him. . . .

The old man — where had he gone? I found myself gazing at the piece of curved and weather-beaten timber; but the brown ulster and tweed hat had disappeared. Yes, disappeared. I suppose the wind had grown too chilly, or he had conveniently reached the end of a chapter. I suppose Pint and I had been lying in the sand longer than I realized. It seemed only a minute. And I was frightened; for on all that

broad beach there was not a living soul in sight. The old man had delivered his message, and vanished whence he came.

Storms and dangers came in the natural course of events, for going to sea was not all plain sailing. But, taken all in all, it cannot be said that a seafaring life, under a competent commander, was any more unsafe than life ashore. It is dangerous to be alive. For my part, I have been afraid of the land many times, but never of the sea. Fear is the product of ignorance and lack of confidence. I knew a ship, and had full confidence in my father. But ashore I have had to be my own commander, and I have never learned the land.

I have passed through a typhoon on shipboard, and seen all kinds of bad weather; but I never have felt the margin of safety disappear. The ship was always in prime condition aloft. My father was a careful and expert navigator; he did not get into tight places, because he knew how to avoid them. I would not be understood as claiming that the sea affords nothing to fear. There are times when the elements will not be appeased, when a ship's margin of safety is swallowed up in the wrath of heaven, when even the best seaman finds himself caught in a net that cannot be broken. But these occasions come seldom. In an astonishing number of cases of maritime disaster, the ultimate fault lies with the judgment of men.

Up to high-school age I had my education at sea. Father taught me mathematics and seamanship.

Mother taught English and history. I cannot remember learning to read. Geography came as part of life to a boy who studied charts for amusement, found his own position by the sun, and circumnavigated the globe. My parents' method of teaching was remarkable. In this, too, they gave me complete freedom. I was assigned a lesson and told to work it out for myself. I could take what time I wanted. In this way, I recall the day when I was to graduate from arithmetic and tackle the new conceptions of algebra. No explanation was given. I was handed a Wells *College Algebra*, with orders to report to Father when I had got the idea. It took me a whole forenoon to fathom the rudiments of the new mathematical technique; but when I had reasoned it through I knew it in a way that no amount of explanation could have imparted.

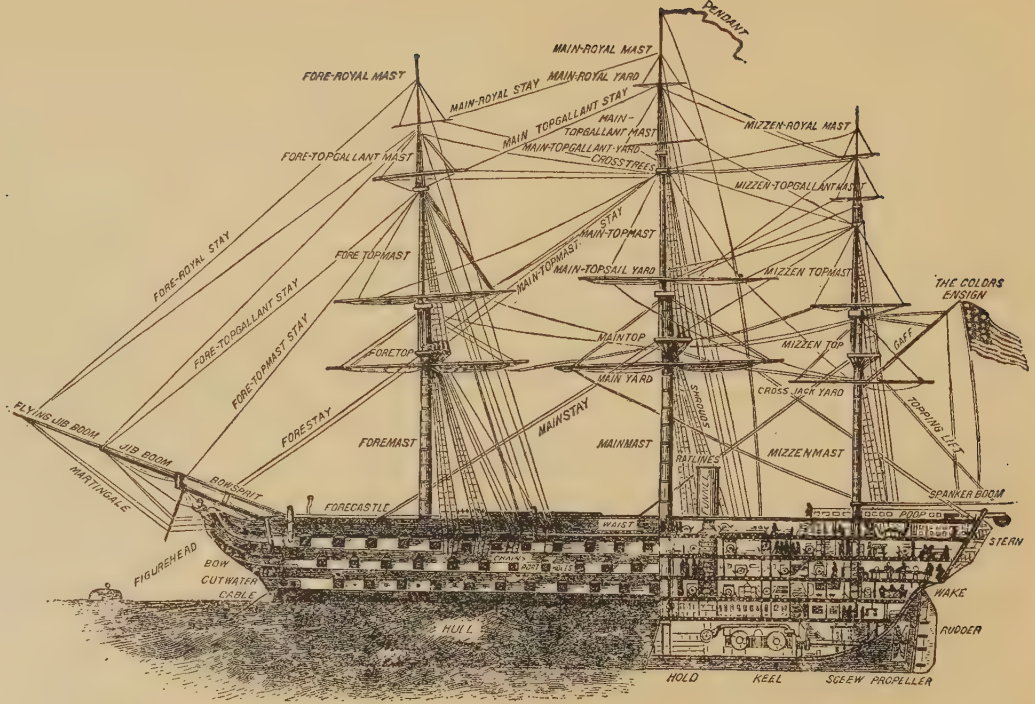
Life brings its own education, and the life of the sea permits no truancy. It says to man, Learn to be a seaman, or die. It takes no slurring answer, it gives no immunity. A man must get one hundred in that examination, or he is thrown out of school. If he is a poor navigator, he runs ashore. If he uses poor judgment in handling his ship, he loses her. If he is reckless, he meets disaster. If he neglects his watch at night, he has a collision. If he slights his duty, something carries away. If he does not know his ship, to understand her voice, he takes the masts out of her. Even though he be apt in all these ways, yet if he lacks courage and quickness of action, the instinct and ability to meet a situation that never has risen before,

the emergency will find him out some day and he will pay the price of incapacity. The ocean cannot be cheated. It stands as the ultimate test of life. It may not be crossed except by those who know the stars.

For my part, I pass the days like a man between ships, paid off but not yet signed up, waiting for the next voyage to come along. I love to watch the faces and manners of shore people; the things they do amuse and puzzle me, I am curious and appreciative, I enjoy looking on at the show; but shore life, the strange, complicated, urgent business of the land, will never seem quite real to me. My feelings and aspirations were built on other foundations — on foundations that, along with the ship of my birth, have sunk in the tide of time.

A question that has often arisen in my own mind may well occur to others here: Where did a boy with this upbringing fit into the life of the land? The answer is, of course, that he did n't properly fit in anywhere. When I came ashore, I left my heart moored, I think, in the fairway of the Strait of Sunda, the gateway of the East, the portal of the dawn, where any ships that passed into the China Sea would sight my mooring buoy. It lies there yet, for all I know, unless it has broken adrift and started on one of those long sea journeys in the march of ocean currents. I have a notion that it will never drift ashore.

LINCOLN COLCORD (*adapted*)



A SHIP, SHOWING MASTS AND RIGGING

NOTE. — A typical sailing ship is a vessel with a bowsprit and three masts, *foremast*, *mainmast*, and *mizzenmast*, (rarely with a fourth mast) each composed of a *lower mast*, a *topmast*, and a *topgallant* (pronounced tŏ-găl′ănt) *mast*, and sometimes higher masts. The sails and various parts of the ship's rigging take their names from these masts. The *topsails* are the two sails (upper topsail and lower topsail) that hoist on the topmast. The *royal* is a small sail on the royal mast. A *stay* is a rope, now usually of wire, supporting a mast, and a *staysail* (stā′s'l) is any sail on a stay. So the *main-royal staysail* is the sail on a stay that supports the main-royal mast. And the *main-royal yard* is the spar which spreads the main-royal.

These are sails of a *square-rigged* vessel, that is, a vessel having the principal sails extended on yards suspended horizontally at the middle. *Square* means at right angles with the mast and keel. *Fore-and-aft* sails lie in the general line of a vessel's length, and are bent to *gaffs* (as the upper spars of such sails are called) or set on stays in the midship line. A schooner is fore-and-aft rigged. The large diagram of a ship shows the rigging for a fore-and-aft sail on the after mast. This sail is called a *spanker*. When the mizzenmast is square-rigged, the lowermost sail is called the *mizzensail* or *crossjack* (krō′jĕk).

A *clipper* is a kind of fast-sailing vessel, with a sharp bow. A *bark* has three masts, with foremast and mainmast square-rigged and mizzenmast fore-and-aft rigged. The clipper bark, therefore, on which Lincoln Colcord sailed had both kinds of rigging.

A *companionway* is the passageway occupied by a set of steps leading below from the deck. *After* means toward the stern of the ship, and is applied to any object in the rear part of a vessel, as *after cabin*. When a ship is *hove to*, she is lying as nearly stationary as feasible with head to windward. When a vessel is *hull down* she is so distant that only her spars can be seen above the horizon. The *lee* is the place or side protected from the wind, or the quarter of the compass toward which the wind blows. That side of a ship farthest from the point from which the wind blows is called the *lee*. The word is also used as an adjective, as the *lee bow*.

"She would lay up within five points of the wind." To *lay* is to place one's self in a given position. A *point* is one of the

thirty-two points marked on a compass. *Close-hauled* means with sails set for sailing as nearly as possible against the wind.

"I have seen her beat to windward through a fleet of schooners." To *beat* is to make progress to windward by *tacking* or *wearing*. To *tack* is to change the direction of the vessel when sailing close-hauled, by putting the helm *alee* (that is, on or toward the lee) and shifting the sails. To *wear* is to go about by turning the head away from the wind.

Steerageway means headway sufficient to make a vessel answer the helm. The *helm* refers to the steering apparatus, comprising the rudder, tiller, wheel, and so forth, or often to the tiller or wheel alone.

A *knot* is a unit of speed equivalent to one nautical mile (6080.27 feet) an hour. When a ship goes eight nautical miles an hour, her speed is eight *knots*.

To *miss stays* is to fail in the attempt to go about, either hanging in the wind or losing steerageway or falling back on the old tack.

Aft is near, toward, or in, the stern of a vessel. To *luff* is to turn the head of a vessel toward the wind. *Weather* means windward, as opposed to *lee*. The *leech* is either edge of a square sail, or the after edge of any fore-and-aft sail. *Windward* means toward the wind, in the direction from which the wind blows; also, the point or side from which the wind blows, as opposed to *leeward* (lū′ērd).

A *manrope* is a side rope to a gangway, ladder, or the like, used as a handrail.

To *heel* is to tip to one side or the other.

Landfall means sighting or making land.

The *knightheads* are two large timbers that rise obliquely from the keel behind the stem, one on each side, and support the bowsprit which is between them.

The *forecastle* (pronounced fōk′s'l), is that part of the upper deck forward of the foremast.

A *bobstay* is a stay to hold the bowsprit down. *Starboard* is that side of a vessel on the right of a person on board facing the bow—opposite to *port*, which was formerly called *larboard*. A *berth* is the place where a ship lies at anchor or at a wharf. *Aloft* means overhead. The navigable part of a harbor, river, or the like, is called the *fairway*.

THE FRAGRANCE OF GROWTH

As the wind, wandering over the sea, takes from each wave an invisible portion, and brings to those on shore the ethereal essence of ocean, so the air lingering among the woods and hedges — green waves and billows — became full of fine atoms of summer. Swept from notched hawthorn leaves, broad-topped oak leaves, narrow ash-sprays, and oval willows; from vast elm cliffs and sharp-taloned brambles under; brushed from the waving grasses and stiffening corn, the dust of the sunshine was borne along and breathed. Steeped in flower pollen to the music of bees and birds, the stream of the atmosphere became a living thing. It was life to breathe it, for the air itself was life.

The strength of the earth went up through the leaves into the wind. Fed on the food of the Immortals, the heart opened to the width and depth of the summer — to the broad horizon afar, down to the minutest creature in the grass, up to the highest swallow. Winter shows us matter in its dead form, like the primary rocks, like granite and basalt — clear but cold and frozen crystal. Summer shows us matter changing into life, sap rising from the earth through a million tubes, the alchemic power of light entering the solid oak; and see! it bursts forth in countless leaves. Living things leap in the grass, living things drift upon the air, living things are coming forth to breathe in every hawthorn bush. No longer does the immense weight of matter, the dead, the crystallized, press

ponderously on the thinking mind. The whole office of matter is to feed life — to feed the green rushes, and the roses that are about to be; to feed the swallows above, and us that wander beneath them. So much greater is this green and common rush than all the Alps.

Fanning so swiftly, the wasp's wings are but just visible as he passes; did he pause, the light would be apparent through their texture. On the wings of the dragon fly, as he hovers an instant before he darts, there is a prismatic gleam. These wing textures are even more delicate than the minute filaments on a swallow's quill, more delicate than the pollen of a flower. They are formed of matter indeed, but how exquisitely it is resolved into the means and organs of life! Though not often consciously recognized, perhaps this is the great pleasure of summer: to watch the earth, the dead particles, resolving themselves into the living case of life; to see the seed leaf push aside the clod and become by degrees the perfumed flower. From the tiny mottled egg come the wings that by and by shall pass the immense sea. It is in this marvelous transformation of clods and cold matter into living things that the joy and the hope of summer reside. Every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal is an inscription speaking of hope.

Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet blue butterfly — they are one and all a sign and token showing before our eyes earth made into life. So that my hope becomes as broad as the horizon afar, reiterated by every leaf, sung on every bough,

reflected in the gleam of every flower. There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered and enjoyed. Not for you or me, now, but for our race, who will ultimately use this magical secret for their happiness.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

From *The Pageant of Summer*

NOTE. — This is poetic prose. The thought in each paragraph mounts as to a climax, sentence by sentence. And each of these sentences is itself crowded with meaning and with pictures. Richard Jefferies was a naturalist, trained in observation, and he was also a writer of exquisite English. Moreover, underlying his words, breathing through them like the very summer fragrance of which he tells, is a reverence for all living things. When Richard Jefferies wrote *The Pageant of Summer* he was in dire straits of poverty, and suffering the slow torment of a hopeless disease. It is with very human tenderness that he says elsewhere in this essay : —

"Dear were the June roses then because for another gathered. Yet even dearer now with so many years, as it were, upon the petals. All the days that have been before lie in this opened bud. Let not the eyes grow dim ; look not back but forward ; the soul must uphold itself like the sun. Let us labor to make the heart grow larger as we become older, as the spreading oak gives more shelter."

To be like Richard Jefferies is to be a very rich man. To write as he wrote is to give away riches.

GAIN AND LOSS

Los Angeles, *January* 1907

This is the garden spot of the world. It is a constant marvel to me, with the story of blizzards in the East singing in my ears. So when, the other day, I rode about the outskirts of Los Angeles with a resident, I saw the sunshine, the flowers, the grass that fell, thick and fragrant, before the grass-cutter's scythe, and I heard the song of birds, and way beyond saw the white mountains against the horizon.

But all the while, every block, my friend stood up in the automobile and pointed in excitement: "See that lot over yonder! That was sold eleven months ago for $4300; last week the owner refused $9000." And so on. He knew the history of every plot of ground, of every house, and they represented to him so many dollars — nothing more. And when, out of patience, I said as much, he retorted that he was there to make money, so that by and by he should not have to work. He was a man of fifty. I should like to wager that when that time comes, he won't be able to enjoy anything else. Then, when he casts up the account, what did he gain for what he lost?

Do you remember the Chinese proverb that "the only money we keep when we are dead, is what we gave away when we lived?" Sound philosophy in that!

Jacob A. Riis

THIS MY BOOK

May I remember, reading,
How many years it took
To fashion this my Book:
How tall trees were growing,
Budding, bearing, blowing,
Through countless ages
Standing steadfast, good,
Until they gave their wood
To make these pages.

And may I not forget
How patiently men wrought,
Toiling with pain and sweat,
Striving with care and thought,
That haply they might find
The way to fold and print
And beautifully bind,
And tool and tint.
May I hold that in mind!

Well may I bear in heart
How, through the centuries,
The faithful and the wise
Labored to do their part:
Scholar and scribe and sage,
Bending by candlelight

To trace, with weary sight,
Some dim-writ page
Or copy some old text
With loving, careful art
That asked no wage;

How questing feet went forth
To find new lands and seas,
Unguided, west and north,
To learn earth's mysteries;
How each and all of these
Strove through the years and won
The knowledge and the lore
That, growing evermore,
Passed on from age to age,
Is now my heritage.

So, reading, may I see
How all the brave, the best,
Wisest and willingest
Toiled that this thing might be;
How old Time gently took
The beautiful bequest
And wrought it wondrously
Into my Book!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — The book in which you copy your favorite poems and the thoughts you wish to keep deserves a binding made by your own hands. It will hold in its pages your own thoughts and

those that others have had before you. It will be sincere. You may look back to it in later years and see your best self shining there.

No binding can be too beautiful for this one book of yours; no labor too great to spend upon it. Why not search out the way old books were made by "scholar and scribe and sage, bending by candlelight," and make your book like one of those? You might then keep it to pass down to your children and grandchildren, as a lovely old quilt is passed down, or a rare silver pitcher, or lace made by loving hands, or the model of a strong and graceful ship.

FULL MOON [1]

(*Santa Barbara*)

I LISTENED, there was not a sound to hear
In the great rain of moonlight pouring down,
The eucalyptus trees were carved in silver,
And a light mist of silver lulled the town.

I saw far off the gray Pacific bearing
A broad white disk of flame,
And on the garden-walk a snail beside me
Tracing in crystal the slow way he came.

SARA TEASDALE

NOTE. — It would be interesting to compare this poem, for the use of sound alone, with Tennyson's fragment about the eagle, beginning, "He clasps the crag with hookèd hands." True poetry is music of words. It paints a picture, or tells a story, or unfolds a thought, in syllables of perfect choosing.

[1] From *Dark of the Moon*, by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

THE LIBRARY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Sir Walter Scott held the office of Sheriff of Selkirkshire in Scotland — where he lived within the sheriffdom at Abbotsford on the banks of the Tweed — and also the office of Clerk of Sessions. While the Court was in session, during six months out of the twelve, Scott was obliged to leave Abbotsford for Edinburgh, where he was kept hard at fatiguing work. It is the library at Edinburgh which his son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart, describes, as it was when Scott came up for the summer session in 1818. The "session papers," "red tape" (such as is used for tying legal documents), "green tin boxes," and "title deeds" all reflect Scott's profession of the law.]

Scott occupied as his den a square, small room behind the dining-parlor in Castle Street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was, on the whole, sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books, most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which, at a glance, reveals a tinge of bibliomania.[1] A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame, something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches; and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan tacked on its front.

The old bindings had obviously been retouched and

[1] A mania for acquiring books.

regilt in the most approved manner; the new, when the books were of any mark,[1] were rich, but never gaudy, — a large proportion of blue morocco, — all stamped with his device of the portcullis. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works were arranged systematically: history and biography on one side, poetry and the drama on another, law books and dictionaries behind his own chair.

The only table was a massive piece of furniture with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose, and with small tiers of drawers reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the manuscript at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink bottles, taper stand, and so forth in silver, the whole in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before.

Besides his own huge elbow-chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this sanctum, that while he talked his hands were hardly ever idle. Sometimes he folded letter-covers, sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expert-

[1] Importance.

ness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearthrug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled.

The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story) disposed star-fashion round them. A few green tin boxes, such as solicitors keep title deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it.

I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well-carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hinse of Hinsfeldt (so called from one of the German nursery tales), a venerable tomcat, fat and sleek and no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity; but when Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor Square; the Sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity — and then Hinse came down purring from

his perch, and mounted guard by the footstool, *vice*[1] Maida absent upon furlough.

Whatever discourse might be passing was broken, every now and then, by some affectionate apostrophe[2] to these fourfooted friends. He said they understood everything he said to them, and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. But, at all events, dogs and cats have some infallible tact for discovering at once who is and who is not really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness.

J. G. Lockhart

Note. — An *amanuensis* is one employed to write what another dictates, or to copy what another has written. This was before the days of typewriters, when copying was done by hand. The word *amanuensis* is derived from the Latin *manus*, meaning "hand," as are the words "manual" and "manicure."

"The noble Maida" was one of Scott's famous dogs. Washington Irving speaks of him, when he tells of his visit to Abbotsford: "There was the old staghound who had received me — Maida, a noble animal."

Claverhouse was the Scottish soldier, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who raised a body of Highlanders to fight for King James II. He gained the battle of Killiekrankie, where he fell, mortally wounded.

Grosvenor Square is a fashionable square in London, east of Hyde Park. It was laid out before 1716 and has been the residence of many famous men.

[1] A Latin word meaning "in the place of."

[2] The act of suddenly breaking off in a discourse and addressing some person or thing.

You would not think any duty small,
If you yourself were great.

GEORGE MACDONALD

This is my ambition for America; that wherever an American citizen may go upon the earth he shall be honored and loved, because he represents a nation that has nothing but justice and kindness for all races of men.

CHARLES E. JEFFERSON

Let us have faith that Right makes Might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE HERITAGE

No matter what my birth may be,
No matter where my lot is cast,
I am the heir in equity
Of all the precious Past.

The art, the science, and the lore
Of all the ages long since dust,
The wisdom of the world in store,
Are mine, all mine in trust.

The beauty of the living earth,
The power of the golden sun,
The Present, whatsoe'er my birth,
I share with every one.

As much as any man am I
The owner of the working day;
Mine are the minutes as they fly
To save or throw away.

And mine the Future to bequeath
Unto the generations new;
I help to shape it with my breath,
Mine as I think or do.

Present and Past my heritage,
The Future laid in my control —
No matter what my name or age,
I am a Master-soul!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

NOTE. — *In equity* means "by natural right." The words *heir*, *equity*, *in trust*, *share*, and *bequeath*, all have a legal flavor. In law, however, that to which one is heir is spoken of as an *inheritance*, whereas here the word *heritage* is used in its more poetic significance.

TO THE BOY SCOUTS

[AN address by President Coolidge in July 1924, on the occasion of the departure of the American delegation to the international gathering of Boy Scouts at Copenhagen.]

DELEGATES OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA: —

You are sailing to-morrow to represent your organization at an international gathering of the Boy Scouts to be held at Copenhagen. As Honorary President of your body, I desire to give you a word of farewell, and to express my hope that you may have a pleasant and successful journey which will be productive of much good to yourselves and your associates. There was no Boy Scout organization in my boyhood; but every boy who has the privilege of growing up on a farm learns instinctively the three fundamentals of scouthood.

The first is a reverence for Nature. Boys should never lose their love of the fields and the streams, the

mountains and the plains, the open places and the forests. That love will be a priceless possession as years lengthen out. There is an instructive myth about the giant Antæus. Whenever, in a contest, he was thrown down, he drew fresh strength from his mother, the Earth, and so was thought invincible. But Hercules lifted him away from the earth and so destroyed him. There is new life in the soil for every man. There is healing in the trees for tired minds, and for our overburdened spirits there is strength in the hills, if only we will lift up our eyes. Remember that Nature is your great restorer.

The second is a reverence for Law. I remember the town meetings of my boyhood, when the citizens of our little town met to levy taxes on themselves and to choose from their own number those who should be their officers. There is something in every such meeting, in every election, that approaches very near to the sublime. I am thrilled at the thought of my audience to-night, for I never address boys without thinking that among them may be a boy who will sit in this White House. Somewhere there are boys who will be presidents of our railroads, presidents of colleges, of banks, owners of splendid farms and useful industries, members of Congress, representatives of our people in foreign lands. That is the heritage of the American boy. It was an act of magnificent courage when our ancestors set up a nation wherein any boy may aspire to anything. That great achievement was not wrought without blood and sacrifice. Make firm your resolution to carry on nobly what

has been so nobly begun. Let this nation, under your guidance, be a finer nation. Resolve that the sacrifices by which your great opportunities have been purchased shall be matched by a sacrifice on your part, that will give your children even a better chance.

The third is a reverence for God. It is hard to see how a great man can be an atheist. Without the sustaining influence of faith in a Divine power we could have little faith in ourselves. We need to feel that behind us is Intelligence and Love. . . . Faith is the great motive power, and no man realizes his full possibilities unless he has the deep conviction that life is eternally important, and that his work, well done, is a part of an unending Plan.

These are not only some of the fundamentals of the teachings of the Boy Scouts; they are the fundamentals of our American institutions. If you will take them with you, if you will be living examples of them abroad, you will make a great contribution toward a better understanding of our own country, and receive in return a better understanding of other countries; for you will find in foreign lands, to a very large extent, exactly what you carry there yourselves. I trust that you can show to your foreign associates in the great Scout movement that you have a deep reverence for the truth, and are determined to live by it; that you wish to protect and cherish your own country and contribute to the well-being, right thinking, and true living of the whole world.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

AMERICA

God built Him a continent of glory and filled
it with treasures untold;
He carpeted it with soft-rolling prairies and columned it with thundering mountains;
He studded it with sweet-flowing fountains and
traced it with long-winding streams;
He planted it with deep-shadowed forests and
filled them with song.
Then He called unto a thousand peoples and summoned the bravest among them.
They came from the ends of the earth, each bearing a gift and a hope.
The glow of adventure was in their eyes and in
their hearts the glory of hope.
And out of the bounty of earth and the labor of
men, out of the longing of hearts and the
prayer of souls, out of the memory of ages
and hopes of the world,
God fashioned a nation in love, blessed it with a
purpose sublime — and called it
America.

Abba Hillel Silver

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE OLD SENATE

THE Crier raps once, a signal for all to rise. Then facing the door of entrance he says: —

"The Honorable, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States."

With these words the Chief Justice and the eight Associate Justices enter the Supreme Court Chamber and ascend the Bench.

The Crier then proclaims: —

"Oyez,[1] oyez, oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court."

The light slants down from the beautiful high old windows on the crimson velvet hangings and gold eagle, and on the nine Justices in black silk robes, who sit behind the long desk extending across the front of the dais — the Bench. Below the Bench are six tables for members of the Bar — lawyers who have business before the Court. In accordance with a long-established custom and tradition, four quills are placed on each of the six tables in the Bar each day, two crossed on a legal-cap pad at each end of each table. The Court is opened for the day.

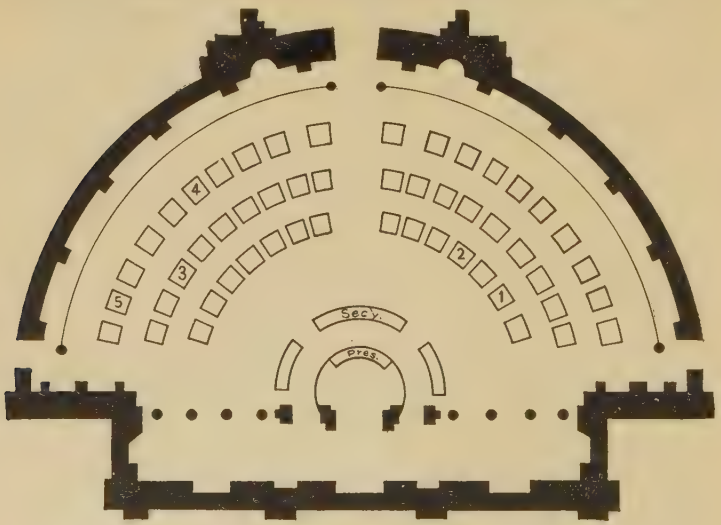
Persons are admitted silently to the semicircle beyond and silently take their places. Outside in the

[1] Pronounced ō′ yĕs′, meaning "Hear! Attend!"

corridor an attendant guards the door. The Supreme Court is in session.

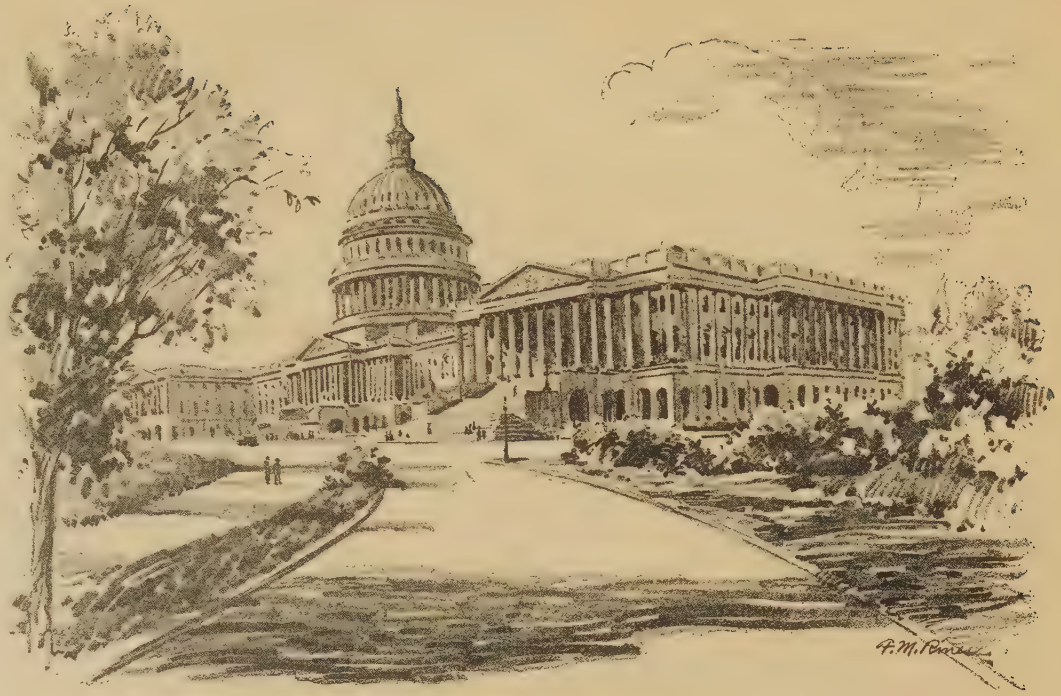
The dignity of this simple ceremony at the opening of the highest tribunal of the country is impressive beyond words. The Supreme Court has final jurisdiction in all matters regarding the constitutionality of law. The Justices of the Supreme Court Bench are appointed for life, by the President and the Senate. There is no greater charge than that held by the Chief Justice of the United States.

The present chamber of the Supreme Court was the old Senate Chamber of the Capitol — a beautiful



FIRST SESSION, TWENTY-SIXTH CONGRESS
1840

The numbers indicate the desks of the following senators: (1) John C. Calhoun; (2) Franklin Pierce; (3) Daniel Webster; (4) James Buchanan; (5) Henry Clay.



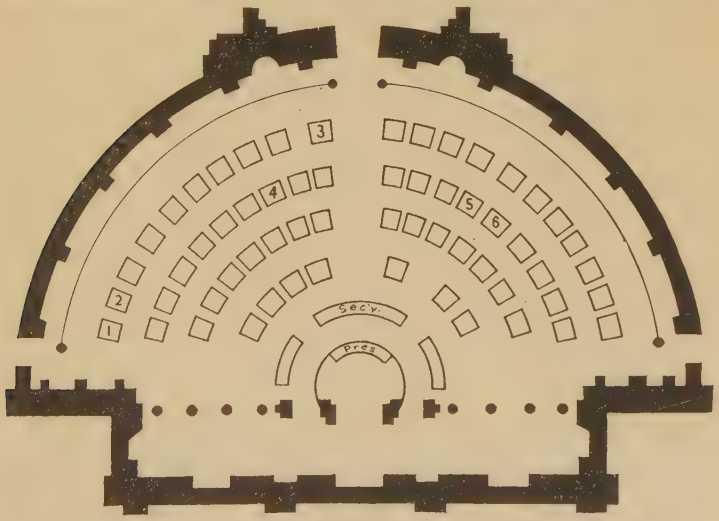
THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

room designed when the Capitol was smaller and the States were fewer. The new wings for the Senate and House branch out from the shoulders of the old building, and beyond the present chambers the tips of the wings reach either way to cover the many added rooms. Those wings spread like a great eagle over that hill that should be the noblest hill in history — Capitol Hill, rising from the sunrise, looking down toward the sunset, steadfast under the stars, domed with eternity.

In two narrow wall spaces at either end of the row of Judges' seats are two diagrams of the Supreme Court Chamber, showing the seating arrangement of the old Senate. The first diagram shows the Senate of the 26th Congress in 1840. Here sat Daniel Webster in his prime, orator of all orators; Henry Clay, who charmed men by his personality; John C. Calhoun, shaggy and harsh-featured as his rugged name; Franklin Pierce; James Buchanan. The second diagram shows the Senate of the 31st Congress in 1850, that year when California came into the Union during the anxiety and tumult before the Civil War, when those three greatest of orators brought all their eloquence to avert disaster. Exactly in this spot sat Daniel Webster; here sat Henry Clay; there for the closing weeks of his life Calhoun, so feeble at the last that a colleague read the address his great mind dictated. Here in this very room were delivered stirring sentences that made history. Here sat Jefferson Davis — here Seward — here Stephen A. Douglas. You can

cross the plaza to the Congressional Library toward which the high windows look, and find the very speeches and the very days in the files of the *Congressional Record*, with the discussions and the little words and the "Yea" and "Nay" all written into the record along with the great and immortal words, as if they were spoken yesterday.

The door in the diagram nearest to Henry Clay's seat (the door by which the Judges enter) leads to a stairway to the law library below. In the days of the old Senate the Supreme Court met in that lower room.



FIRST SESSION, THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS
1850

In 1850 Henry Clay held the same seat, marked (2) in the diagram above, while other senators sat as follows: (1) William H. Seward; (3) Stephen A. Douglas; (4) Daniel Webster; (5) John C. Calhoun; (6) Jefferson Davis.

The little row of irregular spots and circles in the diagram is a screen of gray-green marble columns, marking off the window embrasure before which the Judges sit. In the spaces of the circular inside wall are marble busts of former Chief Justices. The thin curved lines show curtained railings, which make a passageway.

And that is all. The old Senate desks have been removed and their space is filled by the six desks in the Bar and the half circle of dark cushioned seats for spectators. Across the dais where sat the President of the Senate stretches the Bench.

The winter light slants through the high, small-paned windows on the crimson velvet curtains; on the busts, white as snow; on the warm, shadowed walls and deep-shadowed people; on the green marble columns and on the golden eagle; and then it rests on the silk robes — fine black punctuations — and on the faces of the nine Justices of the highest and the final tribunal of these United States.

The Supreme Court is in session.

META KNOX HANNAY

NOTE. — In this chamber Jefferson twice delivered his inaugural address and took the presidential oath of office. Here in October 1803 the Senate confirmed the treaty with Napoleon I by which the United States acquired the vast territory known as the Louisiana Purchase. And here soon afterward first Calhoun, then Clay, lay in state.

It has been proposed that the Supreme Court be housed in a building of its own, but the Court still occupies the old Senate Chamber, where it has met since December 3, 1860.

AUTUMN [1]

To-day the peace of autumn pervades the world.
In the radiant noon, silent and motionless, the wide stillness rests like a tired bird spreading over the deserted fields to all horizons its wings of golden green.
To-day the thin thread of the river flows without song, leaving no mark on its sandy banks.
The many distant villages bask in the sun with eyes closed in idle and languid slumber.
In the stillness I hear in every blade of grass, in every speck of dust, in every part of my own body, in the visible and invisible worlds, in the planets, the sun, and the stars, the joyous dance of the atoms through endless time — the myriad murmuring waves of rhythm surrounding Thy throne.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

NOTE. — Sir Rabindranath Tagore is a native of India. He lived at first in Calcutta, and at the age of twenty-four went into the country to take charge of his father's estates. There many of his works were written. He makes his home in Bolpur, Bengal, where he founded the school which has become his life's labor. Most of his works are written in Bengali, but some he himself has translated into English. There is a book called *Stories from Tagore* which you will wish to know. The stories are taken from his various writings and have been gathered together particularly for the native pupils of India, who are taught English in the schools. This book would be interesting to read in connection with some of Rudyard Kipling's stories of India. Both Kipling and Tagore have received what is considered one of the highest honors in literature — the annual Nobel Prize. It was won by Kipling in 1905, and by Tagore in 1913.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Asia*, and by special arrangement with the Paget Literary Agency.

THE OLD BRIDGE[1]

The old bridge has a wrinkled face.
He bends his back
For us to go over.
He moans and weeps
But we do not hear.
Sorrow stands in his face
For the heavy weight and worry
Of people passing.
The trees drop their leaves into the water;
The sky nods to him.
The leaves float down like small ships
On the blue surface
Which is the sky.
He is not always sad:
He smiles to see the ships go down
And the little children
Playing on the river banks.

HILDA CONKLING

NOTE. — Hilda Conkling is the daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling, whose poem, "The Chimes of Termonde," appears in this book.

One's fancy may weave stories or poems about even the commonest things of life. Hans Andersen wrote a story about a bottle neck, and Guy de Maupassant wrote one about a piece of string. You may imagine twenty stories in an afternoon,

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling; copyright 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

about the people in the street, the houses that you pass, or, perhaps, an old crossroad, a hitching post, or the nut tree by a wall.

Hilda's poem is like the sun coming from behind a cloud. She grieves for the old bridge and his burden. And then she sees that out of his sorrow comes a greater kindness, that she did not understand before, as he looks at the ships and the children, and smiles.

MY MOTHER

SHE passed to me the torch of life,
Flaming with love and joy,
Nor sodden rains nor seas of strife
Can quench in me, her boy,
That light entrusted to my care
From out her girlhood won:
"Oh keep it burning bright and fair,
I give thee life, my son."

J. EDGAR PARK

THE SON FROM LONDON [1]

[To read this story you must imagine a little old house standing at the top of the brae [2] — which means a long, sloping hill — and looking down toward the old Scotch town that Sir James Barrie calls Thrums in his stories. In the house you must imagine a window, looking out over the brae. And at the window you must imagine the face of an old lady, such a nice, patient, gentle, kind little old lady, who can just manage to move from her bed to the window, but who, from sitting by her window, knows pretty well all that goes on in Thrums.

Her name is Jess. Her husband's name is Hendry, and Hendry is a good, honest, hard-working weaver, like most of the folk in Thrums. With them lives their daughter, Leeby, a quiet, patient girl, who does the work around the house. Their son, Jamie, the pride of their hearts, is away in London, working at his first real job. With them at Thrums lives the schoolmaster, — the dominie, as they call him in Scotland, — who loves them as if he were their own son.

The dominie himself will tell you how Jamie came home from London on his holiday, and how happy it made the family in Thrums.]

THIS was the first time I had been in Thrums when Jamie was expected for his ten days' holiday, and for a week we discussed little else. Though he had written saying when he would sail for Dundee, there was quite a possibility of his appearing on the brae at any moment, for he liked to take Jess and Leeby by surprise. Hendry there was no surprising, unless he was in the mood for it, and the coolness of him was one of Jess's grievances. Just two years earlier Jamie came north

[1] From *A Window in Thrums*, by J. M. Barrie, by special permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

[2] Pronounced brā.

a week before his time, and his father saw him from the window. Instead of crying out in amazement or hacking his face, — for he was shaving at the time, — Hendry calmly wiped his razor on the window sill, and said : —

"Ay, there's Jamie."

Jamie was a little disappointed at being seen in this way, for he had been looking forward for four and forty hours to repeating the sensation of the year before. On that occasion he had got to the door unnoticed, where he stopped to listen. I dare say he checked his breath, the better to catch his mother's voice, for, Jess being an invalid, Jamie thought of her first. He had Leeby sworn to write the truth about her, but many an anxious hour he had on hearing that she was "complaining fell [1] about her back the day," Leeby, as he knew, being frightened to alarm him. Jamie, too, had given his promise to tell exactly how he was keeping, but often he wrote that he was "fine" when Jess had her doubts.

Jess was never able to decide whether it was more delightful to be taken aback in this way or to prepare for Jamie. Sudden excitement was bad for her, according to Hendry, who got his medical knowledge secondhand from persons under treatment, but with Jamie's appearance on the threshold Jess's health began to improve. This time he kept to the appointed day, and the house was turned upside down in his honor. Such a polish did Leeby put on the flagons which hung on the kitchen wall, that, passing

[1] Considerably.

between them and the window, I thought once I had been struck by lightning. On the morning of the day that was to bring him, Leeby was up at two o'clock, and eight hours before he could possibly arrive Jess had a nightshirt warming for him at the fire.

Jamie was to sail from London to Dundee, and come on to Thrums from Tilliedrum in the post cart. The road at that time, however, avoided the brae, and at a certain point Jamie's custom was to alight, and take the short cut home, along a farm road and up the commonty.[1] Here, too, Hookey Crewe, the post, deposited his passenger's box, which Hendry wheeled home in a barrow. Long before the cart had lost sight of Tilliedrum, Jess was at her window.

"Tell her Hookey's often late on Mondays," Leeby whispered to me, "for she 'll gang [2] oot [3] o' her mind if she thinks there's onything [4] wrang." [5]

Soon Jess was painfully excited, though she sat as still as salt.

"It maun [6] be yer [7] time," she said, looking at both Leeby and me, for in Thrums we went out and met our friends.

"Hoots," [8] retorted Leeby, trying to be hardy, "Hookey canna [9] be oot o' Tilliedrum yet."

"He maun hae [10] startit lang [11] syne." [12]

[1] (Kŏm′ŭn-tĭ), a sort of common pasture, or heath.
[2] (Gảng), go.
[3] (Ōot), out.
[4] (Ōn′ĭ-thĭng), anything.
[5] (Rảng), wrong.
[6] (Môn), must.
[7] (Yûr), your.
[8] (Hō͝ots), hush! tut!
[9] (Kản′nả), cannot.
[10] (Hā), have.
[11] (Lảng), long.
[12] (Sĭn), since.

Several times Jess was sure she saw the cart in the distance, and implored us to be off.

"I'll tak [1] no settle till ye're awa," [2] she said, her face now flushed and her hands working nervously.

"We've time to gang and come twa [3] or three times yet," remonstrated Leeby; but Jess gave me so beseeching a look that I put on my hat. Then Hendry dandered in to change his coat deliberately, and when the three of us set off, we left Jess with her eye on the door by which Jamie must enter. He was her only son now, and she had not seen him for a year.

Only to Jess at her window was the cart late that afternoon. Jamie jumped from it in the long great-coat that had been new to Thrums the year before, and Hendry said calmly: —

"Ay, Jamie."

Leeby and Jamie made signs that they recognized each other as brother and sister, but I was the only one with whom he shook hands. He was smart in his movements and quite the gentleman, but the Thrums ways took hold of him again at once. He even inquired for his mother in a tone that was meant to deceive me into thinking he did not care how she was.

Hendry would have had a talk out of him on the spot, but was reminded of the luggage. We took the heavy farm road, and soon we were at the sawmill. I am naturally leisurely, but we climbed the commonty at a stride. Jamie pretended to be calm, but in a dark place I saw him take Leeby's hand, and after that he said not a word. His eyes were fixed on the

[1] (Tăk), take. [2] (*A*-wô′), away. [3] (Twä), two.

elbow of the brae, where he would come into sight of his mother's window. Many, many a time, I know, that lad had prayed to God for still another sight of the window with his mother at it. So we came to the corner where the stile is, and before Jamie was the house of his childhood and his mother's window, and the fond, anxious face of his mother herself. My eyes are dull, and I did not see her, but suddenly Jamie cried out, "My Mother!" and Leeby and I were left behind. When I reached the kitchen Jess was crying, and her son's arms were round her neck. I went away to my attic.

There was only one other memorable event of that day. Jamie had finished his tea, and we all sat round him, listening to his adventures and opinions. He told us how the country should be governed, too, and perhaps put on airs a little. Hendry asked the questions, and Jamie answered them as pat as if he and his father were going through the Shorter Catechism. When Jamie told anything marvelous, as how many towels were used at the shop in a day, or that twopence was the charge for a single shave, his father screwed his mouth together as if preparing to whistle, and then instead made a curious clucking noise with his tongue, which was reserved for the expression of absolute amazement. As for Jess, who was given to making much of me, she ignored my remarks and laughed hilariously at jokes of Jamie's which had been received in silence from me a few minutes before.

Slowly it came to me that Leeby had something

on her mind, and that Jamie was talking to her with his eyes. I learned afterwards that they were plotting how to get me out of the kitchen, but were too impatient to wait. Thus it was that the great event happened in my presence. Jamie rose and stood near Jess — I daresay he had planned the scene frequently. Then he produced from his pocket a purse, and coolly opened it. Silence fell upon us as we saw that purse. From it he took a neatly folded piece of paper, crumpled it into a ball, and flung it into Jess's lap.

I cannot say whether Jess knew what it was. Her hand shook, and for a moment she let the ball of paper lie there.

"Open't up,"cried Leeby, who was in the secret.

"What's't?" asked Hendry, drawing nearer.

"It's juist a bit paper Jamie flung at me," said Jess, and then she unfolded it.

"It's a five-pound note!" cried Hendry.

"Na, na, oh keep us, no," said Jess; but she knew it was.

For a time she could not speak.

"I canna tak it, Jamie," she faltered at last.

But Jamie waved his hand, meaning that it was nothing, and then, lest he should burst, hurried out into the garden, where he walked up and down, whistling. May God bless the lad, thought I. I do not know the history of that five-pound note, but well aware I am that it grew slowly out of pence and silver and that Jamie denied his passions many things for this great hour. His sacrifices watered his young heart and kept it fresh and tender. Let us no longer

cheat our consciences by talking of filthy lucre. Money may always be a beautiful thing. It is we who make it grimy.

J. M. Barrie (*abridged*)

Note. — In *Margaret Ogilvy* Barrie has told the story of his own mother, and of her teasing accusation that he could not keep her out of his books. Young or old, there was something about his heroines that, to those who knew, reflected her. Then sometimes Barrie's mother would pretend this was not so, as when she read *A Window in Thrums*. It was not possible for her to be that woman, she insisted, because Jess had only two rooms, whereas she had six; and Jess, who set much store by her cloak with beads, did not have a silk hanging in the wardrobe such as *she* possessed.

Some of Barrie's books to read are: —

About his family: — *Margaret Ogilvy*.

About the people of Thrums: — *A Window in Thrums; Auld Licht Idylls; The Little Minister*.

About Peter Pan: — *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens*, from *The Little White Bird; Peter Pan and Wendy*.

And while you are in the mood of Peter Pan, two other books to read are *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*, by Rudyard Kipling.

THE DARK HILLS [1]

Dark hills at evening in the west,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade — as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Note. — Can you describe a sunset, painting it not in definite colors seen with the eye, thus and so, but in thoughts that these colors call up within you?

THE STUDENT OF ASSIOUT

Of late [2] there has been trouble again in Egypt. While visiting the American College at Assiout, hundreds of miles up the Nile, we were asking about the dangerous period the people had recently been through. The town, which up to that time had droned along in the usual sleepy manner of this subtropical climate, suddenly awoke to the fact that it was being overrun by a fanatical Moslem horde of five or six thousand

[1] From *Collected Poems*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

[2] The year 1925.

Egyptian Arabs, bent on loot and the murder of the Christian population. This was part of the result of the political propaganda that is constantly being stirred up against the English by agitators, who know well how to incite and let loose forces which they are utterly unable to control, even if they so desired.

The mob, having overrun the town, killed many native Christians and looted their shops, halted for a spell, and was being addressed by one of the leaders, a man of just the same type as those who carried fire and sword through the Sudan and Upper Egypt in the Dervish insurrections a few years before. The speaker had mounted a rostrum and was haranguing the snarling, blood-stained fanatics, urging them to further outrages. He pointed out that so far all was well. They had done good and satisfactory work. But further opportunities awaited them. The College and Hospital of the American Mission were harboring many additional Christians. American teachers were there with the avowed intention of undermining the faith of the true Prophet, the faith of their Arab fathers, and their own hope here and hereafter. The Americans were Englishmen at heart, he told them; and it would forever redound to the credit of the Moslems and meet with the approval of God and His Prophet, if, now that He had put the chance into their hands, they finished their good beginning by destroying the whole lot.

At that moment it was touch and go. Apparently there were no more laurels to gain outside the Mission

compounds ; and the staffs of the College and Hospital fully believe that the mob would have carried out its murderous intentions, had not a young student jumped up and asked permission to address the crowd. Holding up his arm on which a cross was tattooed, — thus proclaiming boldly that he was himself a Christian, one of the very men whom they were seeking to kill, — he told them simply of his own experience. He was a native of the place, one of themselves, with no chance to get an education or rise above the common level. These strangers had taken him in and treated him with that kindness which there is no denying. He would now be able to support his parents, help his family, and possibly his neighbors also. He knew of what he was speaking, while they knew only the empty words to which they had been listening. For their own sakes, for their children and their country, he begged them not to touch the Mission College and Hospital.

Instead of killing him instantly and surging over his dead body to the fulfillment of their mad purpose, as he expected they would do, the mob fell back. Something about his courage and defenselessness went home. Their hands were stayed. The further suffering and loss, which might have been enormous, were saved.

Superb moral courage of that kind has not been a common heirloom from the heredity and climate of modern Egypt ; and such an example was not lost on the boys and girls of Assiout.

There was another boy whose heroism met, not a

howling mob of murderous ignorance, but the finger-pointing mob of scornful tradition.

While walking through the hall of the handsome main building of the College, a professor pointed out to me a large framed photograph hanging in a prominent position. It was the likeness of a young Egyptian, wearing the characteristic fez. On close inspection the face showed no unusual traits of character which would lead one to select him from among a group of his fellows, many of whom were passing to and fro at the time. I asked who the lad was, and why he was chosen for this place of honor.

He was one of the students of the College, the son of the Mayor of Assiout, and compared with the majority of the other young men was one of the richer ones. He had a fine home, good parents, a mind well up to the average, and was full of the sunny vitality of youth, which showed itself in all his relationships with his fellows and professors, both in the classrooms and on the athletic fields.

Close to the College is the enormous dam, or barrage, built across the Nile, nearly a mile of solid masonry that holds up the rushing river, enables it to fill the canal for the whole of the Fayum district, and checks its waste water for more permanent irrigation purposes. One morning the lad was walking over the broad roadway which runs along the top of the barrage, flanked by heavy granite parapets. Those make a most imposing spectacle as one looks up at the enormous engineering accomplishment from the river bank below the locks.

As he walked, a poor fellah [1] woman coming from the other side of the river stopped to rest, and put on the broad coping of the parapet the basket which she was carrying. In this basket her baby girl lay sleeping. Scarcely had she placed it on the level surface, apparently in perfect safety, when the child moved in the basket, and somehow contrived to upset the top-heavy cradle. Before the poor woman could realize what had happened, the child had rolled over into the yawning abyss below, and was being swept along by the boiling current through the open sluices to inevitable death.

Without a second's hesitation the boy leaped on to the parapet, stripped off his coat, threw it with his fez to the sidewalk, and jumped into the seething waters below.

No — it was not sheer folly. If he could clear the projecting stonework beneath him with his leap, he would fall into the deep water, and only some fifty yards below in the stream there lay a long, shallow bank, on which — if he could only make it — he would find safety with the child. Then a rescue could be attempted from the shore. It was a big chance, but he took it.

Alas, in the water below lay a quantity of long lines set by local fishermen to catch some of the many fish

[1] A woman belonging to the Egyptian peasant or "fellah" (pronounced fĕl'*a*) class. "Fellah" is the Arabic word for ploughman, or tiller. It is used to designate the peasantry as opposed to the Arabs of the desert, the Turks, and the townspeople. For generations the fellaheen (plural of fellah) have been considered the very lowest in the scale of classes, and as such have been totally disregarded by every other class.

that sport about in the great pools at the foot of the dam. Some of the hooks got tangled in his clothing. Only his body was rescued from the remorseless river.

As I stood at the exact spot on the parapet from which he had jumped, and looked down into that horrible turmoil so far below, I wondered what I should have done. The woman was nothing but a despised fellah. In Egypt no one would expect any upper-class man of sense to risk his life for such baggage, especially a girl. But the woman had called out that her little girl had fallen over, and the boy had jumped.

Every now and again in every nation it seems to me that God calls men to do such deeds in order to teach this greatest of all the truths of education: "If I save my life, I lose it." We are not all required to make decisions in moments of physical danger, but sooner or later the call comes to most of us to take our moral stand against some pressure of opinion — or, it may be, even of our own desires. Often such a crisis is faced in a lonely hour when only our own conscience can tell us whether our courage has stood, or failed. And often it is met in a gathering of our own companions.

Here is an example which made a lasting impression on one young lad, at least, a boy who was already meeting many temptations. It was the football season in England, and one of the great matches of the year had been played that afternoon in the neighborhood of London. As was the custom, the home team enter-

tained the visitors at a banquet in the evening, at one of the most fashionable city pleasure resorts. There was wine, and after the dinner the speeches and songs became more and more confused and careless. Finally a well-known player was called upon and began to respond with a ribald song.

The youngest member on the winning side had just gained the honor of his place on the team. He was an unknown boy, and he valued all that this distinction meant. But he had ideals of life and training, and felt that it was not consistent with these to let the incident pass. Only those can appreciate his position who realize how much more courage a protest called for than any physical challenge could possibly demand. He rose, bowed to the captain of his own team, — then Captain of England and as such taking the chair at the banquet, — and asked to be excused, as he did not wish to interfere with anyone's pleasure, but found it distasteful to remain. There was a sudden silence in the hall. Then came an immediate and most graceful request of the chairman for the singer to change his song to one in keeping with the spirit of British sport.

On another occasion the teams were dressing after the game in the somewhat confined space of a hotel annex. A great crowd of onlookers of all sorts and conditions of men had come with the visitors to "boost" the victory which they intended to gain and had crowded into the room where the boys were dressing. A coarse leader among the crowd had mounted a table and commenced reading a passage from the

Bible in a way to throw discredit on the Scriptures. Suddenly a young player, half dressed, sprang up on the table beside him and asked a hearing. He explained that as his clothing was in the room he was prevented from leaving the company to enjoy themselves as they wished. He asked, therefore, that the speaker be requested to postpone what he was saying until any to whom it was offensive might have time to dress and leave.

It takes moral courage to stand out against the crowd, with such conviction. The boy who held the crowd in the hotel dressing-room was actuated by the same fine courage that led the student of Assiout to lift his tattooed arm above the frenzied horde before the Mission gates.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

NOTE. — The young Egyptian, Tawfik Effendi Zakhery, who gave his life in an effort to save the child of the poor fellah woman, was a student in the third year of the Secondary Department of Assiout College. A few days before his death the class had been asked to write down some of the principles upon which, according to their thought, true success is built.

"Just now," wrote the teacher of that class, in a letter to Dr. Grenfell, "I have sought out his paper from amongst those of his classmates. As I read it I cannot but feel that Tawfik himself is speaking."

In the young Egyptian's paper were the words: "The reason for failure is that man thinks only of the profit to himself and does not do anything for the sake of God. . . . *Man must do his best for his eternity.*"

BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON

The Shepherd Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

THE SONG OF OUR SYRIAN GUEST[1]

"FADUEL MOGHABGHAB," said our guest, laughing as he leaned over the tea table toward two little maids, vainly trying to beguile their willing and sweetly puckered lips into pronouncing his name. "Faduel Moghabghab," he repeated in syllables, pointing to the card he had passed to them. "Accent the *u* and drop those *g*'s which your little throats cannot manage," he went on kindly, while the merriment sparkled in his lustrous dark eyes, and his milk-white teeth, seen through his black moustache as he laughed, added beauty to his delicate and vivacious face.

He was a man of winsome mind, this Syrian guest of ours, and the spirituality of his culture was as marked as the refinement of his manners. We shall long remember him for the tales told that evening of his home on the slope of the Syrian mountains, but longest of all for what he said from the memories of his youth about a shepherd song.

"It was out of the shepherd life of my country," he remarked, "that there came long ago that sweetest religious song ever written — the Twenty-third Psalm. Ah, so many things familiar to us are strange to you of America. So many things in the life of my people, the same now as in the days of old, have been woven into the words of the Bible."

[1] Abridged from *The Song of Our Syrian Guest*, by William Allen Knight, The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Used by permission of, and special arrangement with, the author and publishers. Copyright 1911, by William Allen Knight.

"Tell us about some of these," I ventured, with a parental glance at two listening little faces.

After mentioning several instances, he went on: "And there is the shepherd psalm. I find that it is taken among you as having two parts, the first under the figure of shepherd life, the second turning to the scene of a banquet, with the host and the guest."

"Oh, we have talked about that," said my lady of the teacups.

"It is all, all, a simple shepherd psalm," he began. "See how it runs through the round of shepherd life from first word to last."

With softly modulated voice that had the rhythm of music and the hush of veneration in it, he quoted: "'*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.*'

"There is the opening strain of its music; in that chord is sounded the keynote, which is never lost till the plaintive melody dies away at the song's end."

I wish it were possible to reproduce here the light in his face and the interchange of tones in his mellow voice as he went on. He talked of how the varied needs of the sheep and the many-sided care of the shepherd are pictured in the short sentences of the psalm.

"'*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures*' — nourishment, rest. '*He leadeth me beside the still waters*' — the scene changes and so does the meaning. You think here of quietly flowing streams; so you get one more picture of rest; but you miss one of the finest scenes in shepherd life and one of the rarest blessings of the soul that is led of God. All through

the day's roaming the Syrian shepherd keeps one thing in mind. He must lead his flock to a drinking place. The refreshment of good water marks the coveted hour of all the day; the spot where it is found amid the rough, waterless hills and plains is the crowning token of the shepherd's unfailing thoughtfulness. When at last the sheep are led 'beside the still waters,' how good it is, after the dust and heat of the sheepwalks!

"Would you get the shepherd meaning here? Then remember that streams are few in the shepherd country of Bible lands. Even where streams are found, their banks are usually broken and their flow rough. Sheep are timid and fear a current of water, as they well may, for they are easily carried downstream because their wool is so heavy when it is wet."

"Poor things, how do they ever get a good drink?" exclaimed one of the two little maids, whose heart was always open lovingly to animals.

"The shepherd sees to that, does n't he?" said the other timidly, with earnest eyes set on our guest.

His face brightened as he turned to the four blue eyes across the table.

"Shall I tell you how the shepherd sees to it that the sheep have a good drink every day? Listen: —

"There are wells and fountains [1] here and there in the regions where the flocks roam, and in some parts there are cisterns, though the sheep like the living water best. The shepherds know where these drinking places are, all through the treeless country where

[1] Springs.

streams are few. It is a fine sight to see the shepherds bring their flocks '*beside the still waters*' at some well or fountain, while the wide, silent country over which they and many other sheep have wandered spreads all around them, and the far expanse of the sky arches over them.

"The shepherd makes a certain sound ; all his sheep lie down and are quiet. Then he fills the drinking troughs. The bubbling of the fountain — or the current, if it be by a stream — is no longer there to trouble the sheep. They can drink now undisturbed. This is the delicate meaning of that word 'still.' As the Hebrew words put it, 'He leadeth beside the waters of quietness.'

"Then the waiting sheep hear a whistle or a call. They never misunderstand ; they know their shepherd's voice and never respond to the wrong shepherd if several flocks have come up together. And strangest of all, the sheep come up by groups ; the shepherd makes them understand. So in groups he leads them until they stand '*beside the still waters*.' And, oh how they drink, with the shepherd standing near!"

No one spoke as he sat, turning his teacup. Presently he seemed to recall himself.

"But I must tell you one more scene that comes to my memory whenever I read the words, '*He leadeth me beside the still waters*.' It would make a beautiful picture if someone would paint it.

"Up in the mountain sides of Lebanon, where my kinsmen have long been shepherds, often there are no regular drinking places, such as the wells and fountains

"HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS"

on the plains. But as the shepherd leads his sheep over the rough slopes, he finds many a spring and sees its rivulet noisily running down a crevice. His sheep need water. They cannot drink from the leaping little stream. What does he do? He finds a suitable turn or nook in its course; he walls it up with a little dam, and so holds the water till it forms a quiet pool. Then, right there on the open hills, he leads his sheep '*beside the still waters*,' which the shepherd's own hand has stilled."

As we sat thinking on that picture up in the mountain, a good hand offered our guest a fresh cup. He received it with a low bow, sipped it in quiet, then with a grateful smile began speaking again.

"'*He restoreth my soul.*' You know," he said, turning to me, "that 'soul' means 'the life' or 'one's self' in the Hebrew writings."

Then addressing us all, he went on: "There are perilous places for the sheep on all sides, and they seem never to learn to avoid them. The shepherd must ever be on the watch. And there are private fields and sometimes gardens and vineyards here and there in the shepherd country; if a sheep stray into them and be caught there, it is forfeited to the owner of the land. So, '*He restoreth my soul*' means, 'The shepherd brings me back and rescues me from fatal and forbidden places.'

"'*He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*' Often have I roamed through the shepherd country in my youth and seen how hard it is to choose the right path for the sheep; one leads

to a precipice, another to a place where the sheep cannot find the way back; and the shepherd was always going ahead, 'leading' them in the right paths, proud of his good name as a shepherd.

"Some paths that are right paths still lead through places that have deadly perils. '*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death*,' is the way the psalm touches this fact in shepherd life. This way of naming the valley is very true to our country. I remember one near my home called 'the valley of robbers,' and another, 'the ravine of the raven.' You see 'the valley of the shadow of death' is a name drawn from my country's old custom.

"'*For thou art with me*.' Ah, how could more be put into few words! With the sheep, it matters not what the surroundings are, nor how great the perils and hardships; if only the shepherd is with them, they are content. There is no finer picture of the way of peace for the troubled in all the world.

"To show how much the presence of the shepherd counts for the welfare of the sheep, I can think of nothing better than the strange thing I now tell you. It is quite beyond the usual, daily care on which the flock depends so fondly. But I have seen it more than once.

"Sometimes, in spite of all the care of the shepherd and his dogs, a wolf will get into the very midst of the flock. The sheep are wild with fright. They run and leap and make it impossible to get at the foe in their midst, who at that very moment may be fastening his teeth in the throat of a helpless member of

the flock. But the shepherd is with them. He knows what to do even at such a time. He leaps to a rock or hillock, that he may be seen and heard. Then he lifts his voice in a long call, something like a wolf's cry: 'Ooh! ooh!'

"On hearing this, the sheep remember the shepherd; they heed his voice; and, strange to tell, the poor, timid creatures, which were helpless with terror before, instantly rush with all their strength into a solid mass. The pressure is irresistible; the wolf is overcome; frequently he is crushed to death, while the shepherd stands there on a rock crying, 'Ooh! ooh!' '*I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.*'"

He paused, looking questioningly at one and another.

"'*Thy rod and thy staff*' — this also is true to life; the double expression covers the whole round of protecting care. For the shepherds carry a crook for guiding the sheep and a weapon suitable for defending them, the staff and the rod — one for aiding them in places of need along peaceful ways, the other for defense in perils of robbers and wild beasts. This saying describes, as only a shepherd could, how much those words mean, '*Thou art with me.*'

"And what shall I say of the next words, '*they comfort me*'? Ah, madam, you should see the sheep cuddle near the shepherd, to understand that! The shepherd calls 'Ta-a-a-a, ho-o-o,' and the answering patter of feet, as the sheep hurry to him, are fit sounds to be chosen out of the noisy world to show what comfort God gives to souls that heed His voice;

and those sounds have been heard in my country this day as they were the day this shepherd psalm was written!"

He sat in silence a moment, musing, as if the sounds were in his ear.

It need not be said that we were eager listeners now, for our guest was all aglow with memories of his far-off homeland, and we felt that we were about to see new rays of light flash from this rarest gem in the song treasury of the world.

"'*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.*'"

In the same hushed voice in which he quoted these words he added: "Ah, to think that the shepherd's highest skill and heroism should be lost from view as the psalm begins to sing of it, and only an indoor banquet thought of!" Again he sat a little time in quiet. Then he said:—

"The word for table here means simply 'something spread out.' In olden times the table in our country was often just what you see to this day among the Arabs, only a piece of skin or a mat or a cloth spread on the ground. This is the kind of table that would be thought of in shepherd life. Why not so in a shepherd song? All the shepherd's skill and often heroic work are called forth in this duty. There are many poisonous plants in the grass, and the shepherd must find and avoid them. Then there are snake holes in some kinds of ground, and, if the snakes be not driven away, they bite the noses of the sheep. Sometimes the shepherd finds ground where moles have

worked their holes just under the surface. Snakes lie in these holes with their heads sticking up, ready to bite the grazing sheep. The shepherd knows how to drive them away as he goes along ahead of the sheep.

"And around the feeding ground which the shepherd thus prepares, in holes and caves in the hillsides there may be jackals, wolves, hyenas, and panthers, too; and the bravery and skill of the shepherd are at the highest point in closing up these dens with stones or slaying the wild beasts with his long-bladed knife. Of nothing do you hear shepherds boasting more proudly than of their achievements in this part of their care of flocks.

"And now," exclaimed our guest with a beaming countenance and suppressed feeling, as if pleading for recognition of the lone shepherd's bravest act of devotion to his sheep, "and now do you not see the shepherd figure [1] in that quaint line, '*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies*'?"

"Yes," I answered. "But what about anointing the head with oil and the cup running over? Go on, my friend."

"Oh, there begins the beautiful picture at the end of the day. The psalm has sung of the whole round of the day's wandering, all the needs of the sheep, all the care of the shepherd. Now it closes with the last scene of the day. At the door of the sheepfold the shepherd stands and 'the rodding of the sheep' takes place. The shepherd turns his body to let the sheep pass; he is the door. With his rod he holds back the

[1] Figure of speech, or word picture.

sheep while he looks them over one by one as they go into the fold. He has the horn filled with olive oil, and he has cedar-tar, and he anoints a knee bruised on the rocks or a side scratched by thorns. And here comes one that is not bruised but is simply worn and exhausted; he bathes its face and head with the refreshing olive oil and he takes the large two-handled cup and dips it brimming full from the water he has brought for that purpose, and he lets the weary sheep drink.

"There is nothing finer in the psalm than this: '*Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*'

"And then, when the day is done and the sheep are snug within the fold, what contentment, what rest under the starry sky! Then comes the thought of deepest repose and comfort: '*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,*' as they have through all the wanderings of the day now ended.

"As the song dies away, the heart that God has watched and tended breathes this thought of peace before the roaming of the day is forgotten in sleep: '*I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*' The song is hushed, and the sheep are at rest, safe in the good shepherd's fold."

Do you wonder that ever since that night we have called this psalm The Song of Our Syrian Guest?

WILLIAM ALLEN KNIGHT

IT IS NOT A LITTLE THING

It is not a little thing
To find God here when I awake,
And hear the happy, hymning birds
Welcome morning for His sake.

It is not a little thing
To have Him come with early day
And offer joy, and light, and peace
When He has taken night away.

It is not a little thing
To think how tenderly He sends
Dawn with stirring brilliancy
To the hearts of all my friends.

It is not a little thing
To rise and meet the shining air,
Answering His daily call
To pause in wonder, love, and prayer.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

A HEBREW SOLDIER [1]

THE soldiers who fought in our army in the World War were of many kinds. There were boys whose ancestors came to America with the Pilgrims three

[1] The quotations are taken by permission from *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War against Germany,* by Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe; copyright by the Harvard University Press.

centuries ago. There were boys whose forefathers had settled the big plantations of the South. There were boys whose grandfathers crossed the plains, and settled the great West. And there were also, in that army, boys whose fathers and mothers had come over a few years before from crowded Europe in the steerage of ocean steamers, fathers and mothers who had not yet learned to speak perfectly our English tongue. One of these was a Jewish boy, Ralph Lasser, whose mother, Frieda Antin, came from Russia when she was sixteen years old.

There is a beautiful story about that Jewish family, written by one of its members. In Mary Antin's book, *The Promised Land*, you can read how the family came to America and settled near Boston. Mary Antin was a little girl then, and was sent to school, but Frieda Antin was older, and she went to work in a factory. So it happened that Ralph Lasser's mother missed most of the education that America gave her younger sisters. Yet she did not entirely miss it. For in the evening Mary Antin would tell her sister Frieda the things she had learned in school.

"Her eyes shone like stars," Mary Antin wrote, "when I explained to her how she and I and George Washington were fellow citizens together."

Frieda Antin married, and to her son, Ralph, she gave the education that she herself had missed. In 1916 he entered Harvard College.

Then came the war. And the United States — his country, which had given his people freedom from

persecution and from the caste system of Europe — called to him.

This is what one of his college classmates wrote of Lasser's decision to join the army: —

"Detesting the idea of war with all the power of his great soul, he went to France and to his death, not for the love of the fight or the thrill of the moment; he went only after long communion with himself and with another Power he felt to be with him in all that he did.

"Under the draft age (he was nineteen) and barely eligible for service in the army, he enlisted at the outbreak of the war. He was steeped to the depths of his soul in the spirit of sacrifice for Jewish idealism. He had intended to study for the rabbinate, not through desire for the position it offered, but for the opportunity that it presented above all others — service.

"'My only aim in life is to serve,' he told me, in his quiet way, a year before America entered the war, as we were walking together one evening in the Harvard Yard, thoughts of both of us far removed from the war. 'If I can serve humanity best as a flower-peddler or a bootblack at six dollars a week, I'll do that; only — I must serve.'"

It was not as a bootblack, or a flower-peddler, or even as a rabbi that Ralph Lasser came to serve humanity. It was as a soldier. Here are two letters that he wrote to his mother when he reached France with one of our first regiments to go into the battle lines.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, *December* 31, 1917

MY DEAR OLD MOTHER, —

To-day is the last day of 1917. Quite a year that has been for me, and for you, mother dear. As I look over the past year, as I think of all that has happened, sad as it seems, in fact I am so happy, so content. How can it be, I ask myself; but it is so. When I sit and think, I see you before me. I see you as you were before I left, and I see you on that night of farewell. Oh, mother dear, I have so much I want to say to you; but how can I say it!

Before my last step, you know that you were to me the dearest, the greatest, the noblest that I had. You know that for you was my all; for you my ambition, for you my endeavor, for you my love and devotion. And then, you perhaps think I found something greater, something nobler. Perhaps you feel that though before you were first, now you are only second. Let us be frank, dearest mother, and let us see the fact as it is.

Yes, I have given myself to my country. Yes, I consider my country first. Yes, my ambition, my endeavor, my love, my devotion is to my country and for my country. Perhaps you think, therefore, that it is not for you. But, mother dearest, — and here is where I want to be clear, and lay the emphasis, — what is my country? Is it the land of America? Yes. Is it the world under God? Yes. Is it the peoples of the world who are brothers under one Father? Yes. Is it the institutions of America and

the world? Yes. Is it the ideals, the hopes, the aspirations of all? Yes.

But what personally and nearest to me is my country? You, mother dear, *you*, who through hardship and privation, through sacrifice, through pain, through toil, through all difficulties, have nourished me, cared for me, reared me, educated me, strengthened me, put the light of hope into me, given me vision; you, who gave me that life which to-day I offer for the good of all; you, mother dear, the first in my soul, the first in my heart, the first in my ambition, my love, my devotion, *you*, *you*, *you* are my country, you are my world, you are the embodiment of what I fight for, sacrifice for, labor for, and if need be, die for.

When I, as it were, tore myself from you and left you, I know not for how long, it was to *you* that I gave myself. I took myself away from you, the seed that you had sown. I gave myself to you the full-grown fruit. There are two of you and two of me. One of me I took away from you, the smaller. The other of me I gave to the other of you, the greater, the real one. I took from you the body around my soul; and the soul that's in me, I give. Oh, mother, I am four thousand miles from you, farther than I have ever been before, and yet to-day I am nearer to you than ever before. To-day you have me as you never did. I used to be your son, now I am *you*.

And so I say to you, mother dearest, and I give my message on the last day of the Old Year, keep your spirits and hope on, strive on, fight on, and keep your faith in God.

And here is another letter: —

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, *February* 4, 1918

MY ALL, MY MOTHER, —

I remember, mother dear, my promise to you as I left you on that night historic in my life: to you I would remain faithful, devoted and true.

Your sorrows, your grief, your sacrifice have been enormous, I know. You have been put to a hard test indeed, and oh, how proud I am to know that you have not been found wanting. But just as you have so bravely, so courageously, so heroically stood the hardships, the sorrows, the sacrifices so far, so must you now, mother dearest, summon up all your energy, all your loyalty, all your faith, and stand the next great test that comes before you in this struggle to do your share in the great task that to-day confronts all the children of God.

Where will you get that strength? Where can you find the power to keep you steady, trustful, hopeful, after so much has been absorbed in the tests already passed? My dear mother, there is but one way that I know for you to take.

Man is a wonderful creature. He can do many things, endure many hardships, overcome many foes, and gain many victories. But there is a limit to the power of the human race, and there comes a time when the strength of man himself cannot stand the test before him. You know, mother dearest, how in doing their mission in the world, the Jews, time and

time again, were on the point of failure. Every bit of strength, of power, even of hope was gone. They could not mass up enough strength to pull through. What then did they do?

They did, mother dear, just what I want you to do. They may have lost all strength, all hope, all trust; but never did the children of Israel lose faith, faith, faith unflinching, in their God, the God of Israel. And ever in their distress, with a heart and soul faithful to their God, they would call upon Him, they would pray to Him, and Him they would ask for the necessary strength. And not once was He known to be wanting, when implored by His people with a faithful and true heart. He turned defeat into victory. He turned weariness into freshness. He turned stone into water. He turned water into dry land. He turned despair into hope. He did so because they had faith in Him, and because with a faithful heart they asked for His aid, believing that they would receive it.

And so I say to you, my dear mother, if you find that the hardships are becoming too severe to bear, if you find that you lack strength enough, courage enough, hope enough to stand the test before you, if you find that the sacrifice is too great, if you need strength, courage, hope, then, my dear mother, above all, keep your faith unflinching, undaunted in your God, and ask Him for help, pray to Him, and believe that He will help you, have faith in Him, ever, and I know He will help.

Your life has been a hard one, an exceptionally

hard one. But, mother dear, you have been blessed. For as I look about at my comrades, as I associate with them, as I learn their thoughts and ideas, I am given one impression especially: the greatest blessing God gives carries with it the greatest hardships and sacrifices. I am firmly convinced that the greatest blessing God has to give is the blessing of being a mother; for the meaning of "mother" to a son is too great for words. "Mother" is an ideal. "Mother" is the angel of God sent to a son.

You have been to me my love, my happiness, my all — my mother. I have tried to be to you

YOUR FAITHFUL SON

In his diary he wrote: —

Sunday, Nov. 4

"To-day I attended regimental Church services, and am determined hereafter to attend them every Sunday. Though my thoughts have been deep right along, I feel the need of such inspiration.

"I am glad to see the human side of soldiering, but oh, how glad I am to see and take part in the super-human side. As the regiment stood at attention, the engineer flag was lowered and the Stars and Stripes raised on high. Then we all raised our right hands, and, led by the chaplain, we pledged allegiance to our flag. Here we are reciting that well-known pledge, and in every syllable I can hear the trueness of those words; for on a quiet day we can hear the roar of the cannon on the front where soon we will take our

stand to live up to the pledge we make. Thank God I can be one of those proud young Americans to stand beneath that flag to-day and pledge allegiance to it."

Tuesday, January 22, 1918

"Oh, what war is! It takes men who love each other, as is the natural love of man for man, and makes them enemies. Oh, may God make us able to gain such a victory as will make this war the last war for man on earth! Thus we may rise nearer to our ideal, when earth shall rise nearer to heaven, and when man in rising shall get nearer to his God."

In the summer of 1918 Ralph Lasser's regiment took part in some of the hardest fighting of the war. On the eleventh of June he was stationed as gas guard, to warn his comrades when bombs were sent over. That day he was killed.

To Lasser's mother, the captain of his company wrote: —

"Surely a soldier's death is the most glorious of all, and your boy's death is that of one who died at his post of duty. Reverent hands closed his eyes, and his casket was borne to the grave draped with the flag he loved so well and for which he died. The firing squad fired the last volley, and taps was blown. He has been buried on American soil, even though it is in this country; and the grave will always be cared for; it is the grave of a hero, and 'E' Company will always cherish his memory."

Mary Lee

POEM

(*Washington, D. C., January* 12, 1918)

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question ; the love that stands
the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best ;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the
price ;
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country I've heard of long ago —
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them
that know.
We may not count her armies ; we may not see her
King ;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering,
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds
increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her
paths are Peace.

CECIL ARTHUR SPRING RICE

NOTE. — Cecil Arthur Spring Rice was British Ambassador to the United States from 1914 to the beginning of 1918. This poem was written on January 12, 1918, a month before he died.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE

ON THIS SPOT STOOD
UNTIL ITS BURNING, OCT. 3, 1711,
THE FIRST TOWN HOUSE OF BOSTON
HERE THE LOYAL ASSEMBLIES OBEYED THE CROWN
HERE THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY WAS AROUSED
AND GUIDED BY THE ELOQUENT APPEALS
AND SAGACIOUS COUNSELS OF
OTIS, ADAMS, QUINCY, WARREN, CUSHING,
AND HANCOCK;
"HERE THE CHILD INDEPENDENCE WAS BORN."
HERE WASHINGTON RECEIVED THE TRIBUTE
OF AN ENFRANCHISED PEOPLE;
HERE WAS INSTALLED THE GOVERNMENT
OF A NEW STATE;
HERE FOR TEN YEARS OUR CIVIL RULERS
ASSEMBLED;
AND HERE,
BY THE VOTE OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF 1881,
HAVE BEEN RECONSTRUCTED, IN THEIR
ORIGINAL FORM,
THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AND REPRESENTATIVES'
HALL.
HALLOWED BY THE MEMORIES OF THE
REVOLUTION,
MAY OUR CHILDREN PRESERVE THE SACRED
TRUST.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE

I was ten years old when my father gave me my first tools. He had found me at his bench, using his pet panel saw on one of the great problems that then occupied my attention — a toy boat or a water wheel, I have forgotten which. He took the saw away and told me to let his tools alone thereafter; but the next day he gave me two small saws and a little jack plane for my own. That was more than fifty years ago, but the two saws and the plane are with me yet, pensioned now, and living with their elder brothers, my father's own tools, in the big chest that was such a treasure house of possibilities to me in my boyhood, and is now so rich in memories.

My first shop was the henhouse, a disused, shed-roofed building about six feet by eight, which stood in the back yard. One half was floored, the other, bare ground. There was no heat, but a long window on the south side let in plenty of sunlight. In the winter I used to work there with an overcoat on, a muffler round my neck, and thick, hand-knit woollen stockings on my feet. When my hands became so numb that they could no longer hold the tools, I would go into the kitchen, get thawed out, and hurry back. It was no hardship, because the place was my own and I could do there the things that I liked to do.

It seemed to me then that my father gave me but little instruction in using tools — only an occasional caution, such as "Don't saw so fast, and don't force

the saw." "Keep your left hand behind the point of your chisel, not in front of it; then you won't cut yourself." But as I look back through the vista of the years I see that out of the sum of those cautions, helped out by demonstrations now and then, when my father would take the tool into his own skillful hand and show me how to use it, I was building a part of my education that I would not now willingly give up.

Have you ever studied the shape of a cut nail? There is more to it than you may think. Two sides of the shank taper from head to point, but neither head nor point is square in its cross section. Moreover, the sides that are narrowest at the point are the widest at the head, and the toe is somewhat beveled. All those little matters I learned only after I had split a great many boards, and finally, asking why, was told that I should start my nails with the long way of the point across the grain of the wood instead of with it, as I had been doing.

At first my only boring tool was a gimlet, the meanest thing for the purpose that man ever invented. It is fit only to make holes for screws in the face of a board or a piece of timber, for it will split anything else. It was not until our next-door neighbor, whose recreation was woodworking, permitted me to sit on the end of his bench evenings and watch him work, that I learned the advantages of the twist drill.

I was about twelve years old when the bracket-saw craze swept the country. Neither my chum nor I

could afford the vast sum of $1.60 that I believe the outfit then cost, so we determined to make our own. The frames of the saws — about a foot long — we modeled after the frame of an ordinary bucksaw, only we made them proportionately deeper. For blades we took ribs from an old hoop skirt, cut teeth in them with a file, and set the teeth with a nail. Good-natured grocers and druggists gave us empty cigar boxes, and out of the wood in them, with our home-made saws, we fashioned the frail and useless ornaments of the period.

The experience taught us several things, for example, that some cigar boxes are made of sycamore and others of Spanish cedar, and that sycamore is much harder to cut. Once we began to take notice, it was easy enough to tell which was which by looking for the little flecks that give the sycamore what woodworkers call a "shot" grain. The cedar lacks them. So we began to observe the differences in the grains of other woods — differences that seem so slight to the untrained eye but are really so plain when the observer has learned what to look for. The "tongues in trees" were beginning to whisper their secrets to us. We learned, too, that a saw, to run freely, must have a certain amount of set, but that the less it has the smoother cut it makes.

We did other things that summer — dammed the brook on my grandfather's farm, and made a water wheel, and on a platform above it set a circular saw, and a jig saw that worked up and down in rigid wooden ways greased with a bacon rind. Thereby

we not only attained a little better mastery of our tools, but learned that, by employing a crank and a connecting rod, it is an easy matter to transform the motion of a spindle revolving horizontally into a sliding motion up and down. We learned, too, that wood swells in dampness and shrinks as it dries, and that the shrinkage across the grain is considerable, but with the grain is very little.

By the time I had got into high school I wanted a boat, and no other way to get one even occurred to me but to build it. I picked out clear, seven-eighths white pine boards and persuaded Charlie Burnham, the good-natured foreman of the furniture factory, to resaw them for me — that is, to split them edgewise on a circular saw, which doubled the surface area of my lumber at little cost, and gave me planking three-eighths of an inch thick, which was what I wanted. The stem, sternpost, and ribs I cut from white oak that had a suitable curve in the grain. Building was a long, laborious task, and the craft when completed was by no means light; but it floated on an even keel, paddled easily, carried two of us comfortably, with our duffle, on a two-hundred-mile river camping trip that summer, and served four or five successive boy owners for several years as a transport to and from the swimming hole across the pond.

Durability, I think, must have been one of my earliest craftsmanship ideals, for I still have a snow shovel that I made when I was twelve years old, and that has cleared all the home paths for fifty years. The blade, which is of whitewood, originally had a

nose of zinc, but that long ago wore out and fell away, and since then the blade itself has worn back until it is now only half its original length; but the piece of clapboard that gives the handle its proper pitch with the blade, and the handle itself, are still sound and whole; the shovel is still a shovel, capable of doing its work now as well as it did in its youth. What matter that I put into it screws enough to plank the side of a ship? I was building for the ages.

It is in the homeliest and most direct ways that tools help to educate those who use them. The jack-knife is a schoolmaster that will teach a boy in a week more about the different kinds of wood than books would teach him in a year.

The education that comes from the use of tools carries over into other and greater affairs than those of the shop. He who has learned that the easiest way to draw out a rusty nail is first to drive it in a little way has also learned a useful lesson in human nature. The plumb-bob hole and the level and the square are not merely scientific foundation stones — they are moral commands. When once a boy has perceived that a thing is plumb only when it is pointing straight toward the zenith in one direction and straight toward the centre of the earth in the other, even the fence post that he is setting becomes linked with everlasting truth and is a part of the geometry of the universe. And the level and the square will come to be to him but children of the plumb line; for having that, he can deduce the others, and so can test his work by an unchanging trinity.

The moral effect on a man of such a relationship to his daily tasks is sure. And here I venture to refer once more to my father. Some time after his death, a builder for whom he had done much work, and who was noted for his meanness in money matters, said to me: "I always found your father a fine workman, and one who could be trusted to work as hard when he was alone as when a foreman was standing over him; but he was not a very profitable man to hire. He took too much pains. I came on him one day when he was fitting the moulding to a baseboard. He mitred the joint, tried the pieces, block-planed them again, and started to block-plane them still more.

"'There, there!' I said, 'That's good enough.'

"He straightened up and looked at me, and said, 'Mr. Flint, nothing is good enough that is n't just right!'"

To me this incident is still the simplest but the proudest monument that I could raise to my father's memory.

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

THE RECORD

EVERY blow of a hammer, every stroke of a plane, leaves its record, not to be gotten over. When I first saw the Viking ship dug out in Norway after a thousand years, the thing that caught my eye was the record of a lazy carpenter's axe, left upon the oak timber of the bow of the ship. Every nick in it was there, plain to see. He had been too lazy to grind the axe, and, a thousand years after, that fact stood out.

JACOB A. RIIS

UPON A LITTLE HILL

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven; and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

JOHN KEATS

NOTE. — The poem from which these lines are taken is written in couplets, or pairs of lines that rime. The syllables are alternately short and long, and there are five accents in each line. This is a favorite flowing measure for long descriptive or narrative poems.

"The Lady of the Lake," by Sir Walter Scott, is written in couplets with only four accents to each line: —

> The'se are Clan-Al'pine's Wa'rriors tr'ue;
> And, Sa'xon — I' am Ro'derick Dh'u!

It is interesting to compare the different kinds of rhythm — and rime where there is such — in some long poems, as: "Snow Bound," by Whittier; "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith; "Evangeline," by Longfellow; "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Burns; "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Browning.

MICHELANGELO

A FAUN AND A WHITE TOOTH

In the Medici gardens in Florence a boy was shearing away white chips from a block of marble. Lorenzo of the Medici family, who was called Lorenzo the Magnificent, noticed him and stood watching a moment as the boy worked. His strokes were eager and skillful. He was a lad whom the teacher of painting, Domenico Ghirlandaio, had recommended as a promising pupil for the study of sculpture. Lorenzo had invited the teacher to send likely lads to the gardens, where they might be taught by the aged sculptor Bertoldo, whom Lorenzo kept as curator of his treasures of art and instructor of just such ambitious boys. For Lorenzo hoped to establish in Florence a school of painters and sculptors whose work would excel the best that could be produced in all the rest of Italy.

Lorenzo felt sure that the boy who stood chipping at the stone could never before have had the opportunity to handle a chisel or to do as he liked with a block of marble. Yet the lad had set out to copy the head of a faun from an antique statue which Lorenzo had placed in the gardens. "How clever the lad is!" Lorenzo thought. The nose of the statue had been badly defaced, and the boy had modeled it over again according to his own notions. Moreover, he had not copied the mouth exactly, but had given it a smile that suited his own fancy. "Amazingly

clever the boy is," Lorenzo thought again. "Ghirlandaio is right; he promises well."

Then he noticed that, although the faun in the original was old and wrinkled, Michelangelo had given him a full set of white teeth. "Old folks don't have such teeth as that," said Lorenzo with a smile. "You have made your faun old and young at once." The boy looked up seriously with anxious surprise, and Lorenzo walked on, still smiling. But Michelangelo, with his brows knitted hard, drove the chisel against one tooth, scooping it out, and then fashioning the gum so that it would appear withered and shrunken with age, as though the tooth had fallen from its place. When Lorenzo next looked at Michelangelo's faun, he laughed aloud to see that his criticism had been taken seriously, and told the story to his friends, not without adding his praise for the young sculptor's cleverness.

The boy was in earnest. It was the hope of each day, as he waked, that he might succeed in the great arts that were then making the cities of Italy the most beautiful of Europe. For Italy was in the full stream of what historians now call the Renaissance, or Rebirth, and it is hardly possible to know anything of Michelangelo without realizing at least a little of what the Renaissance has meant in the story of the world.

From the city of Rome and a small region about it grew up the Roman Empire, a Power that first united Italy and then reached out to conquer lands as far away as Egypt and Judæa to the east and England to

"AMAZINGLY CLEVER THE BOY IS," THOUGHT LORENZO

the west. When Christ was born, the Roman Empire had gathered under one government almost all the nations that the Roman people knew anything about. You have read of the Greeks of ancient times, of the beauty of their proudest city, Athens, of their knowledge, and of the stories told in their literature — stories which the world has never forgotten. When the Roman armies conquered Greece, Romans learned of the beauty of Greek life and the greatness of Greek literature and thought.

Yet the Roman Empire, the greatest empire the world had ever seen, so great that men thought it would never die, at last crumbled to pieces. Barbarians moved into the empire, and great numbers were converted to a new religion which was taking command of the ancient world. They became Christians; and Christianity saved for the world the literature, the thought, the knowledge, and the traditions of the great civilization of Greece and Rome.

But for centuries the knowledge which the Christian Church preserved lay stored up in the books and manuscripts of monasteries and convents, where only scholars and monks could reach it. At last men began to find it again. Especially in Italy this knowledge, long hidden and lost, was rediscovered and became precious to men. It was a time when the learning, the art, and the traditions of the ancient world of Greece and Rome were eagerly studied by scholars, poets, artists, and scientists from Italy to Poland.

But while men were turning back to Greece and

Rome, they were also looking about them at their own world, discovering how much could be learned about it and how much could be done to make it beautiful. Italian painters were gaining new knowledge of the laws of drawing, by which human figures could be pictured on the walls or altars of churches, and the most treasured scenes in the stories of the Christian religion could be brought before the eyes of the people when they gathered together in chapels. This knowledge of drawing and painting was to lead at last to the work of Michelangelo, Raphael, and other great artists, who have given us the most famous paintings in Europe.

How the world teemed with life and color! How discovery pushed out wherever a way could be found for it to advance — across the seas to America, into the mysteries of the universe for knowledge of the stars and the earth's place among them, and into the secrets of art, that the faces and figures of men and women might be made to live the more beautiful life which painting and sculpture give them. Into such a world was born the boy whom Lorenzo watched as he chipped at his marble faun in the gardens at Florence.

FROM MEDICI GARDENS TO SISTINE CHAPEL

From the first days of his life Michelangelo lived among the materials of his art. Florence was in a region of quarries from which the stone for monuments and statues was derived. Michelangelo's nurse was

a stonecutter's wife. And from his early days the boy took a lively interest in drawing. He had a pencil in his fingers whenever spare moments allowed him to seize one.

This habit of drawing displeased his father. It is said that the boy was scolded and even beaten when he persisted in it. We must remember that in those early years no one could foresee the greatness of the work which the boy was to accomplish. There were many skilled craftsmen who fashioned jewels, painted altarpieces in churches, and carried on a small trade in art, of no great dignity or station in the world. If Michelangelo were to be no more than one of these, we can understand how a proud family such as the Buonarroti could look down on the artist's occupation and attempt to discourage the boy from setting his heart upon drawing.

When it began to be plain that Michelangelo was possessed of genius and that he might bring wealth and honor to his family, the views of his father changed. The boy was put to study under Ghirlandaio, then the best painter of Florence. Under his tutelage, Michelangelo gave many proofs of precocious ability. He made a sketch of scaffolding erected in a chapel where the teacher was at work, of tools lying about, and of some of the young assistants who were present. When Ghirlandaio saw this intricate sketch, he was amazed. "This boy knows more than I do," he exclaimed.

We have already seen how Lorenzo the Magnificent was ambitious that Florence should have sculptors

and painters who could excel all the others in Italy. When he invited Ghirlandaio to send his best pupils for study under the sculptor Bertoldo, Michelangelo was naturally chosen to go to the gardens. So well did the boy please Lorenzo that he was given the keys of the gardens, and sat at table with Lorenzo's children.

Michelangelo was fortunate in winning so early the favor of such a patron. Much more in that time than in our own, it was necessary for artists to depend for their living upon the fitful generosity of the great and rich. The Popes, the noble families, men of influence and power within the Church or without, gave commissions for monuments, decorations for churches, designs for great buildings, for all that artists could fashion in stone or with brush. The artist who accepted such a commission was dependent upon his patron for money to buy the materials and pay assistants, and for the necessaries of life. But men of wealth were ambitious and full of caprice. They were sometimes quick to encourage the artist if any honor were to be gained by his efforts, and slow to reward him when he had done his work. Jealous and intriguing men bargained for their favor, and sometimes persuaded these wealthy patrons to abandon the artist midway in his project. Or the patrons became involved in wars and struggles for power that exhausted all their resources, leaving nothing for the luxury of art.

Michelanglo had lived in the Medici household scarcely three years when Lorenzo died. But men in Rome gave Michelangelo commissions, and there he lived for five years.

Then his father lost a position in Florence from which he had received a small income. Michelangelo became the prop of the family. He returned to Florence and ungrudgingly labored for his father and his brothers, who accepted too easily the support he won for them. It was at this time that he made the gigantic statue of David which remains one of his best known works in marble. It was cut from a block of stone which another artist, many years before, had begun to fashion into a figure. But the earlier sculptor had given up his task, and it was left for Michelangelo to perceive what could be done with the unfinished block, and with his skill to bring forth the shape that his eyes saw in the stone. The statue was the astonishment of all the artists of Florence, and they met together to decide upon a fit place in which to erect it.

Michelangelo was one of the highest examples of great-mindedness and resolution. In spite of the luxury about him, and even though he had gained wealth and honor, he lived outwardly as a poor and hard-worked man would live. We are told that his meals were often no more than crusts and that he gave himself little sleep.

If with riches in his hands Michelangelo lived as a poor man, it was not because he had anything of the miser in his heart. He gave valuable statues and sketches to his friends and large sums of money to his family. But he was willing to make any sacrifice for his art. Perhaps in his eagerness he made greater sacrifices than were needed. Monks take vows of

poverty and live without what to other men would be the rudiments of comfort, for their religion or for love of a way of life that seems to them better than the world's way. Michelangelo was devoutly religious. He took a religious view of his art and of beauty, considering that when he made a portrait of some living face, he was but copying the perfection of beauty or of life which the Creator had formed in it. And without vows he lived in monastic simplicity, because it was his nature to find comfort and strength for his work in spare diet and few luxuries. The common habits of life gave way before his restless passion for the austere and beautiful.

Michelangelo was by taste and genius a sculptor first of all. But it happens that his highest glory came from his paintings in the Sistine Chapel and from the vast dome of St. Peter's Church ; for in sculpture Michelangelo met with misfortunes which compelled him to leave his greatest schemes unfinished.

One of his grandest designs for sculpture was a monument to Pope Julius II. For this he was commissioned on a second visit to Rome. Again and again his work was interrupted. Of the many figures which were to have found a place in the whole plan for the monument only three have come down to us — a statue of Moses which is now in Rome, and two statues of slaves, now in Paris. They are among the sculptor's most famous works.

In the midst of his labor with the monument of Julius, Michelangelo was interrupted by another commission. He was not without enemies in Rome, who

knew that he was first of all a sculptor, and who persuaded Pope Julius to give him the task of decorating the ceiling and the end wall of the Sistine Chapel with paintings. They hoped that Michelangelo would fail in this undertaking, so that his genius would never again be an obstacle to their own schemes. Michelangelo himself was fearful of his success, so great was the design which he formed for the frescoes. Then the enemies proclaimed that Raphael should have been chosen for the task. But Michelangelo did not fail.

To describe the paintings of the Sistine Chapel would be impossible. One critic has compared the colors of Michelangelo's figures, as they lean from the vault of the ceiling, to the blue clouds of thunderstorms. The vault is divided into nine panels, in which appear such heroic visions as the dividing of light from darkness at the beginning of the world; the making of the sun, the moon, and the stars; the creation of Adam and Eve, and their fall. But the design does not stop with the nine panels. It extends to the roots of the supporting arches of the vault, where prophets and seers of antiquity, and human figures in every attitude of grandeur, give their strength to the whole.

It is hardly possible to imagine how Michelangelo painted his frescoes on the ceiling of the chapel. His face must ever be raised toward the vault, and the pains he endured must have been extreme. At first he hired assistants to help him in his work. They proved unsatisfactory. He cast away all reliance on others, and alone overcame every obstacle to the com-

pletion of his inspired task. Four and one-half years of sustained labor and fortitude passed before his goal was won. And his triumph remains for eyes to see and minds to marvel at to-day.

Michelangelo wrote a poem in which he described with a grim humor the physical effects of his long toil under the ceiling of the Chapel. If he exaggerates what really happened to his skin and bones, we may be sure he does not exaggerate the sensations he felt. Here are some lines from his grotesque complaint: —

> My beard turns up to heaven; my nape falls in,
> Fixed on my spine; my breast-bone visibly
> Grows like a harp; a rich embroidery
> Bedews my face from brush-drops thick and thin.
> My loins into my paunch like levers grind.

Many years later, Michelangelo painted his "Last Judgment" on the end wall of the Sistine Chapel above the altar. This has been called the most famous picture in the world.

As his life drew toward old age, Michelangelo was made chief architect of St. Peter's Church in Rome. He revised all the plans which had previously been prepared for the building, and the dome, now known for its grandeur throughout the world, was finally built according to his conception, although the designs for other features of the building were changed. But Michelangelo did not live to see the dome that sprang from his thought. Almost ninety years old, sculptor, painter, architect, and poet, he died in 1564. Was he ever satisfied with what he achieved? Did he ever give up the study of how he might do better? Once

in his old age, when he was acknowledged a master in his art, he was met walking alone in the snow. Asked where he was going, he exclaimed, "To school, to school, to try to learn something."

It would be a mistake to think of the work of Michelangelo, or of any master of brush or chisel, of music, or of books, as without meaning for our own lives, or as inaccessible to our understanding or interest. Michelangelo himself lived with a sevenfold intensity and grandeur of spirit. We may study his work, and absorb its energy and beauty into ourselves. The figures he drew with his brush or fashioned with his hammer and tools express the sculptor's imperious thoughts and the greatness of his nature.

The works of Michelangelo, moreover, need not go unseen by most of us. The opportunity of traveling — inexpensively, if need be — comes to those who are alert enough to seize it. Rome and Florence are real cities. You will some day see them, and look not only on the Sistine Chapel but on the works of many men of genius who have increased the world's resources of beauty.

ARCHIBALD STONE

NOTE. — Many of the stories about Michelangelo are told us by Gorgio Vasari, a painter and architect, who was at one time the pupil of Michelangelo. Vasari is best known for his *Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, a very important book for its information about great Italian artists.

A HILLSIDE THAW

To think to know the country and not know
The hillside on the day the sun lets go
Ten million silver lizards out of snow!
As often as I've seen it done before,
I can't pretend to tell the way it's done.
It looks as if some magic of the sun
Lifted the rug that bred them on the floor
And the light breaking on them made them run.
But if I thought to stop the wet stampede,
And caught one silver lizard by the tail,
And put my foot on one without avail,
And threw myself wet-elbowed and wet-kneed
In front of twenty others' wriggling speed,
In the confusion of them all aglitter,
And birds that joined in the excited fun
By doubling and redoubling song and twitter,
I have no doubt I'd end by holding none.

It takes the moon for this. The sun's a wizard
By all I tell; but so's the moon a witch.
From the high west she makes a gentle cast
And suddenly, without a jerk or twitch,
She has her spell on every single lizard.
I fancied when I looked at six o'clock
The swarm still ran and scuttled just as fast.
The moon was waiting for her chill effect.
I looked at nine: the swarm was turned to rock
In every lifelike posture of the swarm,

Transfixed on mountain slopes almost erect.
Across each other and side by side they lay.
The spell that so could hold them as they were
Was wrought through trees without a breath of storm
To make a leaf, if there had been one, stir.
It was the moon's; she held them until day,
One lizard at the end of every ray.
The thought of my attempting such a stay!

ROBERT FROST

BE TRUE

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

HORATIUS BONAR

The Quiet Mind

Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.

Robert Louis Stevenson

GENERAL GRANT'S CHARACTER, AS SEEN BY OLD FRIENDS

[General Horace Porter served on the staff of the great Northern general, Ulysses S. Grant, from the time he took command of the Federal Army in the East until the close of the Civil War, and later was Assistant Secretary of War. During Grant's first term as President, General Porter acted as his private secretary. In the following words[1] he speaks of the character of his friend.]

President Grant possessed five attributes which were pronounced and conspicuous and which stand out as salient points in his character. They were truth, courage, modesty, generosity, and loyalty. He was, without exception, the most truthful man I ever encountered in public or private life. This trait may be recognized in the frankness and honesty of expression in all his correspondence. He not only was truthful himself, but had a horror of untruth in others. One day, while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to Congress, a card was brought in by a servant. An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the President did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say the President is not in."

Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair, and cried out to the servant, "Tell him no such thing! I don't lie myself, and I don't want anyone to lie for me."

The President's unbounded generosity was at all

[1] Reprinted by permission of the S. S. McClure Company.

times displayed toward both friends and foes. His unselfishness toward those who served with him is one of the chief secrets of their attachment to him, and the unqualified praise he gave them for their work was one of the main incentives to the efforts which they put forth.

After Sherman's successful march to the sea there was a rumor that Congress intended to create a lieutenant-generalship for him and give him the same grade as that of Grant. By this means Sherman would have become eligible to the command of the Federal forces. Sherman wrote at once to his commander, saying that he had no part in the movement and should certainly decline such a commission if offered to him. General Grant wrote in reply one of the most manly letters ever penned, which contained the following words: —

"No one would be more pleased with your advancement than I; and if you should be placed in my position and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have ever done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win."

Perhaps the most pronounced trait in General Grant's character was that of unqualified loyalty. He was loyal to every work and cause in which he was engaged: loyal to his friends, loyal to his family, loyal to his country, and loyal to his God.

Grant possessed a rare and conspicuous courage which, seen under all circumstances, appeared never

to vary. It was not a courage inspired by excitement; it was a steady, patient courage in all the scenes in which it was displayed. He seemed never to be aware of any danger to himself or to any person about him. His physical and moral courage were both of the same high order. To use an Americanism, he was "clean grit." And even the valor of his martial deeds was surpassed by the superb courage displayed in the painful illness which preceded his end. Though suffering untold torture, he held Death at arm's length with one hand, while with the other he penned the most brilliant chapter of American history. His fortune had disappeared, his family was without support, and summoning to his aid all of his old-time fortitude, he sat through months of excruciating agony, laboring to finish the book which would be the means of saving those he loved best from want. He seemed to live entirely upon his will-power until the last lines were finished, and then yielded to the first foe to whom he had ever surrendered — Death.

[About this courage at the last, Mark Twain, who was a friend of General Grant's son, writes as follows.[1]]

The sick-room brought out the points of General Grant's character — some of them particularly, to wit: —

His patience; his indestructible equability of temper; his exceeding gentleness, kindness, forbearance, lovingness, charity; his loyalty to friends, to convic-

[1] Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers from *The Letters of Mark Twain*, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

tion, to promises, half-promises, infinitesimal fractions and shadows of promises. (There was a requirement of him which I considered an atrocity, an injustice, an outrage; I wanted to implore him to repudiate it. Fred Grant said, "Save your labor; I know him; he is in doubt as to whether he made that half-promise or not, and he will give the thing the benefit of the doubt; he will fulfill that half-promise or kill himself trying." Fred Grant was right — he did fulfill it.)

His aggravatingly trustful nature; his genuineness, simplicity, modesty, diffidence, self-depreciation, poverty in the quality of vanity — and, in no contradiction of this last, his simple pleasure in the flowers and general ruck sent to him by Tom, Dick, and Harry from everywhere — a pleasure that suggested a perennial surprise that he should be the object of so much fine attention — he was the most lovable great child in the world. . . . His toughness as a bargainer when doing business for other people or for his country. (Witness his "terms" at Donelson and Vicksburg. Fred Grant told me his father wound up an estate for the widow and orphans of a friend in St. Louis; it took several years; at the end every complication had been straightened out, and the property put upon a prosperous basis; great sums had passed through his hands, and when he handed over the papers there were vouchers to show what had been done with every penny.) His trusting, easy, unexacting fashion when doing business for himself. (At that same time he was paying out money in driblets to a man who was running his farm for him, and in his

first presidency he paid every one of those driblets again, for he had n't a scrap of paper to show that he had ever paid them before. In his dealings with me he would not listen to terms which would place my money at risk and leave him protected; the thought plainly gave him pain, and he put it from him — waved it off with his hands, as one does accounts of crushings and mutilations, would n't listen, changed the subject.)

And his fortitude! He was under sentence of death last spring;[1] he sat thinking, musing, several days — nobody knows what about; then he pulled himself together and set to work to finish that book — a colossal task for a dying man. Presently his hand gave out; Fate seemed to have got him checkmated. Dictation was suggested. No, he never could do that; had never tried it; too old to learn, now. By and by — If he could only do Appomattox — Well. So he sent for a stenographer and dictated nine thousand words at a single sitting, never pausing, never hesitating for a word, never repeating, and in the written-out copy he made hardly a correction. He dictated again, every two or three days, — the intervals were intervals of exhaustion and slow recuperation, — and at last he was able to tell me that he had written more matter than could be got into the book. I enlarged the book — had to.

Then he lost his voice. He was not quite done yet, however. There were no end of little plums and spices to be stuck in, here and there; and this work he

[1] It had been discovered by doctors that he had an incurable disease.

patiently continued, a few lines a day, with pad and pencil, till far into July. One day he put his pencil aside, and said he was done — there was nothing more to do. If I had been there, I could have foretold the shock that struck the world three days later.

NIGHT ON THE ROAD

LET us go slow, for the horse is worn
And still there are miles to make.
It is an hour from midnight, now,
And only ourselves awake —
We and the stars, and they are pale,
Blinking across the blue,
As if for a little they'd shut their eyes
And fall a-napping too.
We and the stars, and a whippoorwill
Making some strange complaint
Down in the hidden hold of a wood.
Dolorous, far, and faint.
The road is a ribbon of glimmering gray
Unwound along the dark,
Following far a misty way
Too dim for eye to mark.
Here it stretches a level mile
Belting a dusky field;
Here it narrows, a cloistered lane
That steadfast hedges shield;
Now it dips in an easy slope
Where a velvet gloom is shed

From shouldering branches that touch and clasp
Dark hands high overhead.
Down we follow, and down, and down,
Slow on the dimming track,
And the shadow deepens from dun to brown,
From brown to limpid black,
Till we lose the stars and we lose the road,
And we hear on either hand
Only the muffled monotone
Of wheels in the yielding sand,
Then, splash and ripple and tinkling tune
Of water over rock —
Robin's knee-deep in a running stream
With the buggy on the lock![1]
Loosen the rein and let him drink,
A long, steep pull's ahead.
Hear how the water slips and croons
Along its fretted bed;
Hear how the current halts and swerves
Around us in its sweep,
And listen, beyond, to the broken laugh
Where it takes a sudden leap.
The hour is still as a House of Sleep,
And heavy upon our eyes
With shadowy forms and folded wings
And tender mysteries:
The wordless talk of the wakeful brook,
The kiss of the cool-lipped gloom,
Soft on the senses the witchery
Of the wild grape's faint perfume.

[1] A device to lock a wheel in descending a hill, serving as a brake.

What has become of the one-time world
With all its questionings?
Surely we nevermore need know,
Here at the foot of things,
Here in the deep of the summer dark,
Hidden from hail and sight,
Hovered above by the brooding peace
Of the tranquil-minded night.
Out, and onward, and up, and up
To the crest of the looming hill,
Back to the ribbon of road again,
The dim trail waiting still;
On through the midst of the gentle fields,
Nodding a bit, at last,
Lower and lower, with half a dream
For every milestone passed.
The plodding hoofs are a lullaby,
Sure as an old refrain,
Till we halt at last by a white-barred gate
At the end of a curving lane.

And lo, we have drawn to the heart of Home,
Weary and glad and blest —
Ah, safe and sweet was the way to come,
But the journey's end is best!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — "Belting a dusky field." Perhaps you may have ridden thus when the field was full of fireflies; or on another night when the mist had settled there like a phantom lake.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

"THERE is true glory and a true honor — the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of principle." — R. E. LEE

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE was the leader of the Confederate Army in the Civil War, an army which he led so ably and with such success that for some time it looked as though the United States would be divided into two nations. But, as you all know, that did not happen.

Lee was the son of a Major General in the United States Army, "Light Horse Harry" Lee, and he himself entered the Military Academy at West Point. He was graduated from the Academy, standing next to the head of his class, and was made a second lieutenant in the engineer corps. Later he was promoted to the rank of captain. In 1831 he married Mary Custis, who was a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington.

The family lived at Arlington, Virginia, a great house high up on a hilltop, looking out over the Potomac River near Washington. There were seven children, three boys and four girls. Lee was very fond of his children, and whenever he was away from the family on military duties he wrote letters to them — letters that all boys and girls like to read.

In 1847 he was sent to the war between the United States and Mexico; and here is a letter that he wrote to his two oldest boys.

SHIP MASSACHUSETTS, OFF LOBOS
Feb. 27, 1847

MY DEAR BOYS: —

I received your letters with the greatest pleasure and, as I always like to talk to you both together, I will not separate you in my letters but write one to you both. I was much gratified to hear of your progress at school, and hope that you will continue to advance.

You will learn by my letter to your grandmother, that I have been to Tampico. I saw many things to remind me of you, though that was not necessary to make me wish that you were with me. The river was so calm and beautiful, and the boys were playing about in boats, and swimming their ponies. Then there were troops of donkeys carrying water through the streets. They had a kind of saddle, something like a cart saddle, though larger, that carried two ten-gallon kegs on each side, which was a load for a donkey. They had no bridles on, but would come along in strings to the river, and as soon as their kegs were filled, would start off again.

We had a grand parade on General Scott's arrival. The troops were all drawn up on the side of the river and fired a salute as he passed them. He landed at the market where lines of sentinels were placed to keep off the crowd. In front of the landing the artillery was drawn up, which received him in the centre of the column and escorted him through the streets to his lodgings. They had provided a handsome gray horse, richly caparisoned, for him to ride, but he preferred to walk with his staff around him, and a dragoon

led the horse behind us. The windows along the streets we passed were crowded with people, and the boys and girls were in great glee, the Governor's Island band playing all the time.

Your Affectionate Father

Before 1860 there was a great deal of feeling against slavery in the United States. Lee himself did not believe in slavery. He said once: "In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil. I think it is a greater evil to the white than to the colored race; and while my feelings are strongly interested in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are stronger for the former." And since he did not believe in slavery, he freed all his own slaves.

As he watched the controversy that was raging in the United States over the question of slavery, he wished with all his heart that the Southern States would not secede from the Union. "I hope," he wrote, "the wisdom and patriotism of the country will devise some way of saving it, and that a kind Providence has not turned the current of His blessings from us." But no way could be devised for saving the Union by peaceful methods.

Lee had served long and faithfully in the United States Army. He and his father before him had fought for their country in two different wars. The time now came when he had to decide whether he would be an officer of the United States Army or a Virginia citizen. President Lincoln, who knew how

well Lee had served his country all his life, offered him the command of the army in the field. General Scott, under whom Lee had served in the Mexican War, begged him to accept the command.

Lee went home to Arlington to think the matter over. All night he walked the floor, trying to decide. All his life he had served his country faithfully. He deeply hoped for the preservation of the Union. But he knew that if he took the command of the Federal troops he would have to fight against his kinsmen and friends in the South. When morning came, Lee had made his decision: he was a Virginian first, and a citizen of the United States afterward. Next day he resigned from the United States service.

"With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen," he wrote to his sister, who had taken the other side, "I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, and my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the Army, and save in defense of my native State — with the sincere hope that my services may never be needed — I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword. You must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

On April 22, 1861, Lee bade a sorrowful farewell to his home in Arlington. He was never to see it again. He went to Richmond, and there he was offered the command of the forces of Virginia, and given the rank of Major General in this new army.

The scene has been described by Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy.

"As he stood there, fresh and ruddy as a David from the sheepfold," wrote Stephens, "in the prime of his manly beauty, and the embodiment of a line of heroic and patriotic fathers and worthy mothers, it was thus I first saw Robert E. Lee. I had preconceived ideas of the rough soldier, with no time for the graces of life. I did not know then that he used no stimulants, was free even from the use of tobacco, and that he was absolutely stainless in his private life. I did not know then, as I do now, that he had been a model youth and young man; but I had before me the most manly and entire gentleman I ever saw."

How great a general Lee was, you will learn from your study of history. Perhaps you will read about the horse that he most often rode, a gray horse, with a dark mane and tail; his name was "Traveler." Here is a letter written after the war in which Lee himself described Traveler.

"If I were an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveler, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he has passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity, affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even

imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed.

"But I am no artist, and could only say that he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since, to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days' battles around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange till its close around Petersburg the saddle was scarcely off his back. He was in almost daily requisition in the winter of 1864–65. In the campaign of 1865 he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House."

In April 1865, after four years of war, General Grant, the commander of the United States armies, had all but defeated General Lee's army near Appomattox Court House, Virginia. General Grant wrote Lee a letter pointing out that it was hopeless to resist any longer, and suggesting that he should put an end to bloodshed by surrendering. Lee refused to do this, and the next morning the Confederate Army made its last attack. Reënforcements arrived for the United States troops, and the Confederate Army faced certain defeat. Lee saw this.

"There is nothing left but to go to General Grant," he said, "and I would rather die a thousand deaths!"

One of his staff exclaimed: "Oh, General, what will

history say of the surrender of an army in the field?"

"I know they will say hard things of us," said Lee. "They will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers. But that is not the question, Colonel. The question is, Is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."

One of the Confederate generals urged Lee to disperse his army, hoping that they could get together again and fight later. Lee would not hear of this.

"No," he said, "that will not do. You must remember we are a Christian people. We have fought this fight as long and as well as we knew how. We have been defeated. For us, as a Christian people, there is now but one course to pursue. We must accept the situation. These men must go home and plant a crop, and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis."

Lee wrote to Grant asking for a meeting to arrange the terms of the surrender.

The Confederate officers and men were to promise they would not fight against the United States again, and were allowed to go home. General Grant let them keep their own horses. After it was arranged, Lee mounted Traveler, and rode back to his army.

"Men," he said, "we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

One of the generals of the United States Army, who was there when Lee met Grant, wrote afterward about the Confederate commander: —

"He was one who, though famous, was not honeycombed with ambition or tainted with cunning or cant, and though a soldier and wearing soldier's laurels, yet never craved or sought honors except as they bloomed on deeds done for the glory of his lawfully constituted authority; in short, a soldier to whom the sense of duty was a gospel, and a man of the world whose only rule of life was that life should be upright and stainless. It is easy to see why Lee has become the embodiment of one of the world's ideals, that of the soldier, the Christian, and the gentleman."

On the twelfth of April the Confederate Army surrendered its arms and its flags to the United States Army. General Chamberlain of Maine was appointed by Grant to head the United States troops that day, and the Confederate troops marched behind General John B. Gordon. For the last time Lee's soldiers carried their flags, and marched with their muskets across their shoulders. As they came to the long line of United States troops, a bugle sounded, and the Federal soldiers came to "carry arms," holding their muskets in front of them in a salute to the brave men whom they had defeated. General Chamberlain had given the order.

When General Gordon heard the shifting of the muskets, he whirled on his horse, and gave the order to his own troops to salute. So the two armies passed each other for the last time, brave men saluting brave men.

General Chamberlain himself wrote: —

"Gordon . . . wheels superbly, making with himself and his horse one uplifted figure, with profound salutation as he drops the point of his sword to his boot, then facing to his own command, gives word for his successive brigades to pass us with the same position of the manual — honor answering honor. On our part, not a sound of trumpet more, nor roll of drum; not a cheer, not a word nor whisper of vainglorying, not a motion of men, standing again at the order; but an awed stillness rather, and breath-holding as if at the passing of the dead."

Before Lee left his army, he wrote the following message of farewell to his troops: —

"After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration for your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance

of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee, *General*

The same day he turned his horse's head, and rode away from the men he had led so long. His task was finished. He had done his best for a lost cause. He now set his face toward the life of a useful citizen of that same United States which he had so loved before the tragic struggle.

Lee rode to Richmond, where his family were waiting for him. Somebody who saw him arrive in the town has given us this description of it: —

"Next morning a small group of horsemen appeared on the further side of the pontoons. By some strange intuition it was known that General Lee was among them, and a crowd collected all along the route he would take, silent and bareheaded. There was no excitement, no hurrahing; but as the great chief passed, a deep, loving murmur, greater than these, rose from the very hearts of the crowd. Taking off his hat and simply bowing his head, the man great in adversity passed silently to his own door. It closed upon him, and his people had seen him for the last time in his battle harness."

Lee now settled down to the life of a private citizen. In the summer after he left his army he accepted the presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia, later to be known as Washington and Lee University. Some years later he fell very ill. During his illness his mind wandered, and he thought that

he was back in the war again, fighting the brave old battles. "Tell Hill he must come up," he said one quiet autumn morning, his mind going back to the battlefields of his youth. They were his last words. He died October 12, 1870.

How the people of the North had come to love and respect him we can see in this tribute: —

"Robert Edward Lee was an American, and the great nation which gave him birth would be to-day unworthy of such a son if she regarded him lightly.

"Never had mother nobler son. In him the military genius of America developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure and lofty in mind and purpose found lodgment. Dignified without presumption, affable without familiarity, he united all those charms of manner which made him the idol of his friends and of his soldiers, and won for him the respect and admiration of the world. Even as, in the days of his triumph, glory did not intoxicate, so, when the dark clouds swept over him, adversity did not depress. From the hour that he surrendered his sword at Appomattox to the fatal autumn morning, he passed among men, noble in his quiet, simple dignity, displaying neither bitterness nor regret over the irrevocable past. He conquered us in misfortune by the grand manner in which he sustained himself, even as he dazzled us by his genius when the tramp of his soldiers resounded through the valleys of Virginia.

"And for such a man we are all tears and sorrow to-day. Standing beside his grave, men of the South and men of the North can mourn, with the bitterness

of four years of warfare erased by this common bereavement. May this unity of grief, this unselfish manifestation over the loss of the Bayard of America, in the season of dead leaves and withered branches which this death ushers in, bloom and blossom like the distant coming spring into the flowers of a heartier accord."

NOTE. — "The Bayard of America." The Chevalier Bayard, a French soldier four hundred years ago, was said to be a knight "without fear and without reproach," and his name still stands for the highest ideal of manly valor.

A KNIGHT OF OLD JAPAN [1]

MAKE me a stave of song, the Master said,
On yonder cherry bough, whose white and red
Hangs in the sunset over those green seas.
The young knight looked upon his untried blade,
Then shrugged his wings of gold and blue brocade:
How should a warrior play with thoughts like these?

Fresh from the battle, in that selfsame hour,
A mail-clad warrior watched each delicate flower
Close in that cloud of beauty against the West.
Drinking the last deep light, he watched it long.
He raised his face as if to pray. *The strong,*
The Master whispered, *are the tenderest.*

ALFRED NOYES

NOTE. — This poem calls to mind some rare old Japanese art work — painting, or inlay, or lacquer, or embroidery.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Volume III, by Alfred Noyes; copyright 1915, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE STONE REJECTED

For years it had been trampled in the street
Of Florence by the drift of heedless feet —
The stone that star-toucht Michael Angelo [1]
Turned to that marble loveliness we know.

You mind the tale — how he was passing by
When the rude marble caught his Jovian eye,
That stone men had dishonored and had thrust
Out to the insult of the wayside dust.
He stooped to lift it from its mean estate,
And bore it on his shoulder to the gate,
Where all day long a hundred hammers rang.
And soon his chisels round the marble sang,
Till suddenly the hidden angel shone ;
It had been waiting, prisoned in the stone.

Thus came the cherub with the laughing face
That long has lighted up an altar place.

EDWIN MARKHAM

[1] Michelangelo's name is sometimes written "Michael Angelo," as in these stanzas and in Longfellow's dramatic poem of that name.

HIDDEN TREASURE

TRUE eloquence is rare, for it is learning and wisdom speaking with the voice of sincerity warmed by emotion. Nature bestowed upon Frederick Douglass the gifts of a commanding presence and a voice that had the depth and richness of an organ. By his own efforts he added the learning and culture that made the former slave one of the great orators of America. This inscription is taken from his speech on the Emancipation of the West Indies.

THE BEST DEFENSE OF FREE AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS IS IN THE HEARTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THEMSELVES.

ONE WITH GOD IS A MAJORITY.

I KNOW OF NO RIGHTS OF RACE SUPERIOR TO THE RIGHTS OF HUMANITY.

MEN DO NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE; SO WITH NATIONS: THEY ARE NOT SAVED BY ART, BUT BY HONESTY; NOT BY THE GILDED SPLENDOR OF WEALTH, BUT BY THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF MANLY VIRTUE; NOT BY THE MULTITUDINOUS GRATIFICATION OF THE FLESH, BUT BY THE CELESTIAL GUIDANCE OF THE SPIRIT.

THE NEW CITIZEN

THE good citizen must in the first place recognize what he owes his fellow citizens. If he is worthy to live in a free republic, he must keep before his eyes his duty to the nation of which he forms a part. He must keep himself informed and must think for himself on the great questions of his day, and he must know how to express his thoughts. He must possess an intelligent opinion upon the issues that arise; for in a government like ours the fool is only less harmful than the knave. Above all, he must be, in the truest sense of the word, deeply and broadly patriotic. There must be nothing narrow in his patriotism. The welfare of the whole country must be dear to him; and he will have but a poor soul if he can ever see the flag without feeling a thrill at the thought of all that the flag implies.

But patriotism should be to each man more than mere feeling. He must not merely think and talk; he must act, he must work. He is bound in honor to act disinterestedly and uprightly; he is bound to do his full share of the civic work of his community. If public men do their work ill, then he is responsible if he does not try to see that they do their work better; and if they do their work well, then he must try to hold up their hands, so long as they persevere in well-doing.

He must combine with his fellows in order to make the weight of his influence felt, and yet he must

never fear to stand up for what he deems to be right and just, whether the bulk of his fellow citizens stand with him or against him. He must work for the whole people, and yet he must not hesitate to go against the people if he is convinced they are wrong. He must remember that in the last resort it will be his plain duty, if the emergency arises, to take arms in defense of the law, in defense of the country. The weakling and the coward have no place in our public life or in our private life; it is the duty of every decent man not only to stand up valiantly for the right, but to war mercilessly upon the wrong.

The young American, now entering upon his duties of citizenship, holds in his hands the fate of the coming years. With him it rests to decide the failure or success of the tremendous experiment begun by Washington. He must work out the future of our country; he must carry on the government planned by the wisdom of great statesmen, founded and saved by the valor of great soldiers. No material prosperity, important though material prosperity be, will by itself avail if as a nation we lose the virile, fighting virtues, or that regard for character and honor and probity which alone can keep a race mighty.

The young American must as a citizen be an American in deed, in spirit, purpose, and hope; he must "prove by his endeavor" that he is a man able to hold his own in the rough work of the world, fearless on behalf of the right, resolute never to flinch before the forces of evil; and, finally, by his life he must show his conviction that all else is useless if he does

not build on the foundation of those basic virtues which lie deep in the character of every nation that really deserves to be called great.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

EARLIEST SPRING

TOSSING his mane of snows in wildest eddies and tangles,
Lion-like March cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous breath,
Through all the moaning chimneys, and 'thwart all the hollows and angles
Round the shuddering house, threating of winter and death.

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow
Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that lift
Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable shadow,
Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience, or dream, or desire
(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment and goes —

Rapture of life ineffable, perfect — as if in the brier,
Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

NOTE. — This poem reminds one of what Richard Jefferies says in "The Fragrance of Growth."

"OF PLIMOTH PLANTATION"

"PLIMOTH" is the spelling which Governor Bradford uses in his *History of Plymouth Plantation*. The original manuscript, sometimes incorrectly called "The Log of the Mayflower," is now in the State Library at Boston. It was delivered to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by Ambassador Thomas F. Bayard on May 26, 1897. He had been delegated as the official messenger to bring from England to America this important historic document, which for many years had been held in the custody of the Diocese of the Consistory Court of London.[1] The gracious action of the English authorities in returning to Massachusetts this ancient document has been greatly appreciated.

In these annals Governor Bradford tells in the quaint old spelling the story of the Pilgrims from the time they left England for Holland in 1608, down to the year 1647. He also added in 1650 a note which reads as follows: "And of the old stock (of one & other) ther are yet living this present year, 1650 nere 30 persons. Let the Lord have ye praise, who is the High Preserver of men."

[1] In care of the Bishop of London.

In a later hand is added the following note, which names Mary Cushman in 1698 as the sole survivor of the hundred and two who seventy-eight years before had landed on Plymouth Rock: "And John Cooke, the son of Frances Cooke, that came in the first ship, is still liveing this present yeare, 1694; & Mary Cushman is still living, this present year, 1698."

On pages 81 and 82 of this history, as printed "by order of the General Court" (the Legislature of Massachusetts), appear these words in a letter written to the Pilgrims by Rev. John Robinson as they were ready to leave Holland for England to embark on their voyage to the New World: —

"A thing ther is carfully to be provided for, to witte, that with your cõmone [1] imployments you joyne cõmone affections truly bente upon ye [2] generall good, avoyding as a deadly plague of your both cõmone & spetiall [3] comfort all retirednes of minde for proper advantage, and all singularly affected any maner of way; let every man represe in him selfe & ye whol body in each person, as so many rebels against ye cõmone good, all private respects of mens selves, not sorting with ye generall conveniencie. And as men are carfull not to have a new house shaken with any violence before it be well setled & ye parts firmly knite, so be you, I beseech you, brethren, much more carfull, yt [4] the house of God which you are, and are to be, be not shaken with unnecessarie novelties or other oppositions at ye first setling thereof.

[1] Common. [2] The. [3] Special. [4] That.

THE MAYFLOWER AS SHE LAY IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR IN 1620

"Whereas you are become a body politik, using amongst your selves civill govermente, and are not furnished with any persons of spetiall eminencie above ye rest, to be chosen by you into office of goverment, let your wisdome & godlines appeare, not only in chusing shuch persons as doe entirely love and will promote ye comone good, but also in yeelding unto them all due honour & obedience in their lawfull administrations; not behoulding in them ye ordinarinesse of their persons, but Gods ordinance for your good, not being like ye foolish multitud who more honour ye gay coate, then either ye vertuous minde of ye man, or glorious ordinance of ye Lord. But you know better things, & that ye image of ye Lords power & authoritie which ye magistrate beareth, is honourable, in how meane persons soever. And this dutie you both may ye more willingly and ought ye more conscionably to performe, because you are at least for ye present to have only them for your ordinarie governours, which your selves shall make choyse of for that worke."

The letter closes: ". . . Fare you well in him in whom you trust, and in whom I rest.

"An unfained wellwiller of your hapie success in this hopefull voyage, JOHN ROBINSON

The Pilgrims first anchored in Provincetown Harbor on November 11 (old style).[1] A month later,

[1] A correction of our calendar, made in 1582, pushed all dates ahead ten days; but some people were slow to follow the new order, and for a while many dates were recorded ten days behind where they should be. Such dates, when quoted now in histories, are usually marked *O. S.* (old style).

December 21 according to our present calendar, the exploration party that had set out in the shallop to find a suitable place for a permanent settlement stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock. Bradford describes this landing and the subsequent events as follows: —

"On *Munday* they sounded ye harbor, and founde it fitt for shipping; and marched into ye land, & found diverse cornfeilds, & litle runing brooks, a place (as they supposed) fitt for situation; at least it was ye best they could find, and ye season, & their presente necessitie, made them glad to accepte of it. So they returned to their shipp againe with this news to ye rest of their people, which did much comforte their harts.

"On ye 15. *of Desemr:* they wayed anchor to goe to ye place they had discovered, & came within 2. leagues of it, but were faine to bear up againe; but ye 16. *day* ye winde came faire, and they arrived safe in this harbor. And after wards tooke better view of ye place, and resolved wher to pitch their dwelling; and ye 25. *day* began to erecte ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods."

Here is Bradford's account of the conditions which confronted this little band of Pilgrims as they landed on the bleak shores of New England and laid the foundations of the American nation.

"But hear I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amased at this poore peoples presente condition; and so I thinke will the reader too, when he well considers ye same. Being thus passed ye vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation

(as may be remembred by yt which wente before), they had now no freinds to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repaire too, to seeke for succoure. . . . And for ye season it was winter, and they that know ye winters of yt cuntrie know them to be sharp & violent, & subjecte to cruell & feirce stormes, deangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast.

"Besids, what could they see but a hidious & desolate wildernes, full of wild beasts & willd men? and what multituds ther might be of them they knew not. Nether could they, as it were, goe up to ye tope of Pisgah, to vew from this willdernes a more goodly cuntrie to feed their hops;[1] for which way soever they turnd their eys (save upward to ye heavens) they could have litle solace or content in respecte of any outward objects. For sumer being done, all things stand upon them with a wetherbeaten face; and ye whole countrie, full of woods & thickets, represented a wild & savage heiw.[2] If they looked behind them, ther was ye mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a maine barr & goulfe to seperate[3] them from all ye civill parts of ye world. . . .

"What could now sustaine them but ye spirite of God & his grace? May not & ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: *Our faithers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this willdernes; but they cried unto ye Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their*

[1] Hopes. [2] Hue or appearance. [3] Separate.

adversitie, &c. Let them therfore praise ye Lord, because he is good, & his mercies endure for ever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of ye Lord, shew how he hath delivered them from ye hand of ye oppressour. When they wandered in ye deserte willdernes out of ye way, and found no citie to dwell in, both hungrie, & thirstie, their sowle was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before ye Lord his loving kindnes, and his wonderfull works before ye sons of men."

Some day you will visit Plymouth and will stand with uncovered head before Plymouth Rock and will offer up a prayer of gratitude to the men and women and children who helped to lay the foundations of the free republic in which we now live; and you will there dedicate yourselves to the unfinished task of helping to keep this nation true to the ideals for which they lived and died — the ideals of the common good, the general welfare.

RANDALL J. CONDON

NOTE. — Governor Bradford's history had been printed from time to time. But the original old and precious record, returned to this country from England in 1897, is not a printed book. It is in the actual handwriting of Governor Bradford. He himself laid hold of its covers; he himself opened its pages to set down the living story; he himself closed the book after each entry, not knowing what the morrow would bring.

There is nothing that holds more intimately the memory of those who have gone than handwriting. In the handwriting of Governor Bradford is preserved a story like that of the Children of Israel — the record of our Pilgrim forefathers, told by one of them.

THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT

In ye name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwriten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by ye grace of God, of Great Britaine, Franc,[1] & Ireland king, defender of ye faith, &c., haveing undertaken, for ye glorie of God, and advancemente of ye Christian faith, and honour of our king & countrie, a voyage to plant ye first colonie in ye Northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly & mutualy in ye presence of God, and one of another, covenant & combine our selves togeather into a civill body politick, for our better ordering & preservation & furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by vertue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnes wherof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd ye 11. of November, in ye year of ye raigne of our soveraigne lord, King James, of England, France, & Ireland ye eighteenth, and of Scotland ye fiftie fourth. Ano: Dom.[2] 1620.

[1] France.

[2] *Anno domini*, the Latin words meaning "in the year of our Lord."

THE PILGRIMS, AS THEY GATHERED IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER, IN PROVINCE-TOWN HARBOR, TO SIGN THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain —
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

Robert Louis Stevenson

ON THE HEIGHTS

The blaze of the camp fire, moonlight, the music and movement of the winds, light and shade, and the eloquence of silence, all impressed me more deeply here than anywhere else I have ever been. Every day there was a delightful play of light and shade, and this was especially effective on the summits; the ever-changing light upon the serrated mountain crests kept constantly altering their tone and outline. Black and white they stood in midday glare, but a

new grandeur was born when these tattered crags appeared above storm clouds. Fleeting glimpses of the crests through a surging storm arouse strange feelings, and one is at bay, as though having just awakened amid the vast and vague on another planet. But when the long white evening light streams from the west between the minarets, and the black buttressed crags wear the alpine glow, one's feelings are too deep for words.

The wind sometimes flowed like a torrent across the ridges, surging and ripping between the minarets, then bearing down like an avalanche upon the purple sylvan ocean, where it tossed the trees with boom, roar, and wild commotion. I usually camped where it showed the most enthusiasm. Here I often enjoyed the songs or the fierce activities of the wind. The absence and the presence of wind ever stirred me strongly. Weird and strange are the feelings that flow as the winds sweep and sound through the trees. The Storm King has a bugle at his lips, and a deep elemental hymn is sung while the blast surges wild through the pines. Mother Nature is quietly singing, singing soft and low while the breezes pause and play in the pines. From the past one has been ever coming, with the future destined ever to go when, with centuries of worshipful silence, one waits for the winds in the pines. Ever the good old world grows better both with songs and with silence in the pines. ENOS A. MILLS

NOTE. — Like Mohammedan criers of the hour of prayer, are the winds in the pines "when the evening light streams from the west between the minarets."

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth

Note. — Fourteen road-bridges now cross the Thames within the neighborhood of London. The old London Bridge, bearing its rows of houses and its chapel in the centre, was the Bridge of the familiar game: —

London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.

Through its twenty narrow arches the tides formed dangerous rapids. It stood just below the present bridge, which was built by John Rennie and his son, Sir John Rennie, and completed in 1831.

Westminster Bridge is the oldest bridge but one over the Thames. The present bridge is of iron on granite piers, and was opened in 1862; but an older Westminster Bridge, which preceded it, is the one of which Wordsworth wrote.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIERS

BRAVE, brave were the soldiers (high named to-day) who lived through the fight;
But the bravest press'd to the front and fell, unnamed, unknown.

WALT WHITMAN

THE BRITISH "TOMMY"

WHEN you read about the wars of history, you learn of the doings of famous men, of Alexander or Cæsar, of Nelson or Napoleon, of Lincoln or Grant or Lee. Then, when you travel about this world, you find statues in the great cities commemorating deeds of these great ones who have fought wars, and conquered worlds of old. You think of wars as glorious things, where men ride off on spirited chargers, brandishing shiny swords. But wars are not like that. The only reason that those leaders have become so famous is because before them, in the mud and the dirt and the filth, thousands of other men have plodded along, sometimes with not enough to eat, often with not enough sleep, ready to kill other people and to die themselves at the command of their leaders. One after another these "common soldiers" fall and die, die by hundreds and by thousands, and are left behind.

After the great World War the Dean of Westminster Abbey in England had a new idea: Why not take the body of one of those forgotten soldiers, he thought, one of those men who had toiled through mud and disease and hunger to death, and bring it home to England and bury it in Westminster Abbey, where many

of the nation's greatest men are buried? Through honoring such an unknown soldier — the Dean said — England would honor the thousands and thousands of other brave men who had given their own lives ungrudgingly in order to carry out the purposes of their leaders. So it happened that for the first time in the known history of the world, a country brought home an Unknown Soldier, and buried him among its kings.

Thousands of people lined the streets of London on November 11, 1920, the day of the burial of the Unknown Soldier. Mothers, dressed in black, carrying flowers in their arms, came to stand near the great new cenotaph that stands in the middle of Whitehall in front of the Government offices. Was this soldier's body that was to be carried past that of a son of their own who had been lost in the war? Men stood with grave faces, waiting in that crowd. Was this soldier the man who had stood next to them in the trenches? Who could tell?

A great hush fell over the crowd. Men took off their hats and stood with bared heads as the procession wound past Trafalgar Square into Whitehall. There came a gun carriage, drawn by six horses, and on it a casket covered with the British flag. On the flag lay a sword, and above the sword a steel helmet, the familiar "tin hat" that the Tommies wore so blithely when they marched away to war. The drums, muffled in black, played the slow cadences of the "Dead March," from *Saul*.

Grenadier officers, who wore bands of crape on

their sleeves, shouted an order to the troops that lined the street. There was the soft clicking of muskets; the soldiers reversed their arms, and stood with heads bowed over the butts of their rifles. Nearer and nearer came the gun carriage, with its flag-draped casket.

In the middle of Whitehall, the broad street that runs past the Government buildings, there stood a monument, draped with white cloth, and in the street before this monument there waited a distinguished company. There was Lord Haig, the Commander in Chief of the British Armies in France. There was Lord Beatty, Commander of the seas, Lord French, the hero of Ypres, and many another. Had this Unknown Soldier, whose body lay there in the flag-draped casket, perhaps once stood aside in the dust, and saluted while some of these generals, in their brilliant trappings, rode past in a limousine? Who could tell? But here, at last, were the generals, waiting to march reverently behind his bier.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was there, and the Bishop of London, and the Prime Minister and the Former Prime Minister, and Ambassadors from many lands. Indian princes were there, with flowing white beards and turbaned heads. And presently, from the Home Office, walked the King, bareheaded, and behind him his three sons and his uncle, all in uniform, their caps in their hands. The King stepped forward, a little away from the company, a little ahead of the princes, waiting with bared head, for the casket of the Unknown Soldier to pause before him.

As it stopped, he stepped forward, and laid a laurel wreath on the casket. The hand of each soldier or former soldier was raised in salute at that moment. From the crowd, beyond the rows of soldiers, came not a sound except now and again the long, trembling breath of a woman sobbing.

On a card on the wreath that the King laid there, he had written in his own hand the words: —

As unknown and yet well known,
As dying, and, behold, we live.

From the great tower over the Parliament buildings down by the river came the first toll of the clock, "Big Ben," striking eleven. The King turned to the cenotaph, still draped in white, and pulled a lever which let the cloth fall from round the straight, oblong monument, plain except for the flags of Britain hanging against its smooth stone. As the veil fell away, the last strokes of Big Ben trembled on the autumn air.

The King stood, with bowed head, in silence. And behind him everybody in that great multitude stood with bowed head, in silence. All over London, in every subway, in every shop and store, in every church, stood people with bowed heads, in silence. In all of England beyond, the people stood in silence for those two minutes, in honor of the Unknown Dead.

The King took a wreath from Lord Haig, and laid it at the foot of the cenotaph. The casket, on its gun carriage, moved along, and the King and his sons took their places behind it, walking, with heads bared.

As the procession passed the cenotaph, the King turned and saluted. After him the princes saluted, and after them the generals, and then the admirals. And after them marched former soldiers, some in uniform, some in civilian clothes, some on crutches, some with arms missing, but all turned toward the monument to the dead and saluted. After them came the wounded in automobiles, and they, too, saluted.

There were some cars where the men waited, facing straight ahead, until a nurse leaned back and touched one of them on the shoulder. "Now," she murmured. And at that word these other soldiers, who could never see this new monument, turned their faces toward it and came to the old military salute.

The procession went on, slowly, down Whitehall to Westminster Abbey. Here the soldiers took the casket from the gun carriage, and carried it on their shoulders through the great door into the nave. The Abbey was filled with people, not this time the rich and great, who usually fill its aisles on state occasions. That day it was filled with the people who had lost the most in the war, families chosen by lot, whose sons had fallen on the battlefield. Duchesses were proud that day to be allowed a seat next to scrubwomen, for both alike had lost their sons in France. There, too, were soldiers of England who had won the Victoria Cross for bravery — former colonels and generals, standing shoulder to shoulder with former sergeants and corporals and privates.

On a dais sat the Queen of England, and with her Queen Alexandra, mother of the King, and the Queens of Denmark and Spain. Near the queens sat a hundred women dressed in black, women who had lost their husbands and their sons in the war. At the head of the open grave stood the King. So it happened that on that day the rich and great and the poor and humble came to stand together next to the Unknown Soldier's grave.

The burial service was read, and the people repeated together the familiar words of the Twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd." Then the great organ of Westminster Abbey played "Lead Kindly Light," while soldiers lowered the coffin into a grave which had been made under the floor of the great church. In England they often bury famous people under the floors of churches. The King stepped forward with a silver bowl in his hands, and while the last lines of the burial service were being read, he sprinkled the casket with earth — the earth of France, where this soldier had first lain. From outside there came the booming of guns, the nineteen guns of a Field Marshal's salute, lost in the tones of the organ, playing "Abide with Me."

There was a moment's pause, a silence, while every head was bowed, and not a sound stirred the great spaces of the Abbey. Then, faintly, from somewhere came a sound like that of many feet. It grew louder. People raised their heads and listened. It was the roll of drums. It grew louder and louder; and then, gradually as it had come, it died away.

Again the music of the organ floated through the great spaces of the Abbey, and the people sang with it the words of Kipling's Recessional : — [1]

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget! . . .

After that service the doors of the Abbey were thrown open, and thousands of people came and laid flowers on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. From France and Italy and India, from Egypt and Australia and Canada, from South America, from all the villages in England, from all the corners of the world, people came, until the grave was covered by a great mound of flowers.

One of those people who came was John W. Davis, the Ambassador of the United States. He laid a wreath on the grave of Great Britain's Unknown Soldier, and on that wreath was written the words : —

America will not forget.

[1] Reprinted by special courtesy of Rudyard Kipling, the author.

THE FRENCH "POILU"

On that same anniversary of Armistice Day, November 11, 1920, when the British were laying to rest their Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey, the French people gathered in Paris to honor one of their 300,000 unknown dead who lay buried beneath the flowering fields of France and Flanders. Under the Arc de Triomphe, that great monument which stands to the French people for the glory of their country, you can see to-day a flame leaping up from the pavement below the noble arch. The flame stands for the spirit of the Unknown Soldier, and it is kept burning night and day in memory of him, and of the thousands like him, who died and were left on the battlefields that France might live. For we must remember that four times as many French soldiers were buried in graves marked "Unknown" as there were Americans, known or unknown, killed during the World War.

At Verdun, in eastern France, during the last war, a great fortress was defended by thousands and thousands of French soldiers, the brave poilus, in their blue uniforms and helmets, who fell, one after another, fighting to keep the enemy out of France. So it was from the battlefields of Verdun that the French people chose the body of their Unknown Soldier.

Six black horses drew a gun carriage that carried the casket of the Unknown Soldier through the streets of Paris to the Pantheon, a great church

where the French commemorate their glorious dead. Behind the gun carriage came hundreds and hundreds of flags. First of all there were thirteen flags of 1870, flags which the French had lost in that war with Germany fifty years before, when they had had part of their country taken away from them — flags which had been won back to France by the victory of the Unknown Soldier. Behind these came flags of all the regiments of France — tattered, war-worn flags, glorious flags, flags that brought tears to the eyes of French people who crowded the sidewalks to see them pass.

In the Pantheon the President of the French Republic made a speech over the casket, with its draped flag.

"Unknown Soldier," said M.[1] Millerand, "unnamed, triumphant representative of the heroic army of poilus: You, the Dead, who sleep your cold sleep under the earth of Flanders, of Champagne, of Verdun, of so many battlefields, celebrated or unknown; young heroes from across the Atlantic, from the British Isles, from the far-away Dominions, from Italy, from Belgium, from Serbia, from all parts of the world, to offer your life to the service of the ideal which once more France stood for — Sleep in peace!

"You have fulfilled your destiny! France, and civilization, are saved!"

French soldiers lifted the casket to their shoulders, and carried it out again to the gun carriage. The long

[1] *Monsieur* (pronounced mē-syû'), the French form of address corresponding to the English word "Mr."

procession started toward the Arc de Triomphe, through streets lined with people, people who had walked those same streets in darkness while bombs fell upon them from above; people who had heard the boom of guns of many distant battles. They saw the flags of 1870, recaptured, home again after fifty years. And behind them they saw the casket of the unknown poilu, with the President of France marching reverently after it, his hat in his hand. They saw the Marshals of France — Foch, Joffre, Petain — whose brains had guided the courage of the Unknown Soldiers of the Allies, steering them to victory. They saw the flags of the regiments of France, and after them they saw the wounded soldiers, limping bravely on crutches or with wooden legs, pushing themselves in little hand-cars, swinging along with empty sleeves — some with unseeing eyes. For a moment they watched in silence, crossing themselves as the gun carriage passed with the casket. Then a great shout came through the air after the procession: —

"Vive la France! Vive la République!"

Past the great schools of the Latin Quarter wound the parade. The students gathered on the steps took off their colored caps, and stood with bowed heads. Along the quay by the Seine, across one of the ancient bridges, went the gun carriage and the procession, into the Place de la Concorde, filled with the common people, the wounded soldiers of the war. The gardens of the Tuileries, where once little princes and princesses played, were thronged to-day. The statues of Strasbourg and of Lille, which had for fifty

years been draped in black while those provinces belonged to Germany, were to-day massed in flowers — French once more.

Up into the Champs Élysées winds the parade, marching gloriously toward the sun that shines down the great slope, marching upward toward the arch that Napoleon the First built to commemorate his victories. People line the sidewalks on either side of the broad avenue; people cling to the branches of the trees; people lean from windows; they perch on roofs and the railings of balconies. All along the route, first here, then there, comes the moment of silence, the bowing of heads, the taking-off of hats as the casket goes by. And then, after it, the cry of "Vive la France!"

Under the Arc de Triomphe, standing gloriously in the sunlight at the top of the hill, where the great avenues of Paris meet, the gun carriage comes to rest. Past it march the flags carried by veterans with rows of medals on their breasts. There is another moment of silence. Then the President of the Republic salutes the dead, and the military bands strike up the "Marseillaise."

All day the body of the Unknown Soldier lay in state under the Arc de Triomphe. All day the people of France walked past it, laying their flowers near it, stopping to kneel and pray near the body which might be that of a father, a son, a brother. At night it was lifted tenderly and carried into a chapel in one of the pillars of the great arch. There it lies to-day,

with no mark save the letters on a silver plaque, which say, "LE SOLDAT FRANÇAIS" [1] — The French Soldier.

Now let us go again, nearly a year later, to the Arc de Triomphe. It is a bright October day, the second of October, 1921. There are fresh flowers about the flame that burns for the Unknown Soldier of France. There are generals here again, and a band, and people clustered round, eager to see. From among the group of French officers, brilliant in their uniforms of blue and black and red and gold, there steps out a tall, straight figure in khaki, very simple and plain among all the ribbons and medals. It is General Pershing.

For a moment he stands by the foot of the tomb at salute, straight, silent. Then his hand falls to his side, and he begins to speak: —

"Soldier of France! I salute you," he says. "By your noble life and your heroic death you have become for the whole world the immortal symbol of devotion to the highest ideal of humanity. Your valor on so many fields of battle will be forever an inspiration to the living. Mothers weeping on your tomb will recall with pride the heroism of their sons. Your allied comrades will remember with profoundest emotion how in falling you gave them greater heart. They praise your feats of arms while they renew their vows of fidelity to the principles for which you fought.

"Dear Friend! Your fight is finished. You sleep quietly in the middle of the noisy traffic of a great city. For you the victory is won. You gave the last

[1] Pronounced lŭ sŏl-dă′ frän-sâ′.

drop of your blood for liberty, and from the glorious sacrifice of your youth is born the hope of those you left behind."

General Pershing bent over and laid the American Congressional Medal of Honor on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of France. After he had finished, the American Ambassador spoke: —

"The sword has done its work, and ours is no problem for the sword. What we need to hear once more ringing through the land is the word 'self-sacrifice'; and, standing here before its very symbol, let us now resolve that, as this man suffered and died for us, so will we suffer and die, if it be best, doing good where we can, believing evil as little as we can, serving the cause as he served it, forgetting self as he did, giving our all for righteousness."

Some day, perhaps, you will go to Paris, and see the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, with the flame burning over it, and with the fresh flowers that the mothers of France keep always on its stone.

THE AMERICAN "DOUGHBOY"

A year after the British Unknown Soldier was buried in Westminster Abbey, and the French poilu was laid under the Arc de Triomphe, America determined to follow the example of France and England by honoring her unknown dead. On November 11, 1921, the American Unknown Soldier was buried at the National Cemetery at Arlington, outside Washington.

Where the Unknown Soldier came from, or who he was, nobody will ever know. We do not even know on what battlefield he fell. In October of 1921 five soldiers' coffins were brought to the door of the mairie,[1] or town hall, of Châlons, in France. They had been taken from the five American cemeteries in France -- cemeteries where men had been buried who were brought from the battlefields of the Somme, from Belleau Wood, from Saint-Mihiel, from the forests of the Argonne. At the door of the French mairie a guard of honor of six French poilus lifted the caskets, carrying them on their shoulders into a room where they laid them down gently, side by side. As they left the room, the poilus turned to salute once more the American comrades, who had fought so bravely by their side.

All night French soldiers stood guard outside. And in the room, with the five flag-draped coffins, stood a guard of United States noncommissioned officers, the pick of the United States troops at Coblenz, sent especially for the work. As they stood there, motionless on either side of the five coffins, people came quietly in and out. Women came, dressed in black, and little French children with bright bunches of dahlias and chrysanthemums and autumn roses in their hands. Quietly they laid their flowers at the foot of the coffins of the American soldiers, against the folds of the draped flags, until the room smelled as sweet as a garden in summer time.

The next morning, from among the five coffins

[1] Pronounced mâ-rĭ.'

that lay there, each from a different battlefield in France, one was chosen to be sent home to the United States. Sergeant Edward S. Younger of the 59th Infantry, who had fought in all the great offensives of the American Army and who wore two wound stripes on his sleeve, chose from among those five. The French and American soldiers stood at attention as Sergeant Younger walked into the room. In his hand he carried a bunch of white roses. Slowly he walked up past the five coffins, and slowly he walked back again. Then he laid the flowers on the coffin farthest to the right. From Cantigny or Château-Thierry? Saint-Mihiel or the Argonne? He did not know. We do not know, and we shall never know.

A guard of honor of six American noncommissioned officers lifted the coffin and carried it into the other room, where they laid it in a casket sent from America.

On the casket was a tablet, with the words: AN UNKNOWN AMERICAN SOLDIER, WHO GAVE HIS LIFE IN THE GREAT WAR. Reverently the other four coffins were carried away, to be buried in a cemetery with thousands of other American soldiers who fell in France.

Two companies of French soldiers were drawn up before the mairie when they carried the body of the Unknown Soldier out into the misty October sunshine. The Prefect of the Marne was there, and the Mayor of Châlons, and the General of the Sixth Army Corps. They stood at salute while the casket was set on a dais. All day, guarded by French and Americans, the Unknown Soldier lay in state.

At five o'clock a special train arrived, carrying Major General Henry T. Allen, Commander of the United States forces at Coblenz, who was to escort the body of the Unknown Soldier to Havre. There a ship of the American Navy, the Olympia, was waiting to carry it on its long journey home. That night the train stopped near Paris, that a box of earth from the American cemetery at Suresnes might be taken in to go with the coffin to America. For the Unknown Soldier rests still upon the earth of France.

A regiment of French soldiers met the train at Havre, and the casket was placed by the American guard of honor on a French gun carriage, drawn by six black horses. A detachment of American Marines was there, too, and one hundred representatives of French poilu organizations, who brought flowers from the former soldiers of France. On either side of the procession marched the children of Havre, boys on the right of the soldiers, and girls on the left, carrying flowers. The bells of all the churches in the old harbor town tolled as the procession wound through the streets, from the station to the pier.

Long rows of American Marines were drawn up at attention. Beyond them waited an enormous crowd of people — people who had seen the same place covered with troops debarking to go to the front; people who had seen it covered with stretchers on which lay wounded men, sometimes dying or dead men, waiting to be taken home. To-day they watched the casket of the Unknown American Soldier drawn into the hollow square formed by the waiting ranks of marines,

the casket covered by the Stars and Stripes, and on the Stars and Stripes one white rose.

The Minister of Pensions of the French Government had come to Havre to bid the body good-bye for the French people.

"You came over here," he said, "for no material or selfish purpose, but in the exhibition of a noble spirit, American brother. They now take you back to the great country whence you came; but France will guard you always in reverent memory, and her soil will never forget that to it you confided your last dream."

Eight American soldiers lifted the casket to their shoulders, and carried it to the foot of the Olympia's gangway. Here eight marines took it from the doughboys. Slowly the marines walked up the slanting gangway to the deck, and while they marched the band played the stirring music of the "Marseillaise." Across the smooth gray decks of the old war vessel the marines carried their burden, and laid the casket at last under the gun on the after deck.

Then, up the gangway where the soldiers had walked, among the gun turrets and the machines of war, came hundreds of children, with flowers in their hands. They made their way slowly to the after deck, while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner." There the children laid their flowers about the casket. One after another they came, until the casket was hidden under the bright, sweet pile and the stark gray vessel seemed to have, not a coffin, but a bank of flowers lying on her deck. So it was that

the children of France said good-bye to their good friend, the American soldier.

The last boy stepped off the gangplank, and the last marine stepped on. The great vessel swung away from her pier, out into the crowded harbor. Two French war vessels took their places by her side, and as the three moved slowly past the breakwater, the guns of a French battleship boomed forth a salute. The French people, watching from the land, could hear the strains of Chopin's "Funeral March" as the Olympia steamed out to sea.

It was raining on the tenth of November when the Olympia steamed up the Potomac. The forts along the river fired salutes as she moved upstream, and made fast at her pier at the Washington Navy Yard. Sailors were drawn up in two long lines, at attention, as she came in. Aft, under the gun that had done service in the Spanish War, lay the casket of the Unknown Soldier, protected from the rain by a canopy, United States marines standing guard. On top of the flag that lay across the casket was a bunch of faded flowers — the flowers of France.

Across the pier waited a regiment of cavalry, behind the black-draped gun caisson with its six black horses. The Admiral came aboard. On the shoulders of sailors and marines the casket was carried down the gangway, the Admiral walking behind it, hat in hand. As the sailors and marines carrying the casket stepped off the gangway, the wail of the bos'n's pipe broke the silence with the last salute of the sea to the

dead — a salute given usually only to full Admirals of the Fleet.

A gun forward barked out the "minutes of sorrow," and again the bos'n's pipe wailed as the casket first rested on American soil. So he came home, this soldier who had left his country, happy and strong and young, a few years before!

A guard of honor, headed by Sergeant Samuel Woodfill, picked out by General Pershing as the bravest man in all the United States Army, took over the casket on the pier. The band played the "Star Spangled Banner" as they carried it between the long lines of marines and soldiers to lay it on the caisson. Followed by General Pershing and other officers, the procession moved through the crowded streets of Washington to the Capitol. There, under the great dome where before him only Presidents had lain, the Unknown Soldier rested in state.

As he waited there, with his head eastward, toward France, American soldiers standing guard over him, throngs of people came to pay their tribute. The first of these was Mrs. Harding, the wife of the President of the United States, who laid a white ribbon across the flag, near the flowers of France. After her came the President, who pinned to the flag that covered the coffin a shield on which were forty-eight gold stars. General Pershing laid a wreath against the casket, and drawing back, stood for a moment at salute.

The British Ambassador brought a wreath from King George of England. On it the King had written with his own hand the same words that he wrote on

the wreath that he had laid on the casket before the cenotaph in Whitehall the year before : —

As unknown and yet well known,
As dying, and, behold, we live.

Earl Beatty came with a wreath, and Balfour. Premier Lloyd George had sent a wreath, and on it he had written : "Nameless, yet his name liveth forever." The French Ambassador came, and the Italian, and many another from many a distant land ; and after them came wives who had lost their husbands, and mothers who had lost their sons, in the great war.

All night long, with his silent guards about him, the Unknown Soldier lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol of the United States. The next morning they came for him. The President was there, and General Pershing, and Woodrow Wilson, the former President of the United States, the leader under whom this soldier had fought to make the world safe for free peoples everywhere. The band played "Nearer My God to Thee" as the soldiers carried the casket, and laid it once more on a gun caisson. Lying so, the casket of the Unknown Soldier started down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the White House.

The crowds of people who lined Pennsylvania Avenue that day stood in silence as the Unknown Soldier passed. Behind the gun caisson they saw President Harding walking with bared head. They saw General Pershing, too, marching on foot behind the doughboy who had fallen in the ranks. They saw a group of men who had won the Congressional

Medal of Honor for bravery in the war. They saw a group of women in black, Gold Star Mothers, who had lost their sons in the war. They saw riding in an open carriage — and here they rose to their feet and cheered as they had not cheered before that day — Woodrow Wilson, crippled, ill, adding his tribute to the soldier who died under his command.

The amphitheatre at Arlington was packed with people that November day. Tier upon tier the seats rose, filled with the uniforms of soldiers, sailors, the Army Nurse Corps, the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, the Y.M.C.A. workers, the Young Women's Hebrew Association, the Y.W.C.A. — representatives of all the organizations that had helped in the winning of the war. There were wounded soldiers from the hospitals, generals and admirals of the Army and Navy, ambassadors and ministers and delegates from foreign nations. Foch was there, the General of all Generals of the war in France, and Briand, the Prime Minister of France. Lord Beatty was there, and Balfour, and the Prince of Japan.

Into the presence of this company, gathered from all nations, they carried the body of the Unknown Soldier. It lay on a black-draped catafalque, under the November sky, with the branches of the trees overhead, and the hills sloping away to the Potomac beyond. At four minutes before noon the President and Mrs. Harding entered the amphitheatre, and the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," while the whole audience stood with bared heads. A prayer was offered, and the bugle sounded the call for silence.

For two minutes the whole audience in the amphitheatre stood in silence. And through those same two minutes people all over the United States paused in their work and stood with bowed heads, silent, in memory of the Unknown.

Then the silence was broken with the music of "America" played by the Marine Band. The Secretary of War and the President made addresses and the people who were present joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer.

The President then read the Act of Congress conferring the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross on the Unknown Soldier. "In accordance with this Act," he said, "I bestow these honors upon the Unknown American," and he pinned the two medals to the flag that draped the casket.

A Belgian general then rose. "Comrade in Arms," he said, speaking to the Unknown Soldier, "we know neither your name, nor your age, nor your birthplace. We know one thing only — you gave your life for us. If we are victorious to-day, we owe it to your sacrifice, the sacrifice of so many others, the sacrifice which every soldier was ready to make.

"In the name of the King of the Belgians, in the name of the Government and of the nation, I bring you the last homage we can possibly bring you by bestowing upon you our *Croix de Guerre*." Here the General took from his own breast the war cross which the King of the Belgians had placed there, and fastened it on the flag of the Unknown Soldier's casket.

Admiral Beatty then conferred on the Unknown

Soldier the Victoria Cross, the highest medal for bravery that England has to give, never before given to a foreigner.

Now rose General Foch, the Supreme Commander of the armies in which the Unknown Soldier had fought. He, too, stood for a moment at salute before the Unknown Dead. "Unknown Soldier of the American Army," said the Marshal of France, "noble son of the great Republic of the United States which you so well personify! For your disinterestedness, your valor, your devotion, even to the Supreme Sacrifice, to the cause of Liberty, you are forever inscribed on the rolls of honor of the French Armies. In testimony whereof I place these decorations, which France bestows upon your immortal memory." And the Marshal pinned the *Médaille Militaire*,[1] and the *Croix de Guerre* with a palm in the row of others that were there.

An Italian general gave to the Unknown Soldier the gold medal for bravery of that country, and other countries added their decorations to the notable ones which had been given. When they were finished, the audience sang "Nearer My God to Thee" as the soldiers lifted the casket and carried it to the grave.

As the casket was laid down beside the marble sarcophagus, an Indian chief stepped forward, chosen by the Indians of the United States to represent them. On the top of the casket he laid his war bonnet of eagle feathers, and his coup stick.

"I am glad to represent all the Indians of the

[1] Pronounced mā-dä′ y' mĭ-lĭ-târ.′

United States in placing on the grave of this noble warrior this coup stick and war bonnet, every eagle feather of which represents a deed of valor by my race," said the chieftain. "I hope that the Great Spirit will grant that these noble warriors have not given up their lives in vain, and that there will be peace to all men hereafter. This is the Indian's hope and prayer."

Slowly, gently, the casket was lowered by the soldiers into the crypt of the sarcophagus, where it came to rest on earth brought from France. As it was lowered away, two guns sounded from the hillside above.

Then, cutting the silence, came the long, clear notes of a bugle playing "Taps" — that familiar, beautiful music, the last bugle call the soldier heard in France each night before he went to sleep. And as the last, lovely note died away on the autumn air, there came the boom of cannon, firing the twenty-one guns of the National Salute.

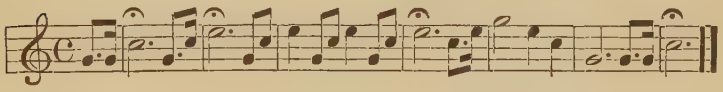
MARY LEE

NOTE. — There are few musical phrases in the world held in deeper reverence than the bugle call known as "Taps." The story of its origin is told by Oliver W. Norton, a veteran of the Civil War, who was once brigade bugler to General Daniel Butterfield's command.

In the month of July, 1862, the Army of the Potomac rested in camp at a point on the James River in Virginia. There had been seven days of fighting before Richmond, and the losses had been heavy. There, while the army recruited its strength, the hills along the winding river valley echoed with the calls that marked the rhythm of camp life. But the old order for "Lights out" at the end of the day's activities was strangely discordant.

General Butterfield was keenly musical and delighted in the invention of bugle calls. He began turning over in his mind such phrases as would convey the suggestion of the peace and quiet of the camp — of rest after labor; and at last he settled upon a succession of tones that seemed to be satisfying. He summoned his bugler, Norton, and began to teach him the new call, whistling the notes over many times and correcting their time and phrasing. Then, on the back of an old envelope, he jotted down the notes of the call we know.

That same night Butterfield's own brigade was the first to listen to the lingering refrain, and the next morning the buglers of other camps near by — for its music had carried far among the hills — began to inquire into its meaning and ask permission to learn it. From army corps to army corps it quickly passed, and was finally substituted for the old "Lights out" call, and printed in the army regulations. Its use in the military burial service gives it a significance touching beyond words.



THE CHIMES OF TERMONDE

The groping spires have lost the sky,
That reach from Termonde town;
There are no bells to travel by,
The minster chimes are down.
It 's forth we must, alone, alone,
And try to find the way;
The bells that we have always known,
War broke their hearts to-day.

They used to call the morning
Along the gilded street,
And then their rhymes were laughter,
And all their notes were sweet.

I heard them stumble down the air
Like seraphim betrayed;
God must have heard their broken prayer
That made my soul afraid.
The Termonde bells are gone, are gone,
And what is left to say?
It 's forth we must, by bitter dawn,
To try to find the way.

They used to call the children
To go to sleep at night;
And then their songs were tender
And drowsy with delight.

The wind will look for them in vain
Within the empty tower.
We shall not hear them sing again
At dawn or twilight hour.
It 's forth we must, away, away,
And far from Termonde town,
But this is all I know to-day —
The chimes, the chimes are down!

They used to ring at evening
To help the people pray,
Who wander now bewildered
And cannot find the way.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

NOTE. — Termonde is an old town of Belgium, in the province of East Flanders, which lay in the path of the Great War.

ON THE SHORES OF LONGING

IT was in the old forgotten days when all the western coast of Spain was sprinkled with lonely hermitages among the rocks, and with holy houses and towers of prayer; and this west coast was thought to be the last and outermost edge of all land, for beyond there lay nothing but the vast ocean stream and the sunset. There, in the west of the world, on the brink of the sea and the lights of the day that is done, lived the men of God, looking forever toward the East for the coming of the Lord.

Now in one of these holy houses lived the monk Bresal of the Songs, who had followed Sedulius the Bishop into Spain.

Bresal had been sent thither to teach the brethren the music of the choirs of the Isle of the Gael and to train the novices in chant and psalmody, for of all singers the sweetest was he, and he could play on every instrument of wind or string, and was skilled in all the modes of minstrelsy. Thereto he knew by heart numberless hymns and songs and poems, and God had given him the gift to make songs, and hymns, and beautiful airs for the singing of them. And for these things, so sweet and gentle was the nature of the man, he was greatly beloved whithersoever he fared.

A happy and holy life had he lived, but now he was growing old; and as he looked from the cliffs far over the western waters, he thought daily more and more of Erin, and a great longing grew upon him to see once more that green isle in which he had been born. And when he saw, far below, the ships of the seafarers dragging slowly away into the north in the breezy sunshine or in the blue twilight, his eyes became dim with the thought that perchance these wind-reddened mariners might be steering for the shore of his longing.

The prior of the convent noticed his sadness and questioned him of the cause; and when Bresal told him, "Why should you go?" he asked. "Do you not love us any longer?"

"Dearly do I love you, Father," replied Bresal,

"and dearly this house, and every rock and tree and flower; but no son of the Isle of the Gael forgets the little mother-lap of earth whereon he was nursed, or the smell of the burning peat, or the song of the robin, or the drone of the big mottled wild bee, or the cry of the wild geese when the winter is nigh. Even Columba, the holy, pined for the lack of these things.

"This is what he says in one of the songs which he has left us: —

> "'There's an eye of gray
> Looks back to Erin far away;
> Big tears wet that eye of gray
> Seeking Erin far away.'"

Now the prior loved Bresal as Jonathan loved David; and though it grieved him to part with him, he resolved that if it could be compassed Bresal should go back to his own country. "But you must never forget us, and when you are happy, far away from us, you must think of us and give us your heart in prayer."

"Never shall I forget you, Father," the Singer replied. "Indeed, it will not be a strange thing if I shall long for you then even as I am longing for my home now; for in truth, next to my home, most do I love the brethren of this house, and the very house itself, and the hills and the sea and the dying lights of the evening. But I know that it will not be permitted me ever to return. The place of my birth will be the place of my resurrection."

The prior smiled, and laid his hand gently on the

monk's shoulder: "O Bresal, if it be within my power, you shall have your will."

So he sent messengers to Sedulius the Bishop; and Sedulius, who also had the Irish heart with its tears of longing, consented; and not many days after the swallows and martins had gone flashing by into the north, Bresal of the Songs was free to follow as speedily as he might.

Long was the way and weary the pilgrimage, but at last he reached the beloved green Isle of the Gael, and fared into the southwest. He came at sunset on the last day of the week to the place of bells and cells among the rocks of the coast of Kerry. In that blessed spot there is ever a service of angels ascending and descending. And when he saw once more the turf dyke and the wattled cells and the rude stone church of the Brotherhood where he had been a son of reading in his boyhood, and the land all quiet, with the labor of the week done, and the woods red with the last light of the finished day, the tears ran down his face, and he fell on the earth and kissed it for joy at his return. It was a glad thing for him to be there once more; to recognize each spot he had loved, to look on the old stones and trees, the hills and sparkling sea, the rocky isle and the curraghs of the fisher-folk; to smell the reek of the peat curling up blue in the sweet air; for all these things had haunted him in dreams when he was in a distant land.

Now when the first hunger of longing had been appeased, and the year wore round, and the swallows

gathered in the autumn, and every bush and tree was crowded with them while they waited restlessly for a moonlight night and a fair wind to take their flight over sea, Bresal began to think tenderly of the home on the Spanish cliffs overhanging the brink of the sunset.

Then in the brown days of the autumn rains; and again in the keen November when the leaves were falling in sudden showers — but the highest leaves clung the longest — and puffs of whirling wind set the fallen leaves flying, and these were full of sharp sounds and pattering voices; and when the sparrows went flying with the leaves so that one could not well say which were leaves and which were birds; and yet again through the bitter time when the eaves were hung with icicles and the low hills and fields were hoary — the memory of the prior and of the beloved house prevailed with him, and he felt the dull ache of separation.

As the days passed by, his trouble grew the greater, for he began to fear that his love of the creature was attaching him too closely to the earth and to the things of this fleeting life. In vain he strove to subdue his affections; the human heart within him would not suffer him to rest.

Now it happened on a day when the year had turned, and a soft wind was tossing the little new leaves and the shadows of the leaves, and the new grass and the shadows of the grass, Bresal was sitting on a rock in the sun on the hillside.

Suddenly there flashed by him, in a long, swift,

joyous swing of flight, two beautiful birds with long wings and forked tails and a sheen of red and green. It was the swallows that had returned.

For a moment he felt an ascension of the heart, and then he recollected that nearly a year had elapsed since he had seen the face of his friend the prior for the last time in this world. And he wondered to himself how they all fared — whether anyone had died, what this one or that was now doing, whether they still spoke at times of him, but chiefly he thought of the prior, and he prayed for him with a great love. And thinking thus as he sat on the rock, Bresal seemed to see once more the dear house in Spain and the cliffs overlooking the vast ocean stream, and it appeared to him as though he were once again in a favorite nook among the rocks beside the priory.

In that nook a thread of water trickled down into hollow stone and made a little pool, and around the pool grew an ice plant, with thick round green leaves set close and notched on the edge, and a thin russet stalk, and little stars of white flowers sprinkled with red. And hard by the pool stood a small rounded evergreen tree from which he had often gathered orange-scarlet berries. At the sight of these simple and familiar things the tears ran down Bresal's cheeks, half for joy and half for sorrow.

Now at this selfsame moment the prior was taking the air and saying his office [1] near that very spot, and when he had closed his breviary, he remembered his friend in Erin far away, and murmured, "How is it,

[1] The service from his prayer book

Lord, with Bresal my brother? Have him, I pray Thee, ever in Thy holy keeping."

As he spoke, the gift of heavenly vision descended on the prior, and he saw where Bresal sat on a rock in the sun, gazing at the evergreen tree and the ice plant about the little pool, and he perceived that Bresal fancied he was looking at these things.

A great tenderness for Bresal filled the prior's heart, and he prayed: "Lord, if it be Thy holy will, let Bresal my brother have near him these things of which he is dreaming, as a remembrance of what his soul loveth!" Then, turning to the tree and the plant and the pool, he blessed them and said: "O little tree, and starry plant, and cool well, and transparent fern, and whatsoever else Bresal now sees, arise in the name of the Lord of the four winds and of earth and water and fire; arise, and go, and make real the dream that he is dreaming."

As he spoke, the trickling water and the tree and the saxifrage, and with them parcels of soil and rock, and with the pool the blue light of the sky reflected in it, rose like a cloud and vanished. And the prior beheld them no more.

At last Bresal brushed away his tears, blaming his weakness and his enslavement to earthly affections, but the things he had seen in his happy daydream did not vanish. To his great amazement, there at his feet were the little pool and the ice plant, and hard by grew the evergreen tree. He rose with a cry of joy. "O Father prior, 't is thy prayer hath done this!"

And care was lifted from him; for now he knew that in his human love he had in no wise sinned against the love of God, but contrariwise, the love of his friend had drawn him closer to the love of his Maker. During all the days of the years of his exile, this little parcel of Spain was a solace and a strength to him.

Many a hundred years has gone by since this happened; but still, if you travel in that land, you may see the ice plant and the evergreen tree. And the name of the evergreen is the strawberry tree. The ice plant, which is also called a saxifrage, may now be seen in many a garden to which it has been brought from the Kerry mountains, and it is known as London-pride. Botanists who do not know the story of Bresal of the Songs have been puzzled to explain how a Spanish tree and a Spanish flower happened to grow in one little nook of Erin.

WILLIAM CANTON

NOTE. — This sweet Irish legend shows how all venturers have their homesick hours, and how the evening of life brings each one to his home.

A FINE DAY

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequer'd was the sky,
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss
That closely by it grew.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

THE BIRDS IN THE MOON

THE lover of birds who has spent the day in the field puts away his glasses at nightfall, looking forward to a walk after dark only as a chance to hear the call of nocturnal birds or to catch the whirr of a passing wing. But some bright moonlight night in early May, or again in mid-September, unsheath your glasses and tie them, telescope-fashion, to a window ledge or railing. Seat yourself in an easy position and focus on the moon. Shut out all earthly scenes from your mind, and imagine yourself wandering amid those arid wastes. What a scene of cosmic desolation! What vast deserts, and gaping craters of barren rock! The cold, steel-white planet seems of all things most typical of death.

But those specks passing across its surface? At first you imagine they are motes clogging the delicate blood-vessels of the retina; then you wonder if a distant host of falling meteors could have passed. Soon a larger, nearer mote appears; the moon and its craters are forgotten, and with a thrill of delight you realize that they are birds — living, flying birds, of all earthly things typical of the most vital life! Migration is at its height; the chirps and twitters which come from the surrounding darkness are tantalizing hints, telling of the passing legions. Thousands and thousands of birds are every night pouring northward in a swift, invisible, aërial stream.

As a projecting pebble in mid-stream blues the transparent water with a myriad bubbles, so the narrow path of moon rays, which our glass reveals, cuts a swath of visibility straight through the host of birds to our eager eyes. How we hate to lose an instant's opportunity! Even a wink may allow a familiar form to pass unseen. If we can use a small telescope, the field of view is much enlarged. Now and then we recognize the flight of some particular species — the swinging loop of a woodpecker or goldfinch or the flutter of a sandpiper.

It has been computed that these birds sometimes fly as much as a mile or more above the surface of the earth, and when we think of the tiny, fluttering things at this terrible height, it takes our breath away. What a panorama of dark earth and glistening river and ocean must be spread out beneath them! How the big moon must glow in that rarefied air!

How diminutive and puerile must seem the houses and cities of human fashioning!

The instinct of migration is one of the most wonderful in the world. A young bobwhite and a bobolink are hatched in the same New England field. The former grows up, and during the fall and winter forms one of the covey which is content to wander a mile or two, here and there, in search of good feeding-grounds. Hardly has the bobolink donned his first full dress before an irresistible impulse seizes him. One night he rises up and up, ever higher on fluttering wings, sets his course southward, gives you a glimpse of him across the moon, and keeps on through Virginia to Florida, across seas, over tropical islands, far into South America, never content until he has put the great Amazon between him and his far-distant birthplace.

WILLIAM BEEBE

NOTE. — *Cosmic* means "of the universe." The *cosmos* is the universe considered as an orderly and harmonious system. We speak of the condition without such order as *chaos*.

A DAY FOR PEARLS

THE early morning thought to wear
  Her opal pendant, strung with gold.
She loves to coil her sunlit hair,
  Her sapphire gown is never old.

But dawn came bringing her to-day
  A sombre garment, fringed with rain,
And for the quiet folds of grey,
  Grey pearls along a silver chain.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

NOTE. — "We talked about the weather," someone says. The weather is, after all, a very interesting subject! It goes its way without consulting us, supremely indifferent, yet supremely beneficent. The weather is at the bottom of many of our activities. Because of weather we build houses. Because of it we have a Bureau in Washington, and reports of winds and calms, fair promises and foul. The weather decides our course, when we shall do this or that.

Weather makes us poets, artists, singers, dauntless mariners. It is so much bigger, so much more varied, than any circumstance we can control. It makes our hearts leap up, when we "behold a rainbow in the sky."

AND FOR THE QUIET FOLDS OF GREY,
GREY PEARLS ALONG A SILVER CHAIN

EARTH FOLK

THE cat she walks on padded claws,
The wolf on the hills lays stealthy paws,
Feathered birds in the rain-sweet sky
At their ease in the air, flit low, flit high.

The oak's blind, tender roots pierce deep,
His green crest towers, dimmed in sleep,
Under the stars whose thrones are set
Where never prince hath journeyed yet.

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

[BEFORE the days of steam heat, when houses had many fireplaces and ventilating devices such as fans and chimney pots had not come into use, the smoke caused soot to gather along the inner walls of the chimneys. This soot caught fire very readily, and in a great city like London was a source of constant anxiety. The only remedy was for the flues to be kept clean.

One old way of clearing a simple cottage chimney was to set free a live goose inside the fireplace and let it fly up to the opening above, the flapping of its wings bringing down the soot. For the complicated chimneys of the city, however, a boy called a "sweep" was depended on to climb about the network of passages and brush and scrape the black accumulation away. There came to be, therefore, a great many children employed as sweeps, and their occupation was as important to them as that of selling papers is now to the newsboy.

The trade of the sweep, however, was full of hardship, dirty, and dangerous. Not only was there injury to the lungs and eyes from the soot, and possible accident from a misstep or

from falling bricks, but the work had to be done at that time of the day when the fires were out — which meant the cold and dreary hour before dawn, when most people are still sleeping and the late roisterer coming home meets the early laborer. Perhaps you remember that in Kingsley's *Water Babies* Tom was a sweep.

Charles Lamb, from whose beautiful essay, "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers," the following selection is taken, is the same Charles Lamb who, with his sister Mary, wrote the *Tales from Shakespeare* in prose. For many years Lamb was employed by the East India Company in London as a clerk. He had the kindest heart in the world and the kindest humor, and he loved the city and the people in it. He himself knew what it was to be surrounded with dull and uninteresting things when his mind wanted eagerly to be out seeking high adventure, and so he wrote about the common things that came his way, weaving about them all kinds of brilliant suggestion and quaint imagining. Even his language is quaint, somewhat like that of a boy who has been reading *Robin Hood* so long that he speaks and thinks and feels like Robin Hood, even if he is riding on a train or delivering groceries. Charles Lamb pretended he was a different person entirely, named "Elia," and signed his writings with this name. These are some of the many things he saw and felt to write about in his book called *Essays of Elia:* "A Chapter on Ears," "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig," "Grace before Meat," "Dream Children," "Poor Relations," "On Some of the Old Actors."

In this essay on chimney-sweepers Lamb refers to a sweet, warm drink of which the sweeps were very fond. This beverage went by the name of "saloop." It would probably be as disagreeable to our taste as to Lamb's, but in those days, when tea was still a luxury, it was a satisfying drink to the early worker in the chill air of a December morning.]

I LIKE to meet a sweep, understand me, not a grown sweeper, — old chimney sweepers are by no means attractive, — but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude,[1] the maternal

[1] Blackness.

washings not quite effaced from the cheek, such as come forth with the dawn or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep-peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aërial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks — poor blots — innocent blacknesses.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation. To see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*[1] — to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! to shudder with the idea that "now, surely he must be lost forever!" to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight, and then, — O fullness of delight! — running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew.

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny; it is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occu-

[1] In the Latin, *Averni* means "of the lake Avernus," which exhaled deadly gases that killed birds flying above it. The ancients placed Lake Avernus near the entrance to the lower world. So *fauces Averni* means "the entrance to the lower world," or "the jaws of death."

pation a pair of kibed [1] heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.[2]

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept [3] sassafras. This wood, boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one, he avers, in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street, I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients — a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates sup it up with avidity.

No possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals, cats, when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*, yet be it known to thee, reader, — if thou art one who keepest

[1] Chapped. [2] A slang term for a sixpence. [3] Called.

what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact, — he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls and under open sky dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen fires.

This is *saloop*, the precocious herb-woman's darling, the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith [1] to Covent Garden's famed piazzas,[2] the delight, and oh! I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendant over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny); so may thy culinary fires curl up a lighter volume to the welkin;[3] so may the descending soot never taint thy costly, well-ingredienced soups, nor the odious cry, quick reaching from street to street, of the fired chimney, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes to disturb thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the lowbred triumph they display over the casual trip or splashed stocking of a gentleman. Yet can I

[1] A suburb of London, formerly noted for market gardens and nurseries.

[2] Covent Garden Market — a vegetable, fruit, and flower market held in Covent Garden, a space in London which was once the convent garden belonging to the monks of St. Peter, Westminster.

[3] Sky.

endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside [1] with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough, — yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened, — when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, with such a maximum of glee and minimum of mischief in his mirth, — for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it, — that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to remain his butt and his mockery till midnight.

CHARLES LAMB

NOTE. — When Charles Lamb's essay was written, attention was being called to the cruelty of the chimney-sweeper's occupation, leading eventually to its being abolished. In 1824 a number of authors published in the interest of this cause a book called *The Chimney-Sweeper's Friend and Climbing-boy's Album.* Lamb contributed a copy of William Blake's poem, "The Chimney-Sweeper," from the *Songs of Innocence.* It was in

[1] The central East and West thoroughfare of the city of London, originally a large open common where the markets and public assemblies were held.

keeping with Charles Lamb's kindliness to aid the chimney-sweepers, not by doing something to reflect credit on himself, but by bringing to notice the little-known and beautiful work of another writer. This is Blake's poem: —

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry " 'weep, 'weep, 'weep, 'weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved, so I said:
"Hush, Tom, never mind it, for when your head's bare
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet; and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight;
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,
And wash in a river and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:
So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

" 'Weep, 'weep, 'weep, 'weep!" is the call of the sweep, the "little professional notes sounding," as Lamb says, "like the *peep-peep* of a young sparrow."

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

EMERSON

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

LONGFELLOW

He who loses wealth loses much; he who loses a friend loses more: but he who loses courage loses all.

CERVANTES

WORK

(*A Song of Triumph*)

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it —
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire —
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal.

Work, the Power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills —
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk —
Thank God for the splendor of work!

ANGELA MORGAN

AT THE SIGN OF THE WORN DOORSTEP

ANYONE who enters the doorway at the Anderson (Indiana) Public Library cannot fail to notice the worn doorstep. In the solid block of stone is a hollow as smooth and symmetrical as if it had been shaped by the hand of an artisan. How eloquently it tells the story of the many feet that have crossed the threshold. How well it answers the question, "Do many people come to the library?" which is so often heard.

Childish steps joyously enter this portal and reluctantly depart. The boy and girl who come rushing in, perhaps with a roller skate on one foot; the student seeking knowledge in the realm of history, literature, or science; the workingman, in a hurry, looking for a technical book to fit his particular case; the business man running in for a new book on advertising, or possibly one on fishing or golf; the housekeeping and home-making woman, who wants a book on cookery, or interior decoration, or the care of children; the club woman needing up-to-date material for a subject she is to discuss; the older people, with stately and dignified tread, coming in for an hour of quiet reading; the lonely ones, for the cheer and encouragement that may be gathered from contact with newspapers, magazines, and books — all of these have crossed the threshold and have helped to wear away the stone.

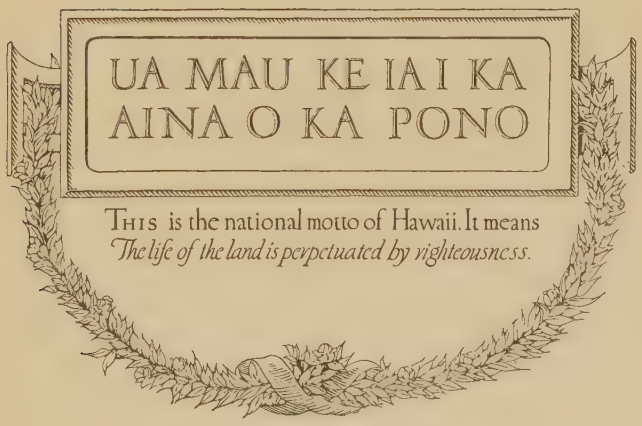
The worn doorstep is a pathetic reminder, too, of the footsteps of many who will come no more, but who have done their part in making this an indelible

impression. Some of these visitors did much in days gone by to make the library possible. Not only have their feet left their mark on the stone, but their thoughts, their hopes, their plans have left their impress, and their influence is still felt.

High above the worn doorstep, carved in the stone, is the inscription, OPEN TO ALL. Young and old, great and small, rich and poor, regardless of color, or station, or creed — all are welcome, without money and without price.

Do you wonder that there is a worn doorstep?

KATE A. CHIPMAN


UA MAU KE IA I KA
AINA O KA PONO
THIS is the national motto of Hawaii. It means
The life of the land is perpetuated by righteousness.

FANEUIL HALL

BUILT IN 1742 AND GIVEN TO THE TOWN OF BOSTON
BY
PETER FANEUIL
OF FRENCH HUGUENOT PARENTAGE
THE FIRST STORY USED AS A MARKET
AND THE UPPER STORY AS A TOWN HALL
BURNED IN 1761 AND REBUILT IN 1763
SOMEWHAT ENLARGED

HERE BOTH BEFORE AND DURING THE REVOLUTION
WERE HELD MANY PATRIOTIC MEETINGS
WHICH KEPT ALIVE AMONG THE PEOPLE THE
FIRES OF FREEDOM
AND STIRRED THEM TO GREATER DEEDS
FROM WHICH FACT THE HALL BECAME KNOWN
AS THE
CRADLE OF LIBERTY

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE STORY OF SOCRATES, THE ATHENIAN

"And how could anybody have died more nobly than this?"

Xenophon

If you had walked along through the splashes of white sunlight and blue shadow that lay under the porticos of the Agora at Athens on some bright morning in the fifth century before Christ, you might have seen a short, thickset man walking up and down, waiting for somebody to talk to. He was a grotesque-looking old man, with a broad, snub nose and a scraggly beard. He wore a coarse, plain tunic and always had bare feet.

In a sunny corner under some marble statue, when the crowds came for high market in the early morning, you might have seen the young men of Athens gathering about this stalwart old man, with always the same question on their lips: —

"What say you, Socrates?"

For the man's name was Socrates, and he was the greatest teacher in all Greece. He did not teach, as the other Greek teachers did, by telling his pupils what was good and what was bad. He taught by asking questions, and learning from the young men what they thought about the good things and the evil things of life. Through their replies and his answers to them, they hunted together for the truth. That was why it was so exciting for the young men to talk to Socrates.

If you had edged your way to the group of eager

listeners who were gathered about him, in their fresh, bright tunics and neatly laced sandals, you might have heard him say to one of them : —

"You tell me, Hippocrates, that you are going to study with Protagoras, the great professor who has come to Athens. And what will he teach you?"

"He will teach me the art of life, Socrates — all the things a freeman should know," Hippocrates might answer.

"And what are the things a freeman should know?"

"Oh, such things as courage, and temperance, and bravery, and honor —"

"And is there not something common to all these things?" Socrates would say. "Can we not find something in each of these separate virtues that makes them all what we call 'good'?"

And so they would go on discussing, searching for the nature of goodness itself — the quality in all the separate things of this world which we call good, that makes them seemly or right.

"Know thyself," Socrates would say to the young men of Athens; for he thought that only by understanding one's own character thoroughly can one control one's actions so as to live a good life. He had decided on a way to live which he thought was the right one for himself. He lived a very simple life, ate simple food, wore plain clothes, went barefoot. But he spent much time in trying to make his inner life, his soul, wise and beautiful.

"Grant that I may be beautiful within," he prayed, "and that those external things which I have may be

such as may best agree with a right internal disposition of mine; and that I may account him to be rich, who is wise and just."

So he urged the young men of Athens to think out for themselves what was the right way to live, and to live that way.

All day Socrates walked about and mixed with the crowds, and wherever he met young men, they walked with him and talked. For they were eager to find the right path that Socrates was trying to point out. Toward evening, you might have seen Socrates go to the house of one of his young friends for dinner.

One night, after a dinner at Agathon's house, Alcibiades began telling stories of the bravery of Socrates in war. Alcibiades was a very fashionable and popular young man of Athens, who had camped with Socrates and fought beside him on the battlefield.

"Socrates and I went on the expedition to Potidæa, and there we messed together," said Alcibiades. "I had a chance to see his extraordinary power of sustaining fatigue and going without food when our supplies were intercepted at any place, as will happen with an army. In the matter of endurance he was superior not only to me, but to everybody.

"There was a severe frost, for the winter in that region is really tremendous, and everyone else either remained indoors or, if they went out, wore no end of clothing and had their feet swathed in felt and fleeces. In the midst of this, Socrates, with his bare feet on the ice, and in his ordinary dress, marched better than any of the other soldiers, who had shoes.

"I will also tell of his courage in battle, for who but Socrates saved my life? Now this was the engagement for which I received the prize of valor: I was wounded and Socrates would not leave me, but he rescued me and my arms. He ought to have received the prize which the generals wanted to give me because of my rank, and I told them so, but Socrates was more eager than the generals that I should have the prize.

"Then there was another time," Alcibiades went on. "It was after the battle of Delium. He and another were retreating, as the troops were in flight. I was on horseback, and I met them and promised to remain with them and protect them. . . . And there you might see him, just as he is in the streets of Athens, stalking like a pelican, and rolling his eyes, calmly contemplating enemies as well as friends, and making it plain that whoever attacks him will be likely to meet with a stout resistance."

So the young men of Athens knew that their old friend was a brave man. And they could remember, too, that he was a just one. Once he had been a member of the National Assembly, and when some of the Athenian generals had made a mistake in war, the Assembly voted to condemn them to death, without giving them a chance to defend themselves at a trial. Socrates, of all the members of the Assembly, stood alone as the only one who voted to give the generals a chance to tell their side of the story.

Yet in spite of being such a brave and good man, Socrates had enemies. The older people of Athens did not like to have their sons listen so eagerly to this

man who wore rough clothes and went barefoot. At first they made fun of Socrates. One of them wrote a play about him, which was given in the theatre below the Acropolis, and which made everybody laugh. But young men went on listening to Socrates just the same. Then two Athenians accused Socrates before the courts, and demanded that he be put to death. They accused him of believing in other gods than the Greek gods and of "corrupting the youth."

Standing there on the great rock of the Areopagus, below the shining temples to the Greek deities whom he had worshiped all his seventy years, Socrates defended himself.

"O Athenians," he said, "I will try to show you why it is that they have made this accusation against me. They have heard that the Oracle at Delphi told a certain friend of mine that there was no man wiser than Socrates. When I heard this reply of the Oracle, I said to myself, 'This cannot be true. There are other men wiser than I.' So I went to a wise man, thinking I should question him and prove that he is wiser than I.

"When I left the wise man, I said to myself, 'I am better off than he is; for he knows nothing, but thinks that he knows, while I know nothing, but at least I know that I do not know.'

"Someone will ask me, 'Are you not ashamed, Socrates, to have spent your life so that it will bring you to an untimely death?' To him I may answer: 'There you are mistaken. A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living

or dying. He ought only to consider whether he is doing right or wrong — acting the part of a good man or of a bad.'

"Men of Athens, I honor and love you. But I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy. I believe that to this day no greater good has ever happened in the state than my service to God. For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue come money and every other good of man. This is my teaching. Wherefore, O men of Athens, I say to you, whatever you do, know that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times.

"I have a family — yes, and sons, one of whom is growing up, and the other two still young. Yet I will not bring any of them here to petition you for my acquittal. And why not? My reason simply is, that such conduct would be discreditable to myself, and to you, and to the whole state. To you and to God I commit my cause, to be determined by you as is best for you and me."

Socrates sat down. The vote was taken. The judges found him guilty. Had he any other penalty to suggest to them than death, they asked him? His friends urged him to suggest a fine, which they would gladly pay for him. But instead, Socrates proposed

that he should be supported gloriously by the state, as they supported the victors in the Olympic games. For had he not been a benefactor to the state as well as they, he asked?

A murmur ran among the judges. Above their heads the setting sun shone on the pillars of the Propylæa, turning the white marble to gold. The court of the Areopagus voted: Socrates must die.

Socrates rose, quietly, his face shining in the evening light.

"Some of you think" he declared, "that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, I might have gained an acquittal. But I had not the boldness to address you, weeping, wailing, and lamenting, saying and doing things which are unworthy of me. I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean in the hour of danger, and I think so still.

"I would rather die, having spoken after my manner, than to speak as you would have me, and live. Neither in war, nor yet in law, ought any man to use every way of escaping death. For often in battle, if a man will throw away his arms and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death. And in other dangers there are other ways, if a man is willing to stoop to anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for unrighteousness runs faster than death.

"The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways — I to die and you to live. Which is the better, God alone knows."

Now when a man was condemned to death in Athens

he was allowed only one more day to live ; after sunset of that last day he was given a cup of poison to drink, which made him die a painless and quiet death. But Socrates was not given the poison the next day.

Each spring the Athenians sent a sacred ship to the island of Delos, as a thank offering to the gods for the help they had given Theseus in the days of old. While this ship was away, nobody could be put to death in Athens. So Socrates was kept in prison for a month, until the sacred ship should come home again.

Each day the young men of Athens went to the prison. They were allowed to sit with Socrates, and talk to him as they had before in the sunny corners of the Agora or at the dinner table of an evening. But those hours with the condemned man in prison were very different from friendly walks in the sunshine of the market. It was the same Socrates who spoke to them, but he gave them new thoughts of what men can be, as he drew nearer to death not only with courage but hopefully and calmly. For of all the things of which they spoke together in those last talks, they discussed most eagerly what might become of the soul after death. Socrates was not afraid to die, because he believed that his soul would live on.

"Yes," he said to the young men one day, "all men will agree that God and the essential form of Life will never perish. . . . Wherefore I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, justice, courage, nobility, and truth. In these she is ready to go on her journey when her time comes."

Socrates knew that his soul was ready to go on its journey. His friends tried to persuade him to escape by offering a bribe to his guards, but he would not run away.

"Shall I, who have always told the people to obey the laws, disobey them at the last?" he said.

So the day came when the sacred ship sailed into the blue harbor below Athens. One of his friends came sadly to the prison to tell Socrates that the next day would be the last day of his life.

"Well, if such is the will of God, I am willing," said Socrates.

And the next day, when the sunset shone on the temples of the Acropolis, Socrates asked his friends to fetch him the poison. He made a prayer to the gods to prosper him on his journey; then very calmly and quietly, he drank the cup.

MARY LEE

NOTE. — "The perfectly just man would be he who loves justice for its own sake, not for the honors or advantages that attend it; who continues steadfast in the love of justice, not because it is pleasant, but because it is right." (PLATO)

THESE ARE THE GIFTS

THESE are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth —
And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.

HENRY VAN DYKE

NOTE. — Dr. van Dyke has written delightful books. You will wish to read sometime his *Fisherman's Luck* and *Days Off*.

MONOTONE

THE monotone of the rain is beautiful,
And the sudden rise and slow relapse
Of the long multitudinous rain.

The sun on the hills is beautiful,
Or a captured sunset sea-flung,
Bannered with fire and gold.

A face I know is beautiful —
With fire and gold of sky and sea,
And the peace of long warm rain.

CARL SANDBURG

NOTE. — There is music in this poem, as there is in "Full Moon." Listen to its cadences.

THE COMMON STREET [1]

THE common street climbed up against the sky,
Gray meeting gray; and wearily to and fro
I saw the patient, common people go,
Each with his sordid burden trudging by.
And the rain dropped; there was not any sigh
Or stir of a live wind; dull, dull and slow
All motion; as a tale told long ago
The faded world; and creeping night drew nigh.

[1] By permission from *A Chant of Love for England*, by Helen Gray Cone; copyright by E. P. Dutton & Company.

Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet,
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven.
Suddenly down the long wet glistening hill
Pure splendor poured — and lo! the common street,
A golden highway into golden heaven,
With the dark shapes of men ascending still.

HELEN GRAY CONE

NOTE. — Poetry, like music, falls into different forms suited to its varied thought. It is often held in orderly outlines that give distinctive shape, as the shape is given to a leaf. In poetry there are ballads, sonnets, odes. In music there are songs, fugues, rondos, minuets.

This poem is a sonnet. The rime follows a particular form of its own, by which a sonnet may always be recognized. There are fourteen lines, in which one definite thought is expressed. The first eight lead up to that thought, the last six conclude it. The rime helps to hold the thought in this frame. The first eight lines are divided into two groups, of four lines each. The second group duplicates the rimes of the first, thus: —

sky, fro, go, by | sigh, slow, ago, nigh

The last six lines follow an arrangement of their own: —

fleet, leaven, hill | street, heaven, still

The rime of this sonnet might be outlined: —

a b b a | a b b a || c d e c d e

Within these borders the thought is beautifully bound.

"AS THE SWIFT SHIPS"

I

THEY pass me suddenly as I walk along the beach at night, enjoying the solitude and terrors of darkness, the wind cooling my hair to the roots, and the voice of the sea a steady singing and roaring in my ears. Like flakes of snow in a flaw, like white petals in a gust, they flee rapidly past my shoulder and vanish with a faint, wild cry in the night. But the white they show me is not the white of snowflakes or of petals; it is soft, pure down, fine indeed as the down a snowflake might form with its stiff crystals on a black cloth, but living and ruffling in a blow, as the foam is ruffled when the wind drives over the rocks. And it covers warm breasts and sides, like a jacket, for they are the sandpipers, and it is the white beneath their wings that I see as I walk along in the darkness.

They summer in the lakes, and first come to the beach in the autumn. I cannot say precisely when they begin to appear, but always a little before they are expected they have come. It is one of the notes of autumn to be ready early. It is the season of wistfulness, and takes us unaware and unprepared. The chant begins before we are willing to hear it, full of glory as the long lament of color and the rising elegy of winds may be. It reminds us that our own days are falling before we have ripened our strength. "They are passed away as the swift ships," and we begin to

see in autumn that their poetry is in their flight. The sandpipers always come before they are expected.

One sees a little troop of them running along the beach with quick legs, bobbing down suddenly as if their feet had met an obstruction while their heads kept on going by a quaint momentum. How indescribably comic is their progress over the sand! A little thrust sets them off; their feet twinkle back and forth in a blur of speed while they advance stiffly over the wet plane of the beach. Suddenly all this forward motion completely stops, without in the least retarding by way of preparation; except the head, with its inch-long bill, which describes an arc that carries it accurately to the seizure of some mote or invisible atom of sustenance — the object of this picturesque attack. To see a group of them, with sparkling minute brown eyes and cocked heads, performing these tiny operations with community skill, is to open one's mouth impolitely wide with the laughter that springs straight out of nature, the honest amazement of one creature at the oddity of another. . . .

Autumn is a kind of sacrament in the blood which sets it singing through the veins, and its notes may be palpably gathered by the walker along the beach. . . . No trees are in sight; the only plain is a long crescent of sand, the only hill a dull promontory like a finger pointing out to sea. The beach is desolate. Colors are poured down on it from above, from the sun and the broken floes of cloud. The walker is not ten minutes from a crowded street, but his view is cut off by bleak, rude wastes of land and water; on one side

by the crest of the beach, where the sand topples like a breaking wave and is crowned with lank blades of grass, stiff as swords and sharper; on the other side, seas lift and struggle, forcing their way against a land breeze, which breaks them into lips and roughnesses

A LAND BREEZE BREAKS THEM INTO LIPS AND ROUGHNESSES LIKE HALF-CHISELED GRANITE

like half-chiseled granite. And these waves whirl with a green too intense and hardy to be pleasant except to rugged senses, and with the harshest degrees of purple. White veils of spray stream from their tops, as smoke is blown backward from the funnel of a rolling ship.

Gulls with glistening wings circle keenly in a glit-

tering ether. One of the notes of autumn along the beach is the colors of the sea, distinct alike from the blue days of summer and the black winter storms. In autumn, emerald green, areas of purple like gigantic wings, a bay full of bluster and whitecaps and racing shadows of clouds, and a bright ether flowing over the face of the walker as if it were the unending river of life!

The sandpipers, when they are not chased by quixotic dogs and are not engaged in their comical pursuit of food, stand in a little cluster like berries and go to sleep on one leg. Some prefer two. Often a large part of the flock poise each upon one slender twig — so slender that it can really be no more than a conventional straight line drawn in brown ink to connect them for our comfort with the earth. How they preserve balance on this interpolated leg, which is off centre, might indeed offer the scientist an evening's pleasant speculation.

Creatures of air, sharp-winged, soft-feathered pipers and flutterers by day and night, have they no need of balance? Observation soon reveals that they have. Watch them on windy days, and you will see that they are half swung about and almost whirled off altogether when their feathers are caught the wrong way by the breeze. This is when their tails point into the wind. The soft down beneath their wings, fine as feathers of snow, is awkwardly ruffled by an adverse current. You will see them running with the wind, rumpled feathers and all, doing their best to keep their tails in line with their heads, until they chance upon a

molecule of nourishment which only their bright brown eyes, cheerfully serious, can detect. Let such a speck come in view, and they round it promptly, as if it were a buoy. So, coming up into the wind, they bob down their bills, with secure and neatly fitting jackets unrumpled by the tides of air.

II

When the sky is in bluster on a bright autumn afternoon, the beach is universally active. The air crackles with its myriad points of light, the sea leaps, the wind blows life into the cheeks and thoughts of the walker. He hears a thousand voices — half-articulate inner sounds of wind, wave, bird cries, the rushing of his own blood, words blown into his brain from old songs and laments. . . . The clean-winged gulls are slitting bright arcs in the bluest of air over the greenest of waves, the long crescent expanse of rusty-red, desolate sand lies ready for eager legs to pace. . . . What would be the air without birds, or the earth without the sea?

Birds, of course, are one of the notes of which I am making so incomplete a list. Besides the gulls and the sandpipers, there are the ducks. They may be seen in the waves along the beach throughout the winter. Their particular skill is to ride the breaking crests in the shallows, rising half a dozen times their height on the slope of a wave, and vanishing undisturbed down the other side. If the wave, with its white forelock, threatens to break too soon and bowl them over, they

rise promptly with a stroke of their webs, plunge down a quick bill, and plop beneath the surface with a brief show of heels, just in time to avoid the crumbling descent of a rolling green wall of foam.

Or at sunset one may see them as he returns from his walk. The crest of the beach stands cold and rude, shadowing all the brown sand to the edge of the tide. Overhead there is still a clear blue, a staggering collection of atoms or tiny motes of sparkling light. Through this ether races the wind, and little troops of snipe whirl over with sharp, fluttering wings. Above them ducks in twos and threes plunge through the sky with outstretched necks, like winged ninepins. One can hear the whistling of their pinions as they pass; they scrape the air with the friction of their flight.

Another note of autumn is its clouds. There are chill days when all motion is arrested in the air and overhead. The sky is full of monsters, rolled and ragged shapes hanging in still suspension, with edges of sunny yellow, bellies of purple and brown, and horny protuberances of a dozen hues. From the fissures and smaller interstices of the clouds, long beams of dusty light slant through the air, and always there are clear lakes of blue lying like a glimpse of open sea from harbor.

How to express the blue of these lakes! They set the eyes to singing. In the lower floes of cloud, which curtain the air thickly above the sea, comes a gap; and beyond, deeper in the sky, lighter and thinner clouds extend into the gap, like sand washed with a faint sunlight, and form the shores of the blue lake.

But deep beyond all thought, infinitely far and pure, wholly detached and free from all human circumstance, the lake itself swims, of such a young forgetful blue as if God had made it in the youth of His days and the freshness of His love for the peace of all created souls.

III

Striding along the autumn sand, we may take our own measure in the presence of Nature. Any thought must gain honesty and humility from a walk beneath her spacious arches of night and day. From the signs of beauty which Nature makes to us in stars and in the sea, our thoughts may borrow dignity.

Night transforms the work of day, and if we extend our autumn walks into the darkness we shall meet novel adventures. Pace out on the beach when the air flows with a deep, steady pressure against your shoulders. No stars are overhead; the world vanishes into a black and bottomless ether. The sand is black and wet underfoot; an appearance of light hovers faintly above it by contrast. Successive waves break into white foam out of the invisible ocean, and mount above each other in tiers, stretching out a mile in length on either hand. A deep roaring and rushing of spray chants continually to seaward; the entire night moves and blusters in the air, as if it had struck its tents and were flowing across the world to settle in a new place. You urge forward against this opposing current, with blowing hair, cool cheeks, and leaping blood.

Suddenly you stop and start, with the shiver of beholding a phantom. At your side, almost at your feet, pale in the darkness, a milk-white river streams noiselessly over the sand. Out of the night before you, at the limit of your vision, the river appears, and runs into the night behind with a long, unwavering speed. A shift of the wind suddenly broadens it. The stream sweeps out like the skirts of a dancer, and you stand in the midst of it. Then you remember that often by daylight you had seen the loose, fine sand blowing in long, ankle-deep drifts down the curve of the beach, and you sigh with relief and astonishment.

Bend down your ear, and the flying particles will bring only the faintest whisper. Put your hand in the drift, and your skin will barely tickle with their impact. Like moonlit clouds combed out across the sky, the white river flies out of the darkness, now beside your path, now catching your ankles in its rapid sweep. And if you turn your back you will see it beginning at your heels and vanishing away from you in the night with a smooth, aërial velocity — a swift, visionary flight speeding in perfect silence, an hourglass for your meditation. You walk as if among moonlit clouds in the deep sky ; sea and night, earth and existence, play only an accompaniment of luxurious dream.

And again your mind is suddenly arrested in its laboring wonder and delight. A little flight of downy breasts hurries by, and a faint, wild call follows back on the wind into which the invisible brown wings have struggled. You cannot now see the bright eyes or the quivering wing-tips, and only when the flock is whirled

in an eddy that almost blows them over can you catch a brief glimpse of the white jackets of down fleeing past your shoulder. But you know that the symbol of all wistful desires, all hopes that can only be expressed by the fluttering of wings, all sympathies of the heart which are mute, unfathomable, and strange, has quickened your eyes for an instant as you stride along your mysterious road in the night.

THEODORE MORRISON (*abridged*)

THE SHELL

SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design! . . .

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.

Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

ALFRED TENNYSON

NOTE. — The works of Tennyson contain many poems within poems. "Sweet and Low" and "The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls" are songs from *The Princess*, and "Ring Out, Wild Bells, to the Wild Sky" is from *In Memoriam*. The little verses of "The Brook" flow through the long poem of the same name, breaking into the story every now and then, with their purling melody, as the brook itself would wind along a roadway. These lines about the shell are from the poem, *Maud*.

A *three-decker* is a vessel of war carrying guns on three decks, formerly a ship of war large enough to have a place in the line of battle. And the *Breton strand* is the seashore on the coast of Brittany, in France.

THE DESERTED PASTURE

I LOVE the stony pasture
That no one else will have,
The old gray rocks so friendly seem,
So durable and brave.

In tranquil contemplation
It watches through the year,
Seeing the frosty stars arise,
The slender moons appear.

Its music is the rain-wind,
Its choristers the birds,
And there are secrets in its heart
Too wonderful for words.

It keeps the bright-eyed creatures
That play about its walls,
Though long ago its milking herds
Were banished from their stalls.

Only the children come there,
For buttercups in May,
Or nuts in autumn, where it lies
Dreaming the hours away.

Long since its strength was given
To making good increase,
And now its soul is turned again
To beauty and to peace.

There in the early springtime
The violets are blue,
And adder-tongues in coats of gold
Are garmented anew.

There bayberry and aster
Are crowded on its floors,
When marching summer halts to praise
The Lord of Out-of-doors.

And there October passes
In gorgeous livery —
In purple ash, and crimson oak,
And golden tulip tree.

And when the winds of winter
Their bugle blasts begin,
I watch the white battalions come
To pitch their tents therein.

BLISS CARMAN

NOTE. — "It keeps the bright-eyed creatures
That play about its walls."

Who built these pasture walls in days gone by, with long hours of toil clearing the stony northern fields? Perhaps a cellar hole remains, marking the near-by homestead site.

Lilac bushes show where to look for a cellar hole. Orange lilies in a clump point the way from the road, like a beacon. Along the highway ten maples in a row mean that once they screened a home. These are marks to follow, seeking the kindly ghosts of deserted fields. But to those who follow the signs and explore the cellar hole, *take warning first to find the well* and see that it is covered, lest you run upon it unawares.

LINCOLN

"I'LL study and get ready, and then — maybe the chance will come."

What Lincoln set for himself we should hold before ourselves, that we too may be ready for whatever chance for service, great or small, may come in the future years. Our part now is to study and get ready. We are not responsible for the future chance. Maybe it will not come, but it is our duty to ourselves, to God, and to our fellow men, to be ready for the chance if it does come.

I wish I could bring to you the inspiration that came to me one day as I stood in the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, and talked with an old lady, Mary Clinton, who knew Lincoln well in the days before he became President. Her very voice and manner showed deep reverence and spiritual devotion to one whom she had known well. She stood in front of a picture of the boy Lincoln studying before the open fire, and repeated the quotation, "I'll study and get ready, and then — maybe the chance will come." I wish it were possible to give her inflection, the gentle but beautiful emphasis with which she spoke the words "get ready," and the wonderful effect produced by her pause after "and then." And she said, "I fully believe that he dimly saw the future and decided to do his full part in getting ready, and that if God brought the chance to him that he would accept it. He was called of God to free a nation, as truly as any of the

prophets of old were called and inspired for their work."

Then the tenderness with which she said "He was *so* poor and had such a hard time in making any headway to fit himself for the great work God had in store for him." She spoke of the two little boys who died, and of Robert Lincoln, then the only survivor of the Lincoln family. "When he is gone," she said, "the Lincoln line will end. I believe God intended it so — only one Lincoln, called out of poverty and obscurity to do his great work, with no one to come after him." But that is not quite true, for all who, down through the ages, have given great service for men have had not one, but many successors — not in name, but in the lives of those who have caught their spirit and have carried undimmed the torch that they lighted.

In the schools of America today are the successors of Lincoln. And as Lincoln is held up to their view, they will be drawn unto him, and thus be led to dedicate themselves to the service of their fellow men. They will be inspired to "study and get ready, and then — maybe the chance will come."

I should like to tell you, too, of a visit to Lincoln's home; of the quiet hour we spent there talking with Mrs. Brown, whose grandmother was a sister of Mary Todd. She told us many intimate incidents of Lincoln's life as they had been told to her by her father and mother. She showed us Lincoln's favorite cane and allowed us to hold it in our hands — the one he always carried after he became President. We sat on the sofa where Lincoln and Mary Todd sat when he

asked her to become his wife. And she had said yes, though her parents wanted her to say that word to Stephen A. Douglas, who was Lincoln's rival for the hand and heart of Mary Todd, as he was for the presidency. But with deep intuition Mary saw the nobler man, so poor in worldly possessions but so rich in soul qualities. She rejected the one who at that time apparently had the better chance for political advancement, and she accepted the one who was to give his life as a ransom for his people. When he died, Charles Sumner, the Senator from Massachusetts, presented a resolution to Congress: —

"That in the life of Abraham Lincoln, who by the benignant favor of republican institutions rose from humble beginnings to the heights of power and fame, they recognize an example of purity, simplicity, and virtue which should be a lesson to mankind, while in his death they recognize a martyr, whose memory will become more precious as man learns to prize those principles of constitutional order and those rights, civil, political, and human, for which he made a sacrifice."

RANDALL J. CONDON

LINCOLN'S EYES

I NEVER pass through Chicago without visiting the statue of Lincoln by Saint Gaudens and standing before it for a moment uncovered. It is to me all that America is, physically and spiritually. I look at those

long arms and long legs, large hands and feet, and I think that they represent the physical strength of this new country, its power, and its youthful awkwardness. Then I look up at the head, and see qualities which have made the American — the strong chin, the noble brow, those sober and steadfast eyes.

They were the eyes of one who saw with sympathy and interpreted with common sense. They were the eyes of earnest idealism, limited and checked by the possible and the practicable. They were the eyes of a truly humble spirit, whose ambition was not a love for power but a desire to be supremely useful. They were eyes of compassion and mercy and a deep understanding. They saw far more than they looked at. They believed in far more than they saw. They loved men not for what they were, but for what they might become.

They were patient eyes, eyes that could wait, and wait, and live on in the faith that right would win. They were eyes which challenged the nobler things in men and brought out the hidden largeness. They were humorous eyes, that saw things in their true proportions and in their real relationships. They looked through cant and pretense and the great and little vanities of great and little men. They were the eyes of an unflinching courage and an unfaltering faith, rising out of a sincere dependence upon the Master of the Universe.

To believe in Lincoln is to learn to look through Lincoln's eyes.

FRANKLIN K. LANE

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norn Mother [1] saw the Whirlwind Hour [2]
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road,
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving — all husht — behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;

[1] In mythology, one of the divine giantesses who preside over the fates of men.

[2] At the approach of the Civil War.

The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul,
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow;
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree,
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
Held on in calm, rough-hewn sublimity;

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

EDWIN MARKHAM

NOTE. — This poem was read at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, in 1922. Dr. Henry van Dyke (whose stanzas beginning "These are the gifts" appear in this book) says: —

"I regard Edwin Markham's 'Lincoln' as the finest poem that has been written upon this subject. The lines describing the great tree that is felled upon the mountain side, leaving a lonesome space against the sky, are in my judgment among the best in American poetry."

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Look to This Day

For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties
and realities of your existence.
The bliss of Growth,
The glory of Action,
The splendor of Beauty;
For yesterday is already a dream,
And to-morrow is only a vision;
But to-day, well lived, makes every yesterday
a dream of happiness,
And every to-morrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day.
Such is the salutation of the Dawn.

FROM THE SANSKRIT

THE LAST MINSTREL

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts'[1] throne;
The bigots[2] of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door.
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

Sir Walter Scott

[1] The royal house of Scotland.
[2] The Puritans of that day.

NOTE. — "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," like "The Lady of the Lake," is a poem in six cantos, or divisions. The ancient customs on the Border of England and Scotland are pictured in the tale that is told in the words of an old minstrel, the last of his race. These lines are from the introduction to the poem, and describe the aged harper by whom the lay is sung.

When Scott first commenced this romance of the Border he showed certain stanzas to his friends. Thinking because of their silence that the work was a failure, he threw the manuscript into the fire. Later, when his friends asked how the poem was progressing, he began again, this time writing it so that the whole story fell from the lips of the old minstrel.

TO SEVERAL THOUSAND FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS

[FROM an address delivered by President Wilson after Naturalization Ceremonies at Philadelphia, May 10, 1915.]

MR. MAYOR, FELLOW CITIZENS: —

It warms my heart to think of those who have just become citizens of the United States.

This is the only country in the world which experiences this constant and repeated birth. Other countries depend upon the multiplication of their own native people. This country is constantly drinking strength out of new sources by the voluntary association with it of great bodies of strong men and forward-looking women out of other lands. And so, by the gift of the free will of independent people, it is being constantly renewed from generation to generation by the same process by which it was originally created. It is as if humanity had determined to see to it that this great nation, founded

for the benefit of humanity, should not lack for the allegiance of the people of the world.

You have just taken an oath of allegiance to those who temporarily represent this great Government. You have taken an oath of allegiance to a great ideal, to a great body of principles, to a great hope of the human race. You have said, "We are going to America not only to earn a living, not only to seek the things which it was more difficult to obtain where we were born, but to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit; to let men know that everywhere in the world there are those who will cross strange oceans and go where a speech is spoken which is alien to them, if they can but satisfy their quest for what their spirits crave, knowing that, whatever the speech, there is but one longing and utterance of the human heart, and that is for liberty and justice.

And while you bring all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you — bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulder and seeking to perpetuate what you intended to leave behind in them. I certainly would not be one even to suggest that a man cease to love the home of his birth and the nation of his origin. These things are very sacred and ought not to be put out of our hearts. But it is one thing to love the place where you were born, and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go. You cannot dedicate yourself to America unless you become in every respect and with every purpose of your will thorough Americans.

You cannot become thorough Americans if you think of yourselves in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American; and the man who goes among you to trade upon your nationality is no worthy son to live under the Stars and Stripes.

My urgent advice to you would be, not only always to think first of America, but always, also, to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred. I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow men. He has lost the touch and ideal of America, for America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift, and not by the passions which separate and debase. We came to America, either ourselves or in the persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men; to make them see finer things than they had seen before; to get rid of the things that divide and to make sure of the things that unite. It was but an historical accident, no doubt, that this great country was called the "United States"; yet I am very thankful that it has that word "United" in its title; and the man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest in this great Union is striking at its very heart.

It is a very interesting circumstance to me, in thinking of those of you who have just sworn allegiance to

this great Government, that you were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us. Some of us are very disappointing. No doubt you have found that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and a right purpose, as it does everywhere else in the world. No doubt what you found here did not seem touched for you, after all, with the complete beauty of the ideal which you had conceived beforehand. But remember this: If we had grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in; and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome.

If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me. I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise. Just because you brought dreams with you, America is more likely to realize dreams such as you brought. You are enriching us if you come expecting us to be better than we are.

See, my friends, what that means. It means that Americans must have a consciousness different from

the consciousness of every other nation in the world. I am not saying this with even the slightest thought of criticism of other nations. You know how it is with a family. A family gets centered on itself if it is not careful, and is less interested in the neighbors than it is in its own members. So a nation that is not constantly renewed out of new sources is apt to have the narrowness and prejudice of a family; whereas, America must have this consciousness, that on all sides it touches elbows and touches hearts with all the nations of mankind.

You have come into this great nation voluntarily, seeking something that we have to give, and all that we have to give is this: We cannot exempt you from work — no man is exempt from work anywhere in the world. We cannot exempt you from the strife and the heartbreaking burden of the struggle of the day — that is common to mankind everywhere. We cannot exempt you from the loads that you must carry — we can only make them light by the spirit in which they are carried. That is the spirit of hope, it is the spirit of liberty, it is the spirit of justice.

I like to come and stand in the presence of a great body of my fellow citizens, whether they have been my fellow citizens a long time or a short time, and drink, as it were, out of the common fountains with them, and go back feeling what you have so generously given me — the sense of your support, and of the living vitality in your hearts of the great ideals which have made America the hope of the world.

WOODROW WILSON

A PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON AS LAFAYETTE KNEW HIM

In the Old North Church of Boston, from which the signal lights of Paul Revere were hung "on the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five," is the first memorial erected to Washington in a public place — a portrait bust, presented to the church in 1815. This bust was modeled from a plaster cast made in Boston by Christian Gulliger in 1790. When Lafayette came to America in 1824, he was asked whether the memorial was a good likeness of General Washington. Pointing to the bust he said, "Yes, that is the man I knew, and more like him than any other portrait."

While attending services in the Old North Church on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord, I saw that bust of Washington. And I longed to have the readers of this book see at least a drawing from it, which might show them how Washington looked as Lafayette knew him, when in command of the Army of the Revolution. The portrait of Washington that is most familiar to all of us is reproduced from the unfinished painting by Gilbert Stuart, which hangs in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. In this sketch from the bust you will see that the face is thinner and filled with more splendid force.

Randall J. Condon

WASHINGTON AS LAFAYETTE KNEW HIM

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE FLAG

OUR American flag, which is known as "Old Glory," the "Stars and Stripes," the "Star-Spangled Banner," or the "Red, White, and Blue," is the symbol of the unity of the nation; therefore, when an American salutes the flag, he salutes the whole country.

The flag to-day consists of alternate red and white stripes, with a blue field, also known as the "union,"

in the upper left-hand corner. The field contains forty-eight white stars. The thirteen stripes stand for the thirteen original states — New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. The stars stand for all the states now in the Union.

Of the colors in the flag, the red represents valor; the white represents hope, purity, and truth; and the blue represents loyalty, sincerity, and justice.

We think of ourselves as a young country, but we have one of the oldest written constitutions by which any nation is now governed, and our flag is one of the oldest in existence.

When our forefathers came from Europe to settle in what is now the United States, they brought with them the flags of their home countries and planted them in the new territory, as a token that they had taken possession of it in the name of their kings and governments. Gradually the colonies came under the rule of England, and the British flag became the flag of all. Since there were thirteen colonies, they were represented by thirteen stripes, and the Union Jack of the British flag occupied the corner.

That flag was known as the Grand Union, or Cambridge flag, and was displayed when Washington took command of the army at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was raised on December 3, 1775, on the Alfred, the flagship of the little new American navy, by the senior lieutenant of the ship, John Paul Jones, who later defended it gallantly in many battles at sea.

On July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia, and the united colonies, having broken by that act all the ties that bound them to England, became an independent nation: — the United States of America. It was therefore necessary to adopt a new flag, since the new nation would no longer tolerate the Union Jack, which was a part of the British flag. Tradition says that in the latter part of May 1777, George Washington, Robert Morris, and Colonel Ross called on Betsy Ross in Philadelphia to make a flag that they had designed. They kept the thirteen stripes of the Grand Union, or Colonial flag, but replaced the Union Jack by a blue field bearing thirteen stars.

The birthday of the flag was June 14, 1777, when Congress passed this resolution: "Resolved: That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field."

The first American to unfurl the Stars and Stripes over a warship was John Paul Jones, who raised it when he took command of the Ranger, in June 1777. It is said that the flag was made for him by the young ladies of Portsmouth Harbor, from their own and their mothers' gowns. The same flag, in February 1778, had the honor of receiving from France the first official salute that any foreign nation accorded to the Stars and Stripes.

The American flag was first carried into battle at Brandywine in September 1777, when Lafayette fought on the side of the Colonists and was wounded.

That particular flag was the famous one made out of a soldier's white shirt, a woman's red petticoat, and an officer's blue cloak.

Another noted flag, now in the National Museum in Washington, is the one with fifteen stars and stripes, which floated over Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, in the War of 1812. Francis Scott Key, who was imprisoned on a British ship, after watching through the night the 'rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air," saw this flag "by the dawn's early light," which proved that the fort had not fallen. The next day he wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner."

But "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." Young Americans should know that our flag flew from the first vessel ever propelled by steam, Robert Fulton's Clermont; that Wilbur Wright carried it on his first successful airplane flight in France; that it was the flag Robert Peary placed at the North Pole; and that it was the national emblem painted upon the first airplane to make the transatlantic flight, in May, 1919.

At first, when a new state came into the Union a new stripe and a new star were added to the flag, but it was soon evident that to continue to add stripes would make the flag unshapely; so on April 4, 1818, Congress passed this Act to establish the flag of the United States: —

Sec. 1. Be it enacted . . . That from and after the 4th of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal

stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white on a blue field.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, that, on admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July succeeding such admission.

In 1917, after the United States entered the World War, the Stars and Stripes took its place with the flags of the Allies in the great English Cathedral of Saint Paul in London, and on April 20, 1917, it was raised beside the British flag over the Houses of Parliament, as a symbol that the two great English-speaking nations of the world had joined hands in the cause of human brotherhood.

The flag should be raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset. It should not be displayed on stormy days or left out overnight, except during war. Although there is no authoritative ruling that compels civilians to lower the flag at sundown, good taste should impel them to follow the traditions of the Army and Navy in the sundown ceremony. Primarily the flag is raised to be *seen*, but secondarily, it is something to be guarded and treasured, and therefore sentiment holds that it shall not be menaced by the darkness. To leave the flag out at night unguarded shows carelessness and — though it may be unintentional — disrespect. At retreat, which is at sunset, civilian spectators should stand at attention. The flag, on being retired, should never be allowed to touch the ground.

An old, torn, or soiled flag should *not* be thrown away, but should be destroyed — preferably by burning.

The law specifically forbids the use of and the representation of the flag in any manner for advertising purposes, or in any other connection with merchandise for sale.

The flag should not be raised before sunrise, or allowed to remain up after sunset.

In placing the flag at half-mast, it should first be raised to full-mast, then lowered to the half-mast position, from which it should again be raised to full-mast before it is lowered at the end of the day.

The flag should never be draped.

When the flag is hung against a wall, the blue field should be in the upper left-hand corner if the stripes are horizontal; in the upper right-hand corner if the stripes are vertical.

When flags are hung across a street, they should be hung by the points of the compass. When the flag is hung across a north-and-south street, the blue field should be toward the east, the rising sun; when across an east-and-west street, the field should be toward the north.

The flags of two or more nations displayed together should always be hung at the same level, and should be on separate staffs or halyards.

In the United States, when the American flag is carried with one other flag, it should be on the right; when it is carried with two other flags, it should be in the middle.

When the American flag is hung against a wall with other flags, it is placed at the spectator's right if it is one of two, and in the middle if it is one of three.

When the American flag is used on a speaker's platform, it should be displayed above and behind the speaker. It should *never* be used to cover the speaker's desk or to drape over the front of the platform. If flown from a staff, it should be on the speaker's right, which will be the left of the audience.

The flag at half-mast is a sign of mourning.

The flag flown upside down is a signal of distress.

On Memorial Day, May 30, the flag is flown at half-mast during the forenoon, and then at noon is raised to full-mast for the rest of the day.

IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
  And works His sovereign will.

William Cowper

LINES FOR A GIRL'S STUDY

Now may I very worthy be
Of this most goodly company —

The good familiar folk that throng
This room, from history and song;

Scholars and poets, scribes and seers,
Forgathering from other years;

High-hearted queens from distant days,
Gray pilgrims treading patient ways;

Soldiers and captains, knights and kings,
Brave men of far adventurings —

Each of earth's beautiful and best
Draws near to be my gracious guest.

Shall I not offer for my part
At least an understanding heart,

Good will, good work, and courtesy
For such a gracious company?

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE NIGHT FISHING

LONG had Alice been promised that she should see some night fishing. What it should be, filled Rose with mysterious imaginations. Hardy and tough Barton, who that afternoon had vacation in honor of Miss Rose, being three years her senior, felt the importance of his superior age, and taught and dictated in the most edifying manner.

The spears were sharpened, and Pete and Barton made torches, tying a rude tin cup to a short stick and filling it with turpentine and oil. A loose wick was provided, which was capable of giving a broad glare of light.

At length the supper was over; the two-horse wagon came round; the girls were charged with extra shawls for use when returning. The light along the west was yet a day light, but was rapidly fading. Great clouds lay banked up far away in the southwest, and flashes of light shooting through them told of distant thunderstorms. But all the sky hitherward was clear and serene, and within an hour the moon would be up.

A drive of a mile brought the party to Broad Brook. It was one of those rocky and gravelly streams found in mountain regions, which emigrants, settled upon the flat alluvial lands of the West, long for, when in fevers they lie half asleep and half awake, and dream that they are back again at home, and see the water clear as crystal rushing over the pebbles,

or widening into sheets, and, longing for its coolness, awake, and in their weakness shed tears for very homesickness!

Broad Brook was of mountain origin. Into it came Glover's Brook from the ravine, famous for its wildness and its trout, and Twist's River, and ever so many more mountain-fed little streams: so that by the time it had come down to Morse's Bridge it had become a stream of some dignity and power. Had its waters been compressed into narrow bounds, it would have been formidable for anyone who should seek to ford it. But it preferred to spread itself, and to brawl over a wide bottom, and to wind along the edges of the hills, with meadows on one side and rocks on the other, now and then circuiting off far into the grasslands, running deep, with many a pool. Above the bridge, for the most part, it hugged the hills, and was broad and shallow, better fitted for wading.

The party was soon upon its banks. The western light had grown dim. A steep bank on the far side of the river, clothed with trees, and especially held by the solemn black hemlock, served to shut out the little remaining twilight. The roar of the brook, its wild and threatening look, at first daunted Rose and Alice, and brought them close to each other, to Barton's great edification. That was because they were girls! He would show them! And without more ado he jumped into the water, not quite knee deep, and walked across and back, and let the water bubble up around his legs. The torches were soon lit, and Pete and Barton took each a spear, and, girding a bag

about them to hold the fish, began to move up the stream. From the banks, under 'Biah Cathcart's care, the girls watched the strange and wild scene. The smoky torches threw a red glare on the water, whose wrinkled face gave back the light in broken flashes. The bank obscurely loomed out from the other side, jutting forward, seemingly, as the light hazily revealed its rocks, and drawing back again when a clump of hemlocks or mountain laurels opened dark recesses through the foliage.

Moving slowly against the rushing stream, passing the light along its surface, and surveying its bottom, Pete and Barton for a time seemed to find nothing. But as they neared a point where the water, swinging around, deepened a little, Barton plunged down his spear, and, with some commotion and tussle, held it there. His torch had almost fallen. But regaining his foothold, he soon lifted a large sucker above the water, the first prize of the evening. Scarcely was his trophy secured before Pete, who had been bending and searching the bottom, was seen aiming his spear, and with sudden stroke, retracted as soon, he lifted a fish large enough to make the ashen spear-handle bend.

Growing bolder as they advanced, Rose and Alice imagined themselves in a fairy story. Pete and Barton, now in gloom and now shining out in the red light of the torches, seemed like gnomes. The trees, as the torches were carried under them, were lit up with an atmosphere such as no unenchanted trees ever knew. The water seemed to be some living

thing, and scowled or laughed, winked and blinked, as if it knew something wild and dreadful. Now the stream left the hill, and moved between two rows of stiff alders, and the fishers were lost to the sight, only a faint red smoke flickering above the bushes revealing their progress. Then winding back again, the stream brawled against the rocks, and ran for a long way under the projecting branches of hardwood trees.

And now the girls, growing somewhat bolder and more familiar, wanted to go into the brook. Of course they could not. But could n't somebody let them ride? How could 'Biah Cathcart carry two girls, seven years old, when the river bottom was so uneven? What if his foot should slip, or he should step down into a hole — where would the girls be?

But could n't Pete take one, and the father take the other? Rose could ask for nothing which Pete would not do. He would have lain down in the river, or in a mudhole, or climbed the steepest rock, or jumped the most dangerous chasm, if Rose told him to. And when, as they rounded a clump of bushes, Pete came near the bank, Rose said to him, "Pete, may n't I get on your shoulder?" the controversy was ended, and in a twinkling he was at the bank, and Rose was mounted; and Alice, not a minute after, was on her father's shoulder close behind, and all were in the foaming stream. And now I defy you, O painters, to render me in true form and color that scene — the wrinkle-faced river, ruddy and changeful; the overhanging boughs, up into whose obscure depths shoots a smoky, tremulous light; and

the strange forms of men moving slowly along the water, bearing two maidens as sweet as ever dazzled the eyes of mortals!

Was it strange that Rose seemed to herself translated from the real world into one of dreams? The dizzy gravel at the bottom appeared to her to be running and racing; the water seemed like so many serpents, red and black, wreathing together and winding in and out of coils that were endless in length and strange in their convolutions. Never had she seen such leaves as those there above her head, weird with light shot up upon them from beneath, and, over all, the solemn black of the night sky!

They had well-nigh reached the upper road when the moon rose, and poured its light full upon the bridge that now appeared not far ahead, and upon a party that sat in an open carriage gazing down upon this strange procession.

"Mercy — look down into that river! What is it, Hiram?"

"If 'Biah Cathcart war n't a sober man, I should say that hindermost one was he, and his darter on his back. And if that one ahead ain't Pete and the Doctor's Rose! Scissors and pumpkins! If that ain't a spree! And here it is after nine o'clock at night! Hullo there! Where's Aunt Rachel! And where 's the rest of the family? Ain't there any more comin'? You might jest as well have finished out the frolic and brought along everything you've got!"

But Hiram's banter had no effect upon the party.

All of them were keyed up too high with the sport. Pete gurgled and giggled; 'Biah said nothing, but smiled contentedly; and Barton alone had voice to shout, till the woods rang.

"You'd better take them children home, unless you want a bigger river on top of 'em than you've got under 'em!" said Hiram, as he touched his ponies and started away.

Sure enough! The sky was gathering clouds. Low and distant thunder was heard. They must hasten back. Blinded and bewildered by the unnatural light and the swirling water, 'Biah and Barton would have followed down the bank but for Pete, whose head seemed as unaffected by the scene as a compass is by the commotion of waters. The winding of the river had given them a course of two miles, but scarcely half a mile need be traversed in a straight line to bring them to the wagon.

Following Pete, they soon were safely seated, and the horses, impatient and restive, as if by instinct aware that a storm impended, no sooner had their heads turned homeward than they dashed off with full course. The sparks flew from under their feet. They grew more eager with each turn of the road, and 'Biah soothed and restrained them with both voice and rein. It seemed to the girls that the whole ride was like an arrow's rush. Bushes darkly loomed and disappeared, a faint glimmer of a house was extinguished in a second by their rapid passing. The wind was swaying the trees and rolling up the damp dust of the road, and the thunder shook the very

ground as it fell nearer and nearer. They were not afraid. They secretly gladdened with the growing turmoil.

Aunt Rachel had been uneasy ever since the children left. Rex had been kept in the house lest his freaks should disturb the fishing. At every sound he lifted his muzzle. Often he went to the door, and smelt and whined. But now the storm was coming on. Aunt Rachel's fears grew painful. Every thunder roll increased her alarm. The big drops were beginning to smite the panes of glass, when Rex bounced up with excitement, and gave a roaring bark which could mean nothing but their arrival. In good time! For, just as the party tumbled out, and the girls were borne in, the torrent descended; and when the light from the open door struck out into the air, sheets of water seemed literally to fulfill Hiram's hyperbole, that rivers of water would fill the heavens.

"Oh, Father," said Rachel Cathcart, "it is wild of you to have these children out on such a night. Come in, my darlings."

But Rose and Alice were evidently too happy to need pity.

"Why, Father, you seem as much excited as the children!"

"Why not? I hope never to get over being young. I look back on this night as if I had been walking in a cave full of crystals. I shall never forget it, and I'll warrant the children never will."

HENRY WARD BEECHER

THE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL

THERE is one country in Europe which is — politically — a good deal like our United States. Most of the European countries, as you know, are or used to be monarchies, each one a single country in itself. They are not made up of separate states like New York, Missouri, and California. But away up in the high, snowy mountains in the very middle of Europe there is a country that is made up of separate states, just as the United States is. This country is called Switzerland.

Just as our nation was started by thirteen colonies — thirteen groups of people who came over to the New World from the other countries — that got together and fought for their freedom, so Switzerland was started by three "cantons," as they call their states, which banded together to protect themselves from tyranny.

These states were called Schwyz and Uri and Unterwalden. Just as Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the rest of the thirteen colonies were under England, so Schwyz and Uri and Unterwalden were under the ruler of Austria, who was at that time the head of the Holy Roman Empire. Just as King George III and his ministers did things which our ancestors could not tolerate in 1775, so the Emperor did things to the Swiss cantons which they could not endure in 1291. You remember what our colonies did, and how the shots fired at Lexington made ready for

the birthday, as it were, of a new nation. Would you hear now what the Swiss cantons did, and how an arrow which whizzed through the clear air near Lake Lucerne came to start the Swiss Confederation?

As early as the year 1231 the Emperor had granted charters to these cantons, giving them freedom to govern themselves. But at the end of the thirteenth century a new Emperor came to the throne, and he determined to bring the cantons more completely under the sway of royal governors. The cantons sent a message to the Emperor, saying that they wanted to stay free, as they had been.

"Proud peasants!" said the Emperor. "I will bend and break them." And he sent an imperial governor to Schwyz, with orders to punish all those who would not accept his rule. The Governor, so the chronicles of the time tell us, set up a pole in the chief town and on top of it he hung a red cap with a peacock's feather. This cap was a symbol of the power of the Emperor, and the Governor ordered that all the Swiss people should salute it as they passed. You remember how the people of Massachusetts felt when King George put a tax on tea? The people of the free cantons of Switzerland felt very much the same way at being told that they must bow before the Emperor's red hat.

In November of 1307 three brave men, from Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden, each with ten followers, came together and resolved that they would not obey their oppressors. Among the followers from Uri was the leader's son-in-law William Tell, who, so

the Swiss chronicles tell us, was the best shot with the bow and arrow in all the forest cantons.

William Tell, so the old story says, lived with his wife in the village of Burglen. They had two young sons, one named William and the other named Walter.

One day William Tell started off to the town of Altdorf to see his father-in-law. Walter begged to be allowed to go too; Tell picked up his long bow and a quiver of arrows, took the child's hand in his, and started off along the mountain road.

"How far can you shoot, Father?" asked the boy.

"A good long way," said the father.

"As high as the snow on the mountains yonder?" and the young son looked up, up, to the glistening white peaks in the sky above.

"Not so far as that," said William Tell.

Pretty soon they came to the town.

"Father, look!" cried Walter. "There 's a red hat, with a long feather in it, stuck on a pole. What is it for?"

"Don't look at it, Walter," said the tall man, and a stern, determined look came into his face. Walter wondered why his father should look so cross at the sight of a hat, and why he gripped his own hand so tightly as he led him quickly past.

"Halt! In the name of the Emperor!" A soldier stepped out into the path, pointing his spear at William Tell. Walter's heart thumped as he saw the shining blade so near his father's breast.

"Let us alone, friend!" said his father. "Let us pass!"

"Not till you obey the Emperor's command. Not till you salute the hat."

William Tell would not bow. It was a little thing, just as the landing of tea in Boston harbor was a little thing, but it was a thing that meant a great deal.

"Help! Help! Treason!" shouted the soldier, and a crowd gathered about William Tell and the soldier and little Walter, whose hand was firmly clasped in his father's big one. Outside the crowd there was a jangling of swords and armor, a clanking of horses' hoofs.

"Make way for the Governor! Make way for the Governor!" shouted the military, and Gessler rode his horse into the group.

"What does this mean?" asked Gessler.

"This scoundrel here will not bow to the hat, my lord!"

"Who is he, that dares disobey my command?"

"'T is William Tell of Burglen, my lord."

"William Tell! William Tell!" said the Governor, scowling. "Ah, he is the great archer." And so saying, he turned to where William Tell stood, with the boy's hand in his.

"I hear you are a great shot, Tell," said Gessler. "They tell me you never miss the target."

"That is quite true, my lord," spoke up Walter. "My father can even hit an apple on a tree that is a hundred paces away."

"Is that your boy?" asked the Governor.

"He is, my lord," answered William Tell.

"I have heard a great deal about this boast of

yours that you can hit an apple from a long way off. I should like to see something of it. I tell you what we will do: We will put an apple on your son's head. You shall go a hundred paces away, and shoot at the apple. That will be easier than to shoot an apple on the tree! Come!"

"I would rather die, my lord," said William Tell.

"Very well," said the Governor. "But if you die your son shall die with you. If you hit the apple, you shall both live. But if you miss, you shall pay for it with death!"

The soldiers bound young Walter to a tree near by. An apple was brought and Gessler himself set it on the child's fair hair. The boy did not wriggle at all; the apple staid there, quite firm and still. He knew his father could hit it. He was not at all afraid. Was not his father the best shot in all the forest cantons?

"Clear a path, there!" Soldiers rode through the crowd, scattering the people right and left. Then two soldiers walked through the space, measuring off a hundred paces. William Tell took his place on the line that a soldier drew with his heel. He pulled an arrow from his quiver, looked at it carefully, and stuck it in his belt. Then he took out another one, felt it up and down, and fitted it to his bowstring.

He raised his bow. But a mist came before his eyes, and a cold sweat broke out on his brow. His arm trembled, and the bow fell from his strong, brown hand to the ground. The people groaned.

"Ah," murmured William Tell, and passed the

back of his hand across his eyes. His son! His own boy! He could not shoot.

But of all that great crowd of people, there was one who was not at all afraid.

"Shoot, Father!" shouted Walter from under the tree — carefully, so that the apple should remain steady on his head. "Shoot! I am not afraid."

William Tell picked up his bow and arrow. Once more the strong arm held the bow firmly out before him. For just an instant the clear eye looked along the smooth shaft. Then — *ping!* The bowstring snapped into place. The people gasped and rushed into the open space.

"I told you he could hit it!" said Walter, as the soldiers untied him from the tree. He stooped down carefully, so as to leave the arrow sticking in the tree. Somebody picked up the two pieces of the apple from the ground.

William Tell stood stock still, like a man in a dream. His great hand trembled as it fingered the arrow at his belt. Tears rose in his eyes.

"Father! Father!" shouted Walter, as he came running toward him. "I knew you could do it. I knew you could!" He leaped into his father's arms, and his father's face was buried in his hair as the strong arms closed about him.

"You are safe! You are safe!" was all he said.

The Governor rode up to them.

"That was a fine shot," said the Governor. "But tell me now, why did you put the first arrow in your belt? What was that for?"

"'T is an archer's custom, my lord, to have another arrow always ready."

"Ah, but in this case, what good would it have done you? Come, now — the truth! The truth!"

William Tell was silent. He looked down at his boy.

"Speak!" roared the Governor. "The truth, and I promise you your life."

"Well then," said William Tell, squaring his shoulders and looking straight at Gessler with his clear eyes, "hear the truth. If that first arrow had hit my child, why, then the second one would have flown toward your heart. And I would not have missed my mark a second time."

"You dare to tell me this?" roared Gessler. "I promised you your life. It shall be spent in prison. I will put you where you will never see the light of day again. A fine lot of good your bow and arrows will do you then. Tie him up! Tie him up, my men!"

So William Tell was bound, and dragged off toward the Governor's boat that lay in the lake close by. But all the time he kept the second arrow in his belt.

The leader from Uri stepped forward out of the crowd.

"This is against the law, my lord," he said. "It has always been the law in our cantons that no Swiss shall be imprisoned outside the canton where he lives. If William Tell has done wrong, he should be tried here in Uri. If you take him to your castle at the other end of the lake, you violate our ancient freedom and our rights."

"Your rights! Your freedom, forsooth!" shouted the Governor. "I'll teach you who makes the laws in these cantons!" and he strode off toward the boat.

Walter clung to his father. William Tell could not put his arms around the boy, for they were tied, but he bent over to kiss him.

"Be brave, my son," he said. "Go with thy grandfather. Go and comfort thy mother — "

The soldiers pushed Tell into a boat, and threw his bow and arrows on the bench beside him. The Governor and his escort got in, and the boat pushed off from the shore. Along the shore, the people of Uri watched it go, with sad faces and hearts full of anger. What had become of their ancient freedom, they wondered?

The boat sailed along lightly at first across the blue waters of Lake Lucerne. But presently the sky grew dark. The wind whistled down from the mountains, whipping the smooth water into angry waves. The boat tipped and tossed, and water came in over the side.

"The föhn," murmured the sailors and looked at each other in terror. "Föhn" was the Swiss name for the fierce storms that come down suddenly to tear the waters of their mountain lakes.

The wind whistled louder and the waves tossed high. They broke over the boat. The captain was an Austrian and did not know the Swiss lakes. He turned white with fear. Gessler sat in the stern, wrapped in his cloak.

"Tell! William Tell! He could save us. He knows the lake," said one of Gessler's followers.

"Unbind him and let him take the helm," ordered the Governor.

So they unbound Tell's arms, and he jumped to the tiller. Under his firm hand the boat steadied itself, and made toward a point that jutted out from the rocky shore. Tell watched that point, his clear eyes narrowed to keep out the beating rain. Suddenly he leaned over and picked up his bow and arrows. He turned to the side of the boat. With a great leap he sprang out toward the rocky point. The shove of his foot sent the boat out again into the lake, and the men saw him scramble out of the waves and up the bank. He was free.

William Tell went round the shore of the lake through the woods toward the Governor's castle at Küssnacht. There was a road that led from the lake up to the castle — a road that went between such steep banks that it was called the "Hollow Way." William Tell knew that if Gessler reached the shore he must pass through this narrow way to get home. After a long, hard climb, he reached the top of one of the steep banks over the Hollow Way, and hid himself there to wait.

The afternoon wore on. From time to time he heard footsteps on the Hollow Way. Then he would look out to see if it was the Governor, but time after time he found it was somebody else. The sun set. It grew late. If Gessler would only come before dark!

He heard a shout.

"Make way for the Governor! Make way!"

William Tell stood at the edge of the high bank. He pulled the second arrow from his belt, and fitted it to his bowstring. He raised his arm, and glanced along the shaft.

Ping! The Governor fell backward among his followers.

"Murder! Murder!" shouted the soldiers. "Who has done this murder?"

"The shot was mine," came a voice. They looked up, and saw the figure of a tall man high above them on the hillside. "It was no murder," said William Tell. "I have but freed the people from a tyrant."

The Swiss people will tell you to this day that it was William Tell's arrow which started Switzerland on the way to freedom. Some day, if you go to Switzerland to climb the snowy mountains, you will pass through Geneva, the city that stands at the end of the Lake of Geneva where the Secretariat of the League of Nations is now established. As you wander through the park beyond the University of Geneva, you will come to a high, smooth stone wall, which stands in front of the ancient walls of the city.

You will stop, perhaps, in front of the clear, narrow pool that lies before the hundred yards of wall, and look across the flowers reflected on its surface to the huge statues of Calvin and John Knox, and William the Silent, and Admiral de Coligny, and Oliver Cromwell, and Roger Williams — all men who have stood and fought for freedom of thought in this world.

Then you will find yourself walking along before

the great wall, and looking at the bas-reliefs that are carved there, and reading, over each scene, the words that are cut in the stone above the figures. You will see the Swiss bas-relief, with Calvin preaching in Geneva in 1534. Next to it you will see the French bas-relief, with Henry of Navarre signing the Edict of Nantes. Next to that you will see the meeting of the States-General in Holland in 1581, when the people of Holland met to free themselves from Spain.

"Subjects are not created of God for the Prince," you will read there, "that they may obey him in all it pleases him to order . . . and serve him as slaves, but rather the Prince is created for the subjects (without whom there can be no prince), in order to govern them according to right and reason."

You will see the German bas-relief, where the Elector Frederick William welcomes to Germany those who had had their liberty taken away from them again by Louis XIV in 1685. You will see, next to it, John Knox before the court of Mary Stuart in 1565, and over it you will read the familiar words, *Our Father, Which Art in Heaven, Hallowed Be Thy Name.*

Farther along, across the silvery pool and nodding flowers, you will see there, among the people of all the other lands who have struggled for freedom, the Pilgrim Fathers standing on the deck of the Mayflower, Elder Brewster kneeling with his hands crossed on the Geneva Bible, and with him John Carver, Miles Standish, William Bradford, and Edward Winslow. Over their heads you will read: "In the name of God, Amen. We . . . doe by these presents

solemnly & mutualy in ye presence of God, and one of another, covenant & combine our selves togeather into a civill body politick . . . and by vertue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes . . . as shall be thought most meete and convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, . . . Ano Dom. 1620."

Next, you will see the English. In that bas-relief the Lords and Commons are presenting the Declaration of Rights to William and Mary in 1688. "The Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons now assembled, in a full and free representative of this nation doe for the vindicating and asserting their auncient Rights and Liberties declare: that the pretended power of suspending of laws by regal authority without consent of Parliament is illegal . . . That election of representatives by Parliament ought to be free."

And last, you will see the Hungarian bas-relief, showing the presentation of the treaty of union with Austria in 1606, which says: "His Imperial and Royal Majesty . . . guarantees to all the free exercise of their forms of worship."

So perhaps you may have to go to Switzerland to be reminded that it was not only our ancestors who founded a free country, but that at the very time the Pilgrim Fathers were struggling for liberty of conscience, people all over Europe were making the same struggle. In Switzerland — thanks perhaps to William Tell's arrow — as well as in America, men found what they were seeking.

MARY LEE

THE MANNERS OF THE INDIANS

[In 1749 Benjamin Franklin was appointed Commissioner for the Province of Pennsylvania to Trade with the Indians. In this capacity he had opportunity to observe the customs of those neighboring tribes who came to treat with the white man. The following extract is from Franklin's "Remarks Concerning the Savages of North America." It is from the same hand, and the same heart, that helped to frame the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.]

Savages we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civility; they think the same of theirs.

Perhaps if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness, or none so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness.

The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors; when old, counsellors; for all their government is by the counsel or advice of the sages. There is no force, there are no prisons, no officers to compel obedience or inflict punishment. . . .

Having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leisure for improvement of conversation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base; and the learning on which we value ourselves, they regard as frivolous and useless. . . .

Having frequent occasions to hold councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting

them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories (for they have no writing), and communciate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve the stipulations in the treaties a hundred years back; which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact.

He that would speak rises. The rest preserve a profound silence. When he has finished he sits down, and they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, so that if he has omitted anything he intended to say . . . he may rise again and deliver it.

To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different this from the conduct of the polite British House of Commons, where scarce a day passes without some confusion, that makes the Speaker hoarse calling to order; and how different from the mode of conversation in many polite companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those you converse with and never suffered to finish it!

The politeness of these savages in conversation is indeed carried to excess, since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they avoid disputes; but it then becomes difficult to know their minds or what impression you make upon them. . . .

When any of them come into our town our people are apt to crowd them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private; this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners.

"We have," they say, "as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company."

There is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the strangers' house. Here they [strangers] are placed, while the old men go round from hut to hut acquainting the inhabitants that strangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary; and everyone sends them what he can spare of victuals and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, but not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, and so forth, and it usually ends with offers of service, if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessaries for continuing their journey; and nothing is exacted for the entertainment. . . .

My interpreter said to me one day: "If I go into a white man's house at Albany and ask for victuals and drink, they say: 'Where is your money?' and if I have none, they say: 'Get out, you Indian dog!' But if a white man in traveling through our country enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I do you: we dry him if he is wet; we warm him if he is cold,

and give him meat and drink that he may allay his thirst and hunger; and we spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on. We demand nothing in return."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE DRAGON FLY

THE day was set to a beautiful theme
By the blue of a dragon fly
That poised with his airy wings agleam
On a flower, as I passed by.

So frail and so lovely — a touch would destroy;
He seemed but a fancy, a whim;
Yet this gossamer thing is a breath of God's joy,
And Life is made perfect in him!

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

NOTE. — Perhaps you know a dappled creek where the silver minnows play, where water beeches overhang, and spotted jewel-weed grows, and the sapphire-waisted dragon flies poise and dart.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

SAINT PAUL

No man doth safely rule but he that hath learned gladly to obey.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves, when their time comes.

JOHN RUSKIN

TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

Lord of the Mountain
Reared within the Mountain,
Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a young man's prayer!
Hear a prayer for cleanness.

Keeper of the strong rain,
Drumming on the mountain;
Lord of the small rain,
That restores the earth in newness;
Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a prayer for fleetness.
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet of slothness.
Keeper of the paths of men,
Hear a prayer for straightness.
Hear a prayer for courage.
Lord of the thin peaks,
Reared among the thunders;
Keeper of the headlands,
Holding up the harvest,
Keeper of the strong rocks,
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!

Translated by George Cronyon

"YOUNG MAN, CHIEFTAIN,
HEAR A YOUNG MAN'S PRAYER!"

THE OPEN SKY

This is a beautiful world, and all who go out under the open sky will feel the gentle, kindly influence of Nature and hear her good tidings. The forests of the earth are the flags of Nature. They appeal to all and awaken inspiring universal feelings. Enter the forest, and the boundaries of nations are forgotten. It may be that sometime an immortal pine will be the flag of a united and peaceful world.

Enos A. Mills

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

In many an old tale a man was given three wishes but, as he was not told what to wish for, he often wished foolishly, and in the end found that he had received nothing. Now we may not have a magic wish with which to receive some fancied good, but we do have the answer to that great question of all times — the question which everyone has asked himself: "What is the best or greatest thing in the world?"

As men of both the ancient and the modern world asked themselves that question, so have wise men of many lands and many times tried to answer it. Of these answers, those of three scholars have attracted wide attention. One of these men, Paul, was a

Roman citizen nearly two thousand years ago. As he looked about him, he observed those things that kept men from getting the most out of life. He saw the beautiful Greek city of Corinth, famous for its luxury and its wickedness. The people were at strife with each other. One class was seeking pleasure only, another was begging on the streets. Paul realized that only one thing could make them all useful and happy. So when certain men there appealed to him for advice, he wrote a famous letter in which he told them what he thought was the best thing in the world.

Almost two thousand years later, Henry Drummond, a Scotchman who spent many years of his life in America, was asked to speak to a large body of students. As he looked into the faces of those young people, who had come from all parts of the country just because they were eager to know what things are most worth while in life, Drummond told them what he thought was the great gift to desire; and it was the same thing of which Paul had written to the people of Corinth.

The third scholar was a noted Russian writer. It was the sight of the great luxury of the nobility in Russia, and the abject poverty and misery of the peasants, that led this rich man, Tolstoy, to give up all his possessions that he might share the peasants' life. This man wrote a story in which he told us what he thought was really most worth the having.

Now what is this great possession about which the three scholars agree?

Here is a part of Paul's letter to the Corinthians, in which he tells them what he considers to be the best of all gifts: —

Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not;
Love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly;
Seeketh not her own;
Is not easily provoked;
Thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love, then, is the great good. Henry Drummond knew this, too. He showed that Love is made up of a number of small things and ordinary virtues which have common names and that these can be practised by every man in every place in life. This greatest of all gifts, he said, is made up of nine ingredients:

Patience. Love suffereth long. This is Love waiting to begin; not in a hurry; ready to do its work when the summons comes.

Kindness. Love is kind and active. God has put in our power the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them.

Longfellow wrote a poem about Florence Nightingale in which he speaks of her as "A lady with a lamp." We know that it was something more than her splendid organization of the nursing in the Crimean War that made the English soldiers bless Florence Nightingale; it was the kindness which prompted

her each evening, lamp in hand, to make her round of good-night visits to the wounded soldiers in her hospital.

Generosity. Love envieth not. Envy is a feeling of ill-will to those who are in the same line as ourselves, a spirit of covetousness.

Humility. Love vaunteth not itself. This means that after we have been kind, after Love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, we are to go into the background again and say nothing about it.

A story is told of a faithful old negro servant who discovered that his former mistress, then an old woman, was so poor that she had scarcely anything in the house to eat. Each night the old man filled a basket with food from his own scanty fare, secretly left it where it would be found in the morning, and slipped away, unnoticed.

Courtesy. Love doth not behave itself unseemly. Courtesy is said to be Love in little things. And the great secret of true politeness is Love.

Unselfishness. Love seeketh not her own. Look down the long roll of names which the world calls great. There is Joan of Arc, the young girl who, carrying the lily-embroidered banner of France, led her men into the thickest of the fight, in order that she might serve her native land. There is the long line of discoverers and inventors who have toiled often in poverty and weariness and discomfort that the world might be served.

Good Temper. Love is not easily provoked. We

are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness, but a want of patience, a want of kindness, a want of generosity, a want of courtesy, a want of unselfishness, are all shown in one flash of temper.

Guilelessness. Love thinketh no evil, sees the bright side, puts the best construction on every action. The possession of guilelessness is one of the great secrets of personal influence.

Some day when you read *Tom Brown's School-Days* you will realize that it was his belief in his boys that made Dr. Arnold, the great headmaster of Rugby, so beloved by all and such a powerful influence in his school.

Sincerity. Love rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. The sincerity of purpose which tries to see things as they are, and rejoices to find them better than suspicion feared.

Finally, Drummond showed why Love is the greatest of all possessions. He said: "In a single word, it is this: *It lasts.* What we are stretches past what we do, beyond what we possess. You will find, as you look back upon your life, that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of Love. The acts of Love which no man knows about — they never fail."

It was these last things that Tolstoy had in mind when he wrote his story, "What Men Live By." You will find it interesting to see in what a different

way Tolstoy taught the same great truths about Love as did Paul and Drummond. Here is a bit of the story: —

Once upon a time, an angel messenger was sent down to earth to guide the soul of a poor woman to Heaven; but when the angel found that the woman must leave two helpless babies behind, he thought it was too hard a fate. He could not bear to fulfill his task. God understood. God took the mother, and he told the doubting angel to live down here in this world for a time, in the form of a man, that he might learn three things: —

> What is in men,
> What is not given unto men,
> What men live by.

It was a bitter cold winter. Mikháïla, the former angel, found his human body full of pain and misery until a poor shoemaker was sorry for him and took him home. It was a shabby little home with few comforts, but when the workman willingly shared what he had, something wonderful shone through his face. It was the same with the man's wife. At first she was dismayed, even angry at the idea of taking in a stranger to be fed; but when she did agree to it, the light shone through her face too. In both the man and the woman Mikháïla saw the Love of God. He had learned the first lesson.

After the angel had lived there a year, working as the shoemaker's assistant, a proud and pompous rich man came one day to order a fine pair of boots —

boots which should be of such costly leather that they would wear a long time. And suddenly Mikháïla saw, right by the rich man's shoulder, his own comrade, the Angel of Death. No one else saw the Angel, but Mikháïla knew that Death must have been sent for the rich man's soul. And he said to himself: "This man is laying his plans to live on earth another year. He knoweth not that ere night he will be gone."

And he realized suddenly that this was his second lesson: It is not given unto men to know what is truly needed for their bodies, nor how long they may use their bodies.

Mikháïla lived and worked with the shoemaker, and waited until God should reveal to him the third truth also. And one day two little twin girls came to the cobbler's with a good woman who loved them dearly and cared for them as if they had been her very own, though truly she was not their own mother. And he recognized them as the children of that other woman, the dying woman whose soul he was to have guided to Heaven. And as he recognized them, he thought: "Their own mother besought me in behalf of the babies, because she feared that life would be too cruelly hard for them without her. And yet it has not been so. A stranger has been led to care for them tenderly and to find joy in doing it."

And when the Angel saw the loving kindness of this stranger, he beheld, indwelling in her, the spirit of God. And he learned his third lesson: What men live by.

MARY D. HUTCHINSON HODGKINS (*adapted*)

ABBOTSFORD

[On the banks of the Tweed, not far from the ruins of Melrose Abbey in Scotland, is Abbotsford, formerly the home of the novelist, Sir Walter Scott. Abbotsford is in that strip of country called, since the olden times, "The Borders," because it lies along both sides of the boundary between Scotland and England.

It is a region rich in legend and historic incident. In the wild fastnesses lived outlaw chieftains. Gypsies wandered over the line. And strange tales were told of stranger doings. The border minstrels made songs of these tales and passed them down from one generation to another. "Border Ballads" these songs were called.

Among the gray hills and purple moors of the Scottish Border, Scott bought the lands of an old farmstead, and here he built his home. He changed the name from "Clarty Hole" (meaning "Muddy Hole") to Abbotsford. And at Abbotsford were written the Waverley Novels, by one of the greatest of all story-tellers.

When Washington Irving came from America to visit Scott at Abbotsford, both writers were delighted with each other's company. This is the way Irving describes his welcome and his ramble over the moors with the "laird of the castle" and his dogs.]

THE ARRIVAL

The noise of my chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. This alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and noisy. In a little while, the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once, by the likenesses that had been published of

him. He came limping [1] up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound, of most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception.

Before Scott reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford. "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he; "ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."

I would have excused myself, having already made my breakfast.

"Hut, man," cried he, "a ride in the morning, in the keen air of the Scotch hills, is warrant enough for a second breakfast!"

I was accordingly whirled to the door of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast table. There was no one present but the family, which consisted of Mrs. Scott; her eldest daughter, Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen; Miss Ann Scott, two or three years younger; Walter, a well-grown stripling; and Charles, a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age.

I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome. I had thought to make only a morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly.

"You must not think our neighborhood is to be

[1] Scott was lame from childhood.

read in a morning, like a newspaper," said Scott. "It takes several days of study. After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey. I have some household affairs to attend to, but I will put you in charge of my son Charles who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and will tell you the whole truth about it, with a great deal more that you are not called upon to believe. When you come back, I'll take you out on a ramble about the neighborhood. To-morrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin, well worth your seeing."

Before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance was suddenly open before me.

THE DOGS OF ABBOTSFORD

Every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound who had received me — Maida, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft, silken hair, long, pendant ears, and a mild eye — the parlor favorite. When in front of the house, we were joined by an aged greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks Scott would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs, and speak to them.

Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a frolic. The old dog would keep on for a long time with solemn dignity. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of his young companions, and tumble him in the dust. Then with a glance at us, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," he would resume his gravity, and jog on as before.

"I make no doubt," said Scott, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters: what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

Another of the dogs, a little shamefaced terrier, with large glassy eyes, was one of the most sensitive little bodies in the world. If ever he whipped him, Scott said the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself from the light of day in a lumber garret, from whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping-knife, as if chopping up his victuals. Then he would steal forth with humiliated and downcast look, but would skulk away again if anyone regarded him.

While we were discussing the humors of our dog companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp barking from the smaller ones; but

it was some time before Maida was sufficiently roused to ramp forward two or three bounds and join the chorus with a deep-mouthed *bow wow*. He returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would receive blame or praise.

"Ay, ay, old boy!" cried Scott, "you have done wonders; you have shaken the hills with your roaring: you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida," continued he, "is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get it ready, that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first: but when it does go off, it plays havoc!"

Scott's animals were his friends. Everything about him seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance.

THE HEATHER AND THE FOREST

Our ramble took us on the hills commanding a wide view.

"Now," said Scott, "I have brought you, like the pilgrim in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts."

He went on to point out places celebrated in Scottish song. I saw a great part of the Border country spread out before me, and could trace the scenes of those poems and romances from his own pen, which had bewitched the world.

I gazed about me for a time with surprise. I beheld only a succession of gray waving hills, line

beyond line, as far as my eye could reach. The far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks. Yet such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England. I could not help speaking my thoughts.

Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave. "To my eye," he said at length, "these gray hills, and all this wild Border country, have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest gray hills; and if I did not see the heather, at least once a year, *I think I should die!*"

So accustomed had I been to see hills crowned with forests, and streams breaking their way through a wilderness of trees, that all my ideas of romantic landscape were apt to be well wooded.

"Ay, and that's the great charm of your country," cried Scott. "You love the forest as I do the heather; but I would not have you think I do not feel the glory of a great woodland. I once saw an immense stick of timber, just landed from America. It must have been an enormous tree when it stood in its native soil, at its full height, and with all its branches. I gazed at it with admiration. These

vast and ancient trees that have sheltered the Indians before the coming of the white man are the monuments and antiquities of your country."

We had not walked much farther, before we saw the two Miss Scotts coming along the hillside to meet us. The morning's studies being over, they had set off to take a ramble on the hills, and gather heather blossoms. They came bounding lightly like young fawns, their dresses fluttering in the pure summer breeze, and the dogs all sprang forward and gamboled around them, as the girls joined us with countenances full of health and glee.

WASHINGTON IRVING (*adapted*)

HERE ARE SWEET PEAS

HERE are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ringdoves' cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows; blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.

JOHN KEATS

NOTE. — These lines are taken from a long poem called "On a Summer's Day" — from which come also the lines commencing, "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill."

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S DAFFODILS

One of the most interesting entries in Dorothy Wordsworth's diary was made after she had been walking with her brother, the poet William Wordsworth, near their English cottage home at Grasmere. What they saw that day has been remembered through these many years, and all because of the daffodils.

"When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the waterside," wrote Dorothy. "We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last under the boughs of the trees we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road.

"I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them from the lake, they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. The wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up, but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of the one busy highway."

All the dancing beauty of the spring day the brother and sister enjoyed together, so that Dorothy's pen

made this lovely record, which was not to be forgotten by Wordsworth. If she had written simply, "Went to walk with William," as a less observing, less sensitive soul might have done, we should never have had this poem of his that lets us share their delight: —

DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth once wrote of his sister —

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love and thought and joy.

So in his daffodil poem you will see how he used many of Dorothy's own words and ideas. She gave him the key for the music of his stanzas, which have as graceful a motion as the waving flowers themselves.

"Still each spring that highway of gold renews itself," we are told. "Still the waves come dancing across the lake from under Place Fell, whose bracken-covered slope glows like fire and advances as the sunlight floods it, or turns to purple and recedes as a blue shadow lingers upon it, and the daffodils dance as merrily for the chance traveler as they did for Wordsworth and Dorothy. In March or April he may still 'wander lonely as a cloud'; for there has been little increase in the population of the vale. If he looks in Gowbarrow Park he will see the 'little colony' and realize the beauty of Dorothy's thought as to the mystery of their coming, for they are as isolated as were the passengers of the Mayflower when the sea floated them ashore. And he must walk a considerable distance beyond Gowbarrow Park

before the highway of gold will break upon his view. But, however far he walk and however long his quest, the finding of that pure gold will bring him as much wealth as it brought Wordsworth and Dorothy."

Long years after a poet makes word-pictures of what he sees and hears and feels, he may turn to the diary-in-verse where he has painted from his heart, with the brush of his mind. Wordsworth portrayed the gay flowers he and Dorothy had seen, and through his eyes thousands of people hold the picture in remembrance, as though all who read had walked with them on that golden day of daffodils. The whole world

> . . . could not but be gay
> In such a jocund company.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

THE WRITTEN WORD

THE written word, if it be clear
And keen and sure, may well endure
Full many a year and many a year.

If it be very strong and wise,
Of simple worth to needy earth,
It may outlast the centuries.

Yet, great or wonderful or clever,
Only a day perhaps 'twill stay.
If it be kind, 't will live forever.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

BEETHOVEN

OUTSIDE the gate of the palace of Prince Lobkowitz[1] in Vienna stood a short man, broad-shouldered and strong, his rugged face inclining to be ugly, partly because it was glowering with wrath. One side of his chin was pock-marked, but both his jaw and his forehead were wide, noble, and resolved. His lips protruded enough to increase the air of ferocity that anger gave him at the moment.

The short man was Ludwig van Beethoven. He stood facing the residence of his friend and patron, Prince Lobkowitz, and as his feelings reached a climax, he shouted at the entrance, "Ass of a Lobkowitz!" Then, refreshed by this act of forcible expression, he strode away.

What had so disturbed Beethoven that he felt compelled to roar out these words at the door of a prince and a friend who had given him valuable help? Alas, Beethoven, the greatest perhaps of all musicians, was too often moved to such outbursts. And this time it was only that a plague of a bassoon-player had failed to be present at a rehearsal of his opera. But if we are to know more of Beethoven than this famous incident can tell us, we shall do well to begin earlier in the story, before Beethoven had come to Vienna and when he was still a boy in the town of Bonn in Germany.

Bonn lies on the Rhine River, not far from the

[1] Pronounced lŏb-kŏ′vĭtz.

city of Cologne in Germany. At that time Germany was divided into a number of petty states or principalities, each with its ruling prince and court. These petty states were loosely associated in an Empire, and some of the princes had the title of Electors, because the Emperor was chosen by their votes.

At Bonn the Elector of Cologne maintained his court, and Beethoven's father and grandfather were singers in the Elector's choir. For this was an age when music was in high favor. Princes supported their own orchestras. Theatrical companies performed the operas of Mozart before the courts. Skilled organists and choirs performed an important part of the services of the Church.

Bonn was a fortunate birthplace for a boy who was to become one of the great masters of music. Yet the early years of Beethoven were far from easy. Happiness could hardly have had much place in his first acquaintance with his art. The Beethoven family was miserably poor. The boy's father determined that Beethoven should earn money as early as possible, and drove him to his practice at violin and piano without much regard for the boy's wishes, if not with actual cruelty. Beethoven himself says that he began the study of music at the age of four. At nine he could learn no more from his father, who had little to teach. It was long before he fell into the hands of a good instructor.

Beethoven suffered for a time from the teaching of a young man named Pfeiffer, who used to accompany

his father to the grogshops. The two men would come back at midnight, rout the sleepy child from his bed, and begin a lesson in music which might last until daylight. At a public school he learned his reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a little Latin. Even this rudimentary training stopped when he was thirteen. Later he learned what he could of Italian and French, but of education outside the realm of music Beethoven had almost nothing.

The young musician's first good teacher and good friend was Christian Neefe,[1] organist at the Elector's court. Neefe recognized the boy's great gifts, and declared that he deserved help. When Beethoven was eleven years old, Neefe wrote that he read music well at sight, played the piano easily and powerfully, and would "certainly become a second Mozart" if his abilities grew as they gave promise of doing. This was a high compliment for Beethoven, perhaps the highest that Neefe could have given him. For no one could then have foreseen how different from Mozart Beethoven would become, or what new realms of beautiful sound his genius was to discover.

Unhappy as Beethoven's early life in Bonn must often have been, it gave him, besides musical opportunities of no little value, two friendships in which he found comfort and learned what the well-governed and cultivated life of educated and understanding people could be. In 1782 he was introduced into the von Breuning[2] family. The widow von Breuning

[1] Pronounced nā'fă.
[2] Pronounced fŏn broi'nĭng.

had four children, one of whom was a daughter, Eleanore, to whom Beethoven later wrote when he had moved to Vienna. But Stephan von Breuning became his especial and lifelong friend. The father of the von Breuning children had died some years before in the attempt to save life in a burning castle. Their mother was the only person who could control Beethoven, for with his father growing more drunken and irresponsible as the years passed, and with all his family in poverty, Beethoven had received little training in socially acceptable conduct. The widow von Breuning won his respect, and was the best influence he had yet felt. She opened to him the pleasures to be found in books. He learned something of the literature of his own country, and grew to love our English authors as well.

Another friend of the years in Bonn was Count Waldstein,[1] a young nobleman eight years older than Beethoven. Waldstein was himself a lover of music, and soon was struck with affection for Beethoven. Visiting his shabby room, Waldstein gave him a piano, and helped him with money, allowing him to think that the money came from the Elector. This kindly deception spared the sensitiveness that Beethoven would have felt in accepting money from a friend. One of the most famous of Beethoven's sonatas for the piano is dedicated to Count Waldstein, and called the Waldstein sonata. The friendship of the two men has thus been preserved by the power of great music long after they themselves died.

[1] Pronounced vält'shtīn.

In 1787 Beethoven made his first visit to Vienna. A large number of the aristocratic and courtly society of that fashionable city were enthusiastic lovers of music, and formed a circle in which the talent of a performer or composer could find generous recognition. In this very circle Beethoven later won no little glory, but not much is known about his first visit to the Austrian capital. Two memories remained with him when he returned to Bonn, one of the Emperor Joseph, the other of Mozart.

There is a story of his playing the piano before the great Mozart, who listened somewhat impatiently, because he thought that Beethoven was merely doing his best with a carefully practised piece. But Beethoven was not playing music that had ever been heard before. He was improvising, "making up" his music as he played. When he saw that Mozart was giving little attention, he guessed that the master thought his playing prepared in advance. But he knew how Mozart could be made to listen to him. Confidently he asked the master himself to give him a theme, that is, a melody or musical idea on which he might improvise. Mozart gave him a theme, and Beethoven then played it so brilliantly and expressively, surrounding the original idea with exciting new harmonies and ornamentations, that Mozart told his friends, "This boy will be heard from some day."

All his life Beethoven had a faculty for improvisation which charmed and astonished the lovers of music who heard him. He could seize upon a theme of any sort and make it the source of variations and

harmonies of surprising originality and beauty, playing sometimes for an hour or more when he was absorbed in the flow of ideas that came to him. His listeners were filled with exultation or left with tears in their eyes. Once another musician who had written a string quartet (a composition for first and second violins, viola, and 'cello playing together) behaved toward Beethoven with a condescension that angered him, as if he were a much finer fellow than Beethoven could ever hope to be. Beethoven seized the sheets on which the 'cello part of his rival's quartet was written, set them upside down on the piano, banged out a tune from these inverted notes, and improvised on it so brilliantly that the other musician left the room to hide his envy and chagrin.

Beethoven's return from Vienna to Bonn was hastened by the sickness of his mother. After her death, it was natural that he should grow more intimate with his friends the von Breunings. They cherished the hours he spent at the piano improvising to them. Together they rambled for whole days through the country about Bonn.

When a national theatre was founded by the Elector, Beethoven played in its orchestra, keeping his position as assistant organist at the same time. From his duties he gained a practical knowledge which was of great value to him when later in his life he wrote the symphonies which great orchestras play in our own times wherever music is loved. He took part, too, in performing some of the best music of others, including, of course, operas by Mozart.

During Beethoven's last years in Bonn, his father became less and less fit to be the responsible head of a household. At last the Elector ordered a part of his father's salary to be paid to Beethoven in trust for the education of his brothers. In spite of disheartening and wretched conditions, Beethoven had by earnest work won his place as a musician. But he had won more. Rough and uncontrollable perhaps, he had nevertheless proved himself fit for responsibility. And although he had written very little music as yet, and none to compare with the operas, cantatas, and masses which Mozart had written in his early years, he had made his friends believe that he would some day arrive at greatness.

In 1792 Beethoven's life took a great step forward. The Elector sent him to Vienna to be taught by Haydn, who shared with Mozart the peak of musical renown. We may be sure that his friends Count Waldstein and the von Breunings heaped exhortations and hopes upon him as he set out for the Austrian capital.

But Haydn and Beethoven did not please each other. Haydn was an elderly man. The reputation of his music was wide and brilliant. He was busy, and perhaps impatient at giving his time to the exercises of a beginner. Beethoven was disappointed at Haydn's lack of interest, but perhaps he showed little promise of the sort that Haydn would have welcomed. Beethoven had little respect for what were considered the established rules in music. He was born to be a discoverer and to lead in a new age in

musical composition. The dramatic changes of harmony, the mighty structures of rhythm and sound which Beethoven conceived, have grown familiar to music lovers to-day, but to his contemporaries they were marvelously new and wonderful. All this Beethoven had not accomplished when he studied with Haydn, and the older man, shocked by the death of Mozart, whose music he loved, did not see in Beethoven the promise that he might have seen. When Haydn went on a visit to England, Beethoven went to another teacher, who was more conscientious in correcting his exercises, but who also seems not to have thought very highly of his talents as a composer.

Yet Beethoven was quick to make friends in Vienna, and if his teachers were not impressed with his genius, it won him the enthusiastic favor and friendship of men and women who helped him to success and reputation. For at that time a composer could not depend for his living on a general public who would pay money to hear his works or to hear him play. He must expect his support from the personal sympathy and generosity of the wealthy and the fashionable. Fortunately the higher social circles of Vienna formed a body of highly intelligent music lovers, and among them Beethoven rapidly became popular.

Prince and Princess Lichnowski [1] invited him to live in their house, and his playing and improvisation were an eager delight to them, as they were to many other Viennese nobles. All the remaining years of his life Beethoven made his residence in Vienna, and when

[1] Pronounced lĭk-nŏf'skĭ.

he was once hard put to it for money, and when generous offers were made to attract him elsewhere, several of his friends of high station banded together to assure him a sufficient income if he would stay in the capital.

That Beethoven should have won the affection of aristocratic Vienna is a tribute to his genius and to the patience of those that loved him, for he was not an easy man with whom to deal.

Beethoven had come to Vienna during the time of the French Revolution. It was the French Revolution that gave Napoleon his opportunity to make himself Emperor and then to lead the French armies against all the nations of Europe. The French revolted against their King and against the nobles who had oppressed them for so long, but one of the results of their rebellion was to enable Napoleon to seize the power over the State. Beethoven at first admired Napoleon, and wrote a great symphony in honor of him. He had just completed the score of this symphony, and the finished copy was lying on his desk with Napoleon's name on the title-page and Beethoven's underneath it, when the news was brought to him that Napoleon had made himself Emperor. Enraged at this act of personal ambition on the part of his hero, Beethoven published the symphony without Napoleon's name. It was called the "Eroica"[1] symphony. During the wars waged by the Emperor Napoleon against all Europe, the French armies twice entered Vienna, and

[1] Meaning "heroical." This is the third of Beethoven's nine symphonies.

once Beethoven's room was exposed to the musketry fire. Napoleon was finally defeated, and the great Congress of Vienna, at which some of the highest sovereigns and diplomats of Europe were present, met to arrange terms of peace. Beethoven was allowed to give a concert of his own works, and to send personal invitations to the sovereigns and all the great personages who were gathered in the city. It was then that his seventh symphony was played, with the solemn and exalted second movement, which is one of the favorite works of those who go to symphony concerts to-day. We can only understand Beethoven's eccentricities and his nobility too if we realize the intensity of his devotion to music and the sevenfold energy with which he threw himself into the creation of it. His great mind, his rugged body, his splendid imagination were so entirely absorbed in conceiving and creating his works that it is hard for us to appreciate the extent to which he lost himself in his task.

Beethoven deeply loved the countryside, and one of his most beautiful symphonies, called the "Pastoral" symphony, expresses his affection for fields and hills, for streams, for the splendor of the thunderstorm and the joy of the sunshine that follows it. It was his great pleasure to compose in the open meadows, pausing to scribble notes in the book of music paper that was always with him. But the streets of Vienna would do almost as well, and as he took his daily walk he would suddenly stop to snatch from the pockets of his blue frock coat the ready notebook, in which he would jot down some musical idea that occurred to him.

Once Beethoven was walking in the fields, as his habit was, now slowly, now hurrying forward as some idea excited his mind. Some oxen were making their way peacefully along, driven by a peasant. Suddenly Beethoven charged upon the little group, waving his arms and vociferating. The terrified oxen fled, and the peasant stood stupified, not knowing that this was the great musician, who was only beating time and singing in complete innocence of the surprise he had given the oxen.

A visitor once came to the composer's lodging when he was laboring hard at his great mass. There was no servant in the house, and nothing to make Beethoven comfortable. He had not eaten for twenty-four hours, but had shut himself up in his room where he could sing, shout, and stamp to his heart's content in his eagerness to bring the great music into the world. No wonder that he wrote great works when he gave them such devotion.

It is not known when Beethoven first learned that deafness was coming upon him. At first he was troubled by singing and buzzing in his ears, and sometimes found it hard to catch the words of people who spoke to him. A time came when he saw a peasant playing near by on a flute or pipe, and no sound reached his ears at all. Then he knew the worst, and his spirit almost broke with despair. Only his love of music, his thirst to find expression for the noble harmonies and rhythms that pressed forward in his mind, held him in courage. While he could, he kept his bitter knowledge to himself, secret and locked in his mind. But

gradually his deafness increased and became evident to his friends. The loss of his power to hear the world outside him compelled Beethoven to depend more than ever upon his imagination. Perhaps he became the greater because he was forced to give less attention to public performances, and was prisoned in that inner world of sound from which his own music came, and in which he now found depths and heights of noble expression he could not otherwise have reached.

Gradually he had not only to give up appearing in public concerts, but to give up conducting his own works as well. In 1822 he tried to conduct a performance of "Fidelio," but to his grief and distress he could not, and had to leave the orchestra. When his choral symphony and parts of his great mass were played at a concert for his benefit, Beethoven was present on the platform and gave the time to the leader. The performance ended, and the listeners gave the composer a tumult of applause. One of the singers turned Beethoven about so that he might *see* the appreciation of the audience, for he could not hear it.

He tried all sorts of ear trumpets, and consulted doctors, but there was no help. Toward the end of his life he thought that an ear trumpet helped him in playing to himself or to a few friends. But sometimes in soft passages his hands would make no sound at all, although they continued pressing down the keys as if Beethoven heard. Seeing the composer in such a plight, his friends could hardly control their feelings.

In 1815 Beethoven's brother Kaspar died, leaving

a son for whom he asked Beethoven to care. This duty had a train of evil consequences for the great composer. Beethoven lavished his whole capacity for love on the boy, who turned out to be worthless and disappointing. Beethoven first entered the boy in the university, where he failed. Then he put him in a technical school to learn a trade. The boy failed again. Beethoven was bitterly grieved. He himself had labored for a lifetime to accomplish the best that was in him to accomplish. The boy would make no such effort, and Beethoven could not understand him.

Toward the close of Beethoven's life, in December of 1826, Stephan von Breuning, whom he had met so long ago in Bonn and who had remained faithful through the years, came to the musician's bedside with another tried friend. And there too the young musician Schubert visited him. Beethoven saw some of Schubert's songs, and said that the young musician possessed the "divine fire."

On the 26th of March, 1827, Beethoven died. And as he passed, a tempest raged and hailstones beat the window, lightning flashed into the room, and thunder shook the house.

ARCHIBALD STONE

NOTE. — Shakespeare in literature, Michelangelo in art, and Beethoven in music, are names to be thought of together.

Beethoven's life was one of sorrow and disappointment. Such trials as he endured are given to some of the world's great ones, perhaps so that out of tragedy mighty souls may rise. To listen to Beethoven's music is to listen to the voice of one who has known and understood all that a human heart can hold.

SHADE[1]

THE kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun,
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, Oh weary one!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality;
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

[1] From *The Dreamers and Other Poems*, by Theodosia Garrison, copyright 1917; George H. Doran Company, publishers.

MOUNT VERNON[1]

Go, when the day is fine, down the river to Mount Vernon. There, following the path up from the shore among the trees, you will slowly come to where his tomb[2] is, the simple vault half up the hill, which vines partly cover, built according to his directions. From this you will still ascend among grass and trees, and pass up by old buildings, old barns, an old coach-house with the coach in it, and so come to the level green upon which the house gives, with its connecting side offices at either flank.

Inside the house, all through the rooms of bygone comfort so comfortable still, so mellowed with the long sense of home, you will feel the memory of his presence strangely, and how much his house is like him. He seems to come from his battles and his austere fame, and to be here by the fireplace. Here are some of his very books on the shelves, here the stairs he went up and down, here in the hall his swords, and the key of the Bastille that Lafayette sent to him. Upstairs is the room he died in, and the bed; still above this chamber, the little room where Martha Washington lived her last years after his death, with its window looking out upon the tomb where he was first laid.

Everything, every object, every corner and step, seems to bring him close, not in the way of speaking

[1] From *The Seven Ages of Washington*, by Owen Wister. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

[2] The tomb of George Washington.

MOUNT VERNON

of him or breathing of him, as some memorial places seem to speak and breathe their significance ; a silence fills these passages and rooms, a particular motionlessness, that is not changed or disturbed by the constant moving back and forth of the visitors. What they do, their voices, their stopping and bending to look at this or that, does not seem to affect, or even to reach, the strange influence that surrounds them. It is an exquisite and friendly serenity which bathes one's sense, that brings him so near, that seems to be charged all through with some meaning or message of beneficence and reassurance, but nothing that could be put into words.

And then, not staying too long in the house, stroll out upon the grounds. Look away to the woods and fields, whence he rode home from hunting. . . . Turn into his garden and look at the walls and the walks he planned, the box hedges, the trees, the flower beds, the great order and the great sweetness everywhere. And among all this, still the visitors are moving, looking, speaking, the men, women, and children from every corner of the country, some plain and rustic enough, some laughing and talking louder than need be, but all drawn here to see it, to remember it, to take it home with them . . . and no more disturbing the lovely peace of it than they disturbed the house.

For again, as in the house, only if possible more marvelously still, there comes from the trees, the box hedges, the glimpses of the river, that serenity with its message of beneficence and reassurance, that cannot be

put into words. It seems to lay a hand upon all and make them, for a moment, one. . . .

Then go down the hill again, past the old buildings, past the tomb, among the trees to the shore. As you recede from the shore, you watch the place grow into the compactness of distance, and then it seems to speak: "I am still here, my countrymen, to do you what good I can."

OWEN WISTER

SONG

APRIL, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

WILLIAM WATSON

TOM BROWN AT RUGBY

HIS FIRST TERM

Tom Brown was an English boy. But when we say that, we must put the accent not on the "English," but on the "boy"; for if you read about him in the story of *Tom Brown's School-Days*, you will see that he was very much like any straightforward American schoolboy. He liked to play football, and sometimes to play pranks, and to run hare-and-hound chases, and to swim, and do all the other things that you like to do yourselves.

The school Tom went to was what the English people call a public school, but what we should call a private boarding school, or preparatory school. Rugby is one of the famous schools of England, where for hundreds of years boys have prepared for the great universities. If you go to England some day, you may see Eton and Harrow and Winchester and Rugby, where boys sit on the same oak benches where their fathers and their grandfathers sat, and often wear the same kind of clothes that their fathers and their grandfathers wore. Some rooms in certain of those schools were made with beams that came from the ships of the Spanish Armada in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and if you look closely at the dark old beams, you can see cut there the initials of boys who later became famous statesmen, or kings, or poets, or scholars whose books we read to-day.

Tom Brown was the son of Squire Brown, who lived

in the Vale of the White Horse in England. When he was about twelve years old, it was decided that he was ready to go away to school, so one fine morning he and his father started off for Leicester, where the Squire was to put Tom on the stagecoach — it was before the days of railways — that would take him to Rugby.

Tom and his father had alighted at the Peacock at about seven in the evening; and having heard with unfeigned joy the paternal order of steaks and oyster sauce for supper in half an hour and seen his father seated cosily by the bright fire in the coffeeroom with the paper in his hand, Tom had run out to look about him, had wondered at all the vehicles passing and repassing, and had fraternized with the boots and ostler, from whom he ascertained that the tallyho was a tiptop goer, ten miles an hour including stoppages, and so punctual that all the road set their clocks by her.

After a royal supper, the Squire sent Tom off to bed, with a shake of the hand and a few parting words.

"Now Tom, my boy," said the Squire, "remember you are going, at your own request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear, with all your troubles before you. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel, blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul, bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you would n't have your mother and sister hear, and

you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

This was the first thing Tom thought of in the chill of that early morning, as he pulled on his clothes by the light of a candle. At ten minutes to three he was down in the coffeeroom, carrying his hatbox, coat, and comforter in his hand; and there he found his father tending a bright fire, and a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

Just as he is swallowing his last mouthful, winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds; Boots looks in and says, "Tallyho, sir," and they hear the ring and rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the Peacock.

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

"Young genl'm'n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper o' game, Rugby," answers Ostler.

"Tell young gent to look alive," says the guard, opening the hind boot [1] and shooting in the parcels.

"Good-bye, father. My love at home." A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hatbox and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! The ostlers let go their heads, and away goes the tallyho into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up. Ostler, Boots, and the Squire stand looking after them under the Peacock lamp.

[1] Baggage receptacle in the back of the coach.

When Tom arrived at the old school, which looked exactly as it did when his father had gone there, he saw a boy in a top hat dodge out to meet him. This was Harry East, whose aunt was a friend of Squire Brown's. "She wrote me that you were coming and asked me to give you a lift," East explained to Tom. So East took him up to the house where he was to live, and showed him the little study that they were to share, and the white bed, in a row of white beds, where Tom was to sleep. East was just about Tom's own age, and they became inseparable friends.

Next day was Sunday, a fine November morning, and the close [1] soon became alive with boys of all ages, who sauntered about on the grass, or walked round the gravel walk in parties of two or three. East pointed out all the remarkable characters to Tom as they passed: Osbert, who could throw a cricket ball over the rook trees [2] to the Doctor's wall; Gray, who had got the Balliol Scholarship — and a half holiday for the school by his success; Thorne, who had run ten miles in two minutes over the hour.

That afternoon Tom wrote to his mother, and there were so many interesting things to tell that he was just through when it came time for afternoon chapel. Then came that great event in his life, as in every Rugby boy's life of that day — the first sermon from the Doctor.

"More worthy pens than mine," says the author of *Tom Brown's School-Days*, "have described that scene. The oak pulpit standing out by itself above

[1] Campus. [2] Where the ravens, or rooks, roosted.

the school seats. The tall, gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there, Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke.

"What was it that moved and held us, three hundred reckless, childish boys? We listened to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another."

The next day Tom was put into the third form, and began his study of Latin and Greek. He learned, too, about the system of school government, which we should call "self-government." The boys in the "sixth form" or highest class, were responsible for the behavior of all the boys below them. If anything went wrong, it was they who had to answer to the Doctor for it. So it was their task to keep order among the younger boys. And the boys in Tom's class had to "fag" for the Sixth Formers, which meant running errands, and sweeping out their rooms for them. And each young boy in the school — as he "fagged," and swept, and cleaned candlesticks, and ran errands — knew that when he was a big fellow, in the Sixth

himself, he in turn would be responsible for the good behavior of the school, and would have younger boys to run errands for him.

Quite the most exciting thing for Tom this first half year was the great run of "hare and hounds," which started off from Whitehall, a place near by.

Tom, having girded himself with a leather strap and left all superfluous clothing behind, set off for Whitehall with East, whom he had persuaded to join, notwithstanding his prophecy that they could never get in, as it was the hardest run of the year. At the meet they found some forty or fifty boys, and Tom felt sure, from having seen many of them run at football, that he and East were more likely to get in than they.

After a few minutes' waiting, two well-known runners, chosen for the hares, buckled on four bags filled with "scent" (paper torn up into little bits to scatter behind them as a trail), compared their watches with those of young Brooke and Thorne, and started off at a long slinging trot across the fields in the direction of Barby.

Then the hounds clustered round Thorne, who explained shortly, "They're to have six minutes' law. We run in to the Cock Tavern, and every one who comes in within a quarter of an hour of the hares 'll be counted, if he has been round Barby church."

A minute's pause or so; then the watches are pocketed, and the pack is led through a gateway into the field which the hares had first crossed.

Here they break into a trot, scattering over the field to find the first traces of the scent which the hares throw out as they go along. The old hounds make straight for the likely points, and in a minute a cry of "Forward" comes from one of them, and the whole pack, quickening their pace, make for that spot, while the boy who hit the scent first, and the two or three nearest to him, are over the first fence, and making play along the hedgerow in the long grass field beyond.

Tom, East, and Tadpole had a good start, and are well up for such young hands; and after rising the slope and crossing the next field they find themselves up with the leading hounds, who have overrun the scent and are trying back.

Then comes the cry of "Forward" again from young Brooke, at the extreme left, and the pack settles down to work again steadily and doggedly, the whole keeping pretty well together.

Ill fares it now with our youngsters that they follow young Brooke, for he takes wide casts round to the left, conscious of his own powers and loving the hard work. However, they struggle after him, Tom and East pretty close, and Tadpole, whose big head begins to pull him down, some thirty yards behind.

Now comes a brook, with stiff clay banks from which they can hardly drag their legs, and they hear faint cries for help from the wretched Tadpole, who has fairly stuck fast. But they have too little run left in themselves to pull up for their own brothers. Three fields more and another check, and then "Forward" called away to the extreme right.

The two boys' souls die within them. They can never do it. Young Brooke thinks so too, and says kindly, "You'll cross a lane after the next field. Keep down it and you'll hit the Dunchurch road below the Cock," and then he steams away for the run in, in which he's sure to be first, as if he were just starting.

"Hang it all," broke out East, pulling off his hat and mopping at his face, all spattered with dirt and lined with sweat, from which went up a thick steam into the still, cold air. "I told you how it would be. Here we are, dead-beat; and yet I'm sure we're close to the run in, if we only knew the country."

"Well," said Tom, mopping away, and gulping down his disappointment, "it can't be helped. We did our best, anyhow."

So they found the lane and went limping down it, plashing in the cold, puddly ruts, and beginning to feel how the run had taken it out of them. The evening closed in fast and clouded over, dark, cold, and dreary.

"I say, it must be locking-up time, I should think," remarked East, breaking the silence, "it's so dark."

"What if we're late?" said Tom.

"No tea [supper] and sent up to the Doctor," answered East.

So the two boys went on, rather gloomy, and presently they met Tadpole, who had lost a shoe in the brook. The sight of him cheered them, for he was so much worse off than they. It got entirely dark, and they wondered what they should do, when along

came the lumbering Oxford coach, known to the boys as the Pig and Whistle.

It lumbered slowly up, and the boys, mustering up their last run, caught it as it passed and began scrambling up behind, in which exploit East missed his footing and fell flat on his nose along the road. Then the others hailed the old scarecrow of a coachman, who pulled up and agreed to take them in for a shilling; so there they sat on the back seat, drubbing with their heels, and their teeth chattering with cold, and jogged into Rugby some forty minutes after locking-up time.

They stole into the garden and were making for the servants' entrance, when they were caught by old Thomas (who was what we should call the janitor) and led straight away to the Doctor. He would not even hear of their brushing off the mud. As you can imagine, they were as frightened as ever a boy in a bad pickle could be.

The Doctor looked up from a boat that he was carving when they came into his study, all warm and bright with firelight. They told him how they'd run hare and hounds, and not been able to keep up, and how East had fallen off the coach, and then they stood trembling for his wrath.

"You're not hurt, I hope?" said the Doctor.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Well now, run upstairs, all three of you, and get clean things on, and then tell the housekeeper to give you some supper. You're too young to try such runs. Good night."

How they scuttled away, and what a fine meal the housekeeper gave them! At any rate, they forgot all about missing the great supper that the hares and hounds were having at the Cock Tavern.

The first term went by, with all sorts of happy work and play. Then came the time to go home. Tom and some of his friends chartered a coach of their own to go part of the way, and Robinson, a boy from one of the other houses, had chartered another. Tom and his friends had armed themselves with pea-shooters and bought a cornopean [1] so that they could have music on their way.

At last they get their baggage all on. Down comes Robinson's coach in a minute or two, with a rival cornopean, and away go the two vehicles, horses galloping, boys cheering, horns playing loud. There is a special Providence over schoolboys as well as sailors, or they must have upset twenty times in the first five miles — sometimes actually abreast of one another, and the boys on the roofs exchanging volleys of peas; now nearly running over a post chaise which had started before them; now halfway up a bank; now with a wheel and a half over a yawning ditch and all this in a dark morning, with nothing but their own lamps to guide them.

However, it's all over at last, and they have run over nothing but an old pig in Southam Street. The last peas are distributed in the Corn Market at Oxford, where they arrive between eleven and twelve and sit

[1] A sort of cornet.

down to a sumptuous breakfast at the Angel, which they are made to pay for accordingly. Here the party breaks up, all going different ways, and Tom orders out a chaise and pair as grand as a lord.

So the gorgeous young gentleman arrives at the paternal mansion, and Squire Brown looks rather blue at having to pay two pound ten shillings for the posting expenses from Oxford. But the boy's intense joy at getting home, and the wonderful health he is in, and the good character he brings, and the brave stories he tells of Rugby, its doings and delights, soon mollify the Squire, and no three happier people sat down to dinner that day in England than the Squire and his wife and Tom Brown, at the end of his first half-year at Rugby.

THOMAS HUGHES (*adapted*)

NOTE. — The *Spanish Armada* was a fleet of armed ships sent against England by Philip II of Spain. It was scattered and in great part destroyed by the English fleet, or by storms. A *boots* is a servant who cleans, blacks, and polishes boots, and an *ostler* is a stableman, or hostler. A *tallyho* is a kind of pleasure coach drawn by four horses, which are controlled by one driver. The *coffeeroom* of an inn is the public room where coffee and other refreshments are served.

A *comforter* is a knit woollen muffler, long and narrow. A *hamper* is a large basket, usually with a cover, and the *game* may have been grouse or venison, or whatever Squire Brown would be likely to provide. A *top hat* is a high silk hat. *Balliol* is a college of Oxford University. A *form* is a rank of students in a school — a class or grade.

"They're to have six minutes' law," means they were to be allowed six minutes' start. In certain sports, *law* is an allowance of time or of distance given to a weaker competitor, an animal in the chase, or the like. A *chaise* is a kind of carriage, and a *pair* here means a pair of horses.

TO BE AND TO DO

[A long time ago there was published in Boston a periodical called *Our Young Folks*. The editor-in-chief was Lucy Larcom, and to her the poet Whittier gave his help and encouragement.

Lucy Larcom was born in 1826 and as a young girl worked in a cotton mill at Lowell, Massachusetts. The mills were quite different in those days, when machinery was just beginning to take the place of home weaving. It was considered a fine, adventurous thing to go to a big mill and work on the new machines, and a very interesting and splendid thing, too. Most of the mill workers had come quite a distance from their homes, and as they journeyed by stage in those days when travel was slow, they were not able to return as readily as is possible to-day. They therefore formed a sort of community among themselves, so that besides doing the new work that interested them, they could continue the friendly, homelike things they had been brought up to do. In some of the mills the workers published a paper or magazine. That of the Lowell cotton mills was called *The Lowell Offering*, and it was for this paper that Lucy Larcom wrote her first poems — poems that came to the attention of Whittier.

Years later Lucy Larcom wrote the story of her early days in the book called *A New England Girlhood*, from which the following extract is taken.]

Every kind of work brings its own compensations and attractions. I really began to like plain sewing; I enjoyed sitting down for a whole afternoon of it, fingers flying and thoughts flying faster still, the motion of the hands seeming to set the mind astir. Such afternoons used to bring me throngs of poetic suggestions, particularly if I sat by an open window and could hear the wind blowing and a bird or two singing.

Nature is often very generous in opening her heart

to those who must keep their hands employed. Perhaps it is because she is always quietly at work herself, and so sympathizes with her busy human friends. And possibly there is no needful occupation which is wholly unbeautiful. The beauty of work depends upon the way we meet it — whether we arm ourselves each morning to attack it as an enemy that must be vanquished before night comes, or whether we open our eyes with the sunrise to welcome it as an approaching friend who will keep us delightful company all day, and who will make us feel, at evening, that the day was well worth its fatigues.

. . . . . .

I think, indeed, that every item of real knowledge I ever acquired has come into use somewhere or somehow in the course of the years. But these were not the things I had most wished to do. The whole world of thought lay unexplored before me — a world of which I had already caught large and tempting glimpses, and I did not like to feel the horizon shutting me in, even to so pleasant a corner as this.

. . . . . .

Something to do. It might be very little, but still it would be my own work. And there was the better something which I had almost forgotten — *to be!* Underneath my dull thoughts the old aspirations were smouldering; the old ideals rose and beckoned to me through the rekindling light.

It was always aspiration rather than ambition by which I felt myself stirred. I did not care to outstrip others and become what is called "distinguished,"

were that a possibility, so much as I longed to answer the Voice that invited, ever receding, up to invisible heights, however unattainable they might seem. I was conscious of a desire that others should feel something coming to them out of my life like the breath of flowers, the whisper of the winds, the warmth of the sunshine, and the depth of the sky. That, I felt, did not require great gifts or a fine education. We might all be that to each other. And there was no opportunity for vanity or pride in receiving a beautiful influence, and giving it out again.

. . . . . .

The true climber knows the delight of trusting his path, of following it without seeing a step before him or a glimpse of blue sky above him, sometimes only knowing that it is the right path because it is the only one, and because it leads upward. This our daily duty was to us. Though we did not always know it, the faithful plodder was sure to win the heights. Unconsciously we learned the lesson that only by humble Doing can any of us win the lofty possibilities of Being. For, indeed, what we all want to find is not so much our place as our path. The path leads to the place, and the place, when we have found it, is only a clearing by the roadside, an opening into another path.

And no comrades are so dear as those who have broken with us a pioneer road which it will be safe and good for others to follow; which will furnish a plain clue for all bewildered travelers hereafter. There is no more exhilarating human experience than this, and perhaps it is the highest angelic one. It may be that

some such mutual work is to link us forever with one another in the Infinite Life.

LUCY LARCOM

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE

THE weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain, and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,
Is the lighthouse tall on Fire Island Head?
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye,
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays."

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down, helm! hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's
frown.

High o'er the knightheads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for, "Mainsail, haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung:
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more:
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay, there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

WALTER MITCHELL

NOTE. — "The weather-leech of the topsail shivers." For these and some of the other nautical terms in this poem, see the notes following "I Was Born in a Storm at Sea." A *bowline* (pronounced bō′lĭn) is a rope used to keep the weather edge of the sail taut forward. A *sheet* is a rope or chain which regulates the angle at which a sail is set. A *brace* is a rope drawn through an eye in a block at the end of a yard, to swing it horizontally. *Full and by* is an order given to the helmsman to sail close to the wind but keep the sails full — that is, distended by the wind. *Stand by* is an order given to the crew to attend, prepared and waiting for orders. The helm is said to be *hard down* when it is put over to leeward as far as it can go. A *clew* is one of the two lower corners of square sails, or the after lower corner of a fore-and-aft sail. The *head-sails* are all the sails forward of the

foremast. *Belay* is an order to cease pulling or hauling; to make a rope fast to a belaying pin or other object.

Fire Island is a low spit of land about thirty miles long and from a quarter to a half mile broad, on the southern coast of Long Island, New York, between Great South Bay and the Atlantic Ocean.

A MIGHTY SOWING

ALONG one side of the great Water Gate at the World's Fair ran the inscription: —

TO THE BRAVE CITIZENS WHO LEVELED FORESTS,
CLEARED FIELDS, MADE PATHS BY LAND AND WATER,
AND PLANTED COMMONWEALTHS

The planting of America was a splendid task. Arms ached and backs bent as the vast forests fell; sweat and hard labor went into the untangling of the thorny fields. Every new road crossed a hostile trail; every nameless river led into unseen peril. Slowly and resistlessly the pioneers cleared the wilderness. There was much to fear, there was much to overcome, there was much to endure. But, also, there were commonwealths to be planted, and the planting would not wait.

Our forefathers did not flinch. Awed by no adversary, daunted by no calamity, they prepared strange soil for the old seeds of liberty, equality, and law — praying as they plowed, and watering the furrows with their blood and tears.

Then, sowing the precious seed, they kept watch over it at any cost, even at the cost of life itself. That was their part. It shall be our glorious part to see to the harvest.

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS

[Not many years ago, a girl by the name of Sarah Orne Jewett spent many hours driving over the New England countryside near the little town of South Berwick, Maine. The companionship of his daughter lent peculiar joy to Doctor Jewett as he made the long daily rounds of a country physician. Through his eyes Sarah came to love Nature's way of trailing beauty through the passing seasons, and to love, as well, the grace of human nature. For her father gave her the key to a secret not all the world knows: that in hidden places Hardship is ever beckoning lovely folk to live with her — sturdy folk and weak folk, who bear banners of courage, patience, tenderness.

While Miss Jewett was still a young woman, she began to tell this secret with her pen. The pages of her books fairly breathe of the salt sea and the scent of pointed firs, and in strong silhouette against this atmosphere stand the lives of her rugged fishermen and busy farmers' wives.

The Country of the Pointed Firs reads as though it were the real story of a summer spent by the author on the Maine coast. Her boarding-mistress has a remarkable knowledge of the healing power of the herbs in her garden and in the woods and pastures. With kindly amusement Miss Jewett tells of the oddities of this woman; but of her wise and gentle ways she tells us far more.

Beside this Mrs. Todd there is, at Dunnet Landing, Captain Littlepage, who has known a life of strange adventure along the shore. Many would have ridiculed the unpolished speech of these people, but Miss Jewett turned her intimate key of appreciation and unlocked treasures of sincerity, friendliness, and genuine wisdom. With a quiet and delightful humor she lets us become acquainted with Mrs. Todd until, too soon, we reach this final chapter of her story.]

At last it was the time of late summer, when the house was cool and damp in the morning, and all the light seemed to come through green leaves; but at the first step out of doors the sunshine always laid a

warm hand on my shoulder, and the clear, high sky seemed to lift quickly as I looked at it. There was no autumnal mist on the coast, nor any August fog; instead of these, the sea, the sky, all the long shore line and the inland hills, with every bush of bay and every fir-top, gained a deeper color and a sharper clearness. There was something shining in the air, and a kind of lustre on the water and the pasture grass — a northern look that, except at this moment of the year, one must go far to seek. The sunshine of a northern summer was coming to its lovely end.

The days were few then at Dunnet Landing, and I let each of them slip away unwillingly as a miser spends his coins. . . .

Once I had not even known where to go for a walk; now there were many delightful things to be done and done again, as if I were in London. I felt hurried and full of pleasant engagements, and the days flew by like a handful of flowers flung to the sea wind.

At last I had to say good-by to all my Dunnet Landing friends, and my homelike place in the little house. . . . There may be restrictions to such a summer's happiness, but the ease that belongs to simplicity is charming enough to make up for whatever a simple life may lack, and the gifts of peace are not for those who live in the thick of battle.

I was to take the small unpunctual steamer that went down the bay in the afternoon, and I sat for a while by my window looking out on the green herb garden, with regret for company. . . . At last I

heard a footstep and looked up to find that Mrs. Todd was standing at the door.

"I 've seen to everything now," she told me in an unusually loud and business-like voice. "Your trunks are on the w'arf by this time. . . . Yes, I 've seen to all your 'rangements," she repeated in a gentler tone. "These things I 've left on the kitchen table you 'll want to carry by hand; the basket need n't be returned. I guess I shall walk over towards the Port now an' inquire how old Mis' Edward Caplin is."

I glanced at my friend's face, and saw a look that touched me to the heart. I had been sorry enough before to go away.

"I guess you 'll excuse me if I ain't down there to stand round on the w'arf and see you go," she said, still trying to be gruff. "Yes, I ought to go over and inquire for Mis' Edward Caplin: it 's her third shock, and if Mother gets in on Sunday she 'll want to know just how the old lady is."

With this last word Mrs. Todd turned and left me as if with sudden thought of something she had forgotten, so that I felt sure she was coming back, but presently I heard her go out of the kitchen door and walk down the path toward the gate. I could not part so; I ran after her to say good-by, but she shook her head and waved her hand without looking back when she heard my hurrying steps, and so went away down the street.

When I went in again the little house had suddenly grown lonely, and my room looked empty as it had the day I came. . . .

I found the little packages on the kitchen table. There was a quaint West Indian basket which I knew its owner had valued, and which I had once admired; there was an affecting provision laid beside it for my seafaring supper, with a neatly tied bunch of southernwood and a twig of bay, and a little old leather box which held the coral pin that Nathan Todd brought home to give to poor Joanna.

There was still an hour to wait, and I went up to the hill just above the schoolhouse and sat there thinking of things, and looking off to sea, and watching for the boat to come in sight. I could see Green Island, small and darkly wooded at that distance; below me were the houses of the village with their apple trees and bits of garden ground. Presently, as I looked at the pastures beyond, I caught a last glimpse of Mrs. Todd herself, walking slowly in the footpath that led along, following the shore toward the Port. At such a distance one can feel the large, positive qualities that control a character. Close at hand, Mrs. Todd seemed able and warm-hearted and quite absorbed in her bustling industries, but her distant figure looked mateless and appealing, with something about it that was strangely self-possessed and mysterious. Now and then she stooped to pick something, — it might have been her favorite pennyroyal, — and at last I lost sight of her as she slowly crossed an open space on one of the higher points of land, and disappeared again behind a dark clump of juniper and the pointed firs.

As I came away on the little coastwise steamer, there was an old sea running which made the surf leap high on all the rocky shores. I stood on deck, looking back, and watched the busy gulls agree, and turn, and sway together down the long slopes of air, then separate hastily and plunge into the waves. The tide was setting in, and plenty of small fish were coming with it, unconscious of the silver flashing of the great birds overhead and the quickness of their fierce beaks. The sea was full of life and spirit, the tops of the waves flew back as if they were winged like the gulls themselves, and like them had the freedom of the wind.

Out in the main channel we passed a bent-shouldered old fisherman bound for the evening round among his lobster traps. He was toiling along with short oars, and the dory tossed and sank and tossed again with the steamer's waves. I saw that it was old Elijah Tilley, and though we had so long been strangers we had come to be warm friends, and I wished that he had waited for one of his mates, it was such hard work to row along shore through rough seas and tend the traps alone. As we passed I waved my hand and tried to call to him, and he looked up and answered my farewells by a solemn nod.

The little town, with the tall masts of its disabled schooners in the inner bay, stood high above the flat sea for a few minutes, then it sank back into the uniformity of the coast, and became indistinguishable from the other towns that looked as if they were crumbled on the furzy-green stoniness of the shore.

The smaller outer islands of the bay were covered among the ledges with turf that looked as fresh as the early grass; there had been some days of rain the week before, and the darker green of the sweet fern was scattered on all the pasture heights. It looked like the beginning of summer ashore, though the sheep, round and warm in their winter wool, betrayed the season of the year as they went feeding along the slopes in the low afternoon sunshine. Presently the wind began to blow, and we struck out seaward to double the long sheltering headland of the cape, and when I looked back again, the islands and the headland had run together, and Dunnet Landing and all its coasts were lost to sight.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

NOTE. — For every harbor from which a ship sets sail there is a port that waits. There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered and enjoyed when we are "Outward Bound."

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

THE diacritical (distinguishing) marks employed are those used in the latest edition of Webster's New International Dictionary.

The principal accent is indicated by a heavy mark (′), and the secondary accent by a lighter mark (′), at the end of the syllable. Syllable division is indicated by a light hyphen, except where this is replaced by an accent mark, or by a heavier hyphen used to join the members of words written with a hyphen.

ā as in fāte
å as in senåte
â as in câre
ă as in ăm
ă as in finăl
ä as in fäther
ȧ as in ȧsk
ȧ as in *ȧ*bound

ē as in ēve
ĕ as in ĕvent
ĕ as in ĕnd
ĕ as in recĕnt
ē as in evēr

ī as in īce
ĭ as in admĭt

ō as in ōld
ȯ as in ȯbey
ô as in lôrd
ŏ as in fŏrest
ŏ as in cŏnnect
o͝o as in so͝oft

oi as in noisy
o͞o as in mo͞on
o͝o as in wo͝ol
ou as in out

ū as in ūse
u̇ as in u̇nite
û as in fûrl
ŭ as in ŭp
ŭ as in circ*ŭ*s

K for ch, as in German *ach*
ŋ like ng
N French nasal tone, as in *bon* (bôN)
th as in thin
t͟h as in then
' as in pardon (pär'd'n)

VOCABULARY

Agora (ăg′ō-rȧ), the market square in an ancient Greek city, used as a place of assembly.

alchemic (ăl-kĕm′ĭk), pertaining to alchemy, the chemical science of the Middle Ages, the great objects of which were to change baser metals into gold and to find a means of indefinitely prolonging life.

Alcibiades (ăl′sĭ-bī′ȧ-dēz), an Athenian politician and general (450–404 B.C.).

Alexander (ăl′ĕg-zăn′dēr), called "The Great," a king of Macedon (356–323 B.C.).

Altdorf (ält′dôrf), the capital of Uri canton, Switzerland.

Antæus (ăn-tē′ŭs), in Greek mythology, a giant overcome by Hercules.

Arc de Triomphe (ärk′dē trē′ôNf′), the largest triumphal arch in the world, heading the Champs Élysées in Paris.

Areopagus (ăr′ē-ŏp′ȧ-gŭs), a hill west of the Acropolis, Athens, where sat a high court; also, the court.

Argonne (är′gŏn′), a wooded region in Northern France, the scene of battles in 1918.

Assiout (äs′sē-ōōt′), a town on the Nile, in Upper Egypt.

Balfour (băl′fo͝or), Arthur James, a British statesman and essayist (1848–).

Bastille (bȧs-tēl′), a former castle or fortress in Paris, used as a prison, especially for political offenders. It was stormed July 14, 1789, by the populace, who demolished it.

Beatty (bē′tĭ), Sir David, an English admiral (1871–).

Beethoven (bā′tō-vĕn), Ludwig van, a Prussian composer (1770–1827).

Belleau (bĕ′lō′) **Wood,** the scene of a battle in 1918, near the village of Belleau in Northeastern France.

Bengal (bĕn-gôl′), a province in India of which Calcutta is the capital.

Big Ben, the name given to the bell in the clock-tower of the Houses of Parliament, London. It is said to be the largest bell in England.

Border, the, or **the Borders,** the districts along the boundary between Scotland and England.

Briand (brē-äN′), Aristide, a French statesman (1862–).

Burglen (bürĸ′lĕn), a village in Uri canton, Switzerland; the legendary birthplace of William Tell.

Cæsar (sē′zär), Caius Julius, a Roman general, statesman, and writer (100–44 B.C.).

Canterbury (kăn′tẽr-bĕr-ĭ), a city in England, seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cantigny (käN′tē′nyē′), a village in Northern France, the scene of an important battle in 1918.

canton (kăn′tŏn; kăn-tŏn′), one of the states of the Swiss Confederation.

cap, a size of writing paper, as flat *cap*, foolscap, legal *cap*.

cenotaph (sĕn′ô-tăf), an empty tomb or a monument erected in honor of a person buried elsewhere.

Cervantes Saavedra (thĕr-vän′tās sä′ä-vā′drä; *English* sẽr-văn′-tēz), Miguel de, a Spanish author (1547–1616).

Châlons-sur-Marne (shä′ lôN′-sür-märn′), a city in Northeastern France; the scene of battles in the years 451 and 1914.

Champagne (shäN′pàn′y′; *English* shăm-pān′), an old province in Northeastern France, where many battles of the World War were fought.

Champs Élysées (shäN′-zā′lē′zā′), an avenue in Paris celebrated for its beauty; it is the fashionable drive and promenade of the city. The name translated into English means "Elysian Fields."

Château-Thierry (shä′tō′-tyē′rē′), a town in Northeastern France on the Marne River, where the Battle of Château-Thierry was fought in 1918.

Chopin (shō′păN′), Frédéric François, a Polish-French pianist and composer (1809–1849).

Coblenz (kō′blĕnts), a commercial and manufacturing city in Germany, on the Rhine River; the seat of the American occupation (1918–1923).

Coligny (kô′lēn′yē′), Gaspard de, a French admiral and Huguenot leader (1519–1572).

Columba (kŏ-lŭm′bȧ), Saint, an Irish missionary to Scotland (521–597).

Corinth (kŏr′ĭnth), an important ancient city in Southern Greece.

The city of New Corinth in Greece is about three miles from the site of the ancient city, on the Gulf of Corinth.

coupstick (kōō′stĭk′), a stick or switch used among certain American Indians in making or counting a coup (kōō). A *coup* is the act of striking or touching an enemy in warfare with the hand or at close quarters, as with a short stick, in a manner that counts the stroke as an act of bravery; hence, any of various other deeds recognized by custom as acts of marked bravery or honor.

Crimean (krĭ-mē′ăn) **War,** a war (1854–1856) the chief seat of which was the Crimea, a peninsula in Southern Russia. It was waged between Russia on the one side and Turkey and its allies — England, France, and Sardinia — on the other.

croix de guerre (krwä′dē gâr′), a French cross of bronze, suspended by a green ribbon with red stripes, awarded to officers or soldiers for gallant action in war. It was instituted by decree of April 9, 1915. The words *croix de guerre* mean "war cross."

Cromwell (krŏm′wĕl), Oliver (1599–1658), an English general and statesman, who became Lord Protector of the Commonwealth after the Civil War in England.

curragh (kŭr′*a*; kōōr′ăĸ), a coracle, or small boat made by covering a wicker frame with hide, cloth, or the like. It was used by the ancient Britons and is still used in Wales and Ireland.

Delium (dē′lĭ-*ŭm*), an ancient seaport of Bœotia (bē-ō′shĭ-*a*), Greece, on the east coast, where a battle took place in 424 B.C.

Delos (dē′lŏs), a celebrated Grecian island, one of a group of islands in the Ægean Sea.

Delphi (dĕl′fī), a town in ancient Greece containing the oracle of Apollo.

doughboy (dō′boi′), the slang term for a United States infantryman.

Drummond (drŭm′*ŭ*nd), Henry, a Scottish clergyman and author (1851–1897).

Dundee (dŭn-dē′), a seaport town in Scotland.

Durban (dûr′băn), a seaport town in the province of Natal, in the Union of South Africa.

Edict (ē′dĭkt) **of Nantes** (nănts), a public notice issued by Henry IV of France giving toleration to Protestants. Nantes is a city in Northwestern France, on the Loire (lwär) River.

Edinburgh (ĕd′n-bŭr-ō), the capital of Scotland.

epitome (ĕ-pĭt′ō-mē), a brief summary; a compact representation of anything.

Faneuil Hall (făn′l; făn′yĕl; fŭn′l; *the last is the oldest pronunciation, still often heard; the others are due to the influence of the spelling*). A market building containing a public hall in Boston, Massachusetts. In it were held the meetings of the Revolutionary patriots in Massachusetts (whence its name, the "Cradle of Liberty").

Fayum (fī′yōōm′), a province in the northern part of Upper Egypt.

Fidelio (fē-dā′lyō), an opera by Beethoven.

Flanders (flăn′dērz), a former district of Europe, now chiefly in Belgium and France.

Foch (fôsh), Ferdinand, a French marshal (1851–).

föhn (fûn), a moist south wind in Switzerland; a storm.

Frederick William, an Elector of Brandenburg (1620–1688). An *elector* was a prince entitled to vote for the king.

Gessler (gĕs′lēr), Hermann, in Swiss legendary history, an imperial magistrate in Uri and Schwyz, shot by William Tell.

Ghirlandaio (gēr′län-dä′yō), Domenico, a Florentine painter (1449–1494).

Governor's Island, a fortified island in New York Bay, belonging to the United States Government.

Grasmere (grȧs′mēr), a town in England where the poet Wordsworth lived.

Grenfell (grĕn′fĕl), Wilfred T., a medical missionary and author, well known for his work among the people of Labrador.

grogshop (grŏg′shŏp′), a shop where intoxicating liquors are sold.

Haig (hāg), Sir Douglas, an English field marshal (1861–).

Havre (hä′vēr), a seaport town in Northern France.

Haydn (hā′d'n; *German* hī′d'n), Joseph, a German composer (1732–1809).

Henry of Navarre (nȧ-värʹ), Henry IV, a king of France (1553–1610).

Hippocrates (hĭ-pŏk′rȧ-tēz), a Greek physician (460–359? B.C.).

Home Office, the office of that department of the British Government which manages the internal affairs of the country.

jack plane, a joiner's plane used for coarse work.

Joffre (zhŏ′fr'), Joseph Jacques Césaire, a French general and commander in chief (1852–).

Knox, John, a Scottish religious reformer (1513?–1572).

Küssnacht (kŏŏs′näĸt), a town in the canton of Schwyz, Switzerland.

Latin Quarter, a quarter of Paris that has been frequented for centuries by the student class.

Lille (lēl), a fortified city in Northeastern France.

Lloyd George (loid′jôrj′), David, a British Statesman (1863–).

Lobos (lō′bŏs), **Point,** on the southern side of the Golden Gate, San Francisco, California.

Louis (lŏŏ′ĭ) **XIV,** the king of France who reigned from 1643 to 1715 (1638–1715).

Marne (märn), a department (territorial division) of Northeastern France; also a river in Northeastern France flowing into the Seine, the scene of battles during the World War.

Marseillaise (mär′sĕ-lāz′; *French* mȧr′sĕ′yâz′), the national song of republican France, sung first by a band of men from Marseilles in 1792.

marshal (mär′shăl), a general officer of the highest rank in various foreign countries.

Mary Stuart (stū′ȧrt), Mary Queen of Scots (1542–1587).

matin (măt′ĭn), of or pertaining to the morning, especially the early morning.

Maupassant, de (dĕ mō′pȧ′säN′), Guy, a French novelist and writer of short stories (1850–1893).

Medici, de' (dā mĕd′ê-chē), Lorenzo I (lŏ-rĕn′zō), called "The Magnificent," a prince of Florence; a poet, scholar, and patron of art and literature (1449–1492).

Michelangelo (mī′kĕl-ăn′jĕ-lō) **Buonarroti** (*Italian* mē′kĕl-än′jȧ-lō-bwô′när-rô′tē), an Italian painter, sculptor, and architect (1475–1564).

mile, nautical (nô′tĭ-kăl), in the United States, 6080.20 feet.

Millerand (mēl′räN′), Alexandre, a French statesman (1859–).

Mozart (mō′zärt; *German* mō′tsärt), Wolfgang Amadeus, an Austrian composer (1756–1791).

Napoleon (nȧ-pō′lê-ŭn; *French* nȧ′pô′lā′ôN′) **I,** Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821), the great general who became Emperor of France; he met defeat at Waterloo and died in exile.

Navajo (năv′ȧ-hō), one of a tribe of American Indians living in Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah.

Nelson (nĕl′sŭn), Horatio, an English admiral (1758–1805).

oracle (ŏr′ȧ-k'l), among the ancient Greeks, the medium, as a priest, by which a god revealed hidden knowledge or divine purpose; also, the place where the revelation was given.

Pantheon (păn′thē-ŏn), a temple dedicated to all the gods, especially the building so called at Rome; a building resembling the Roman Pantheon, especially a building where rest the famous dead of a nation, as Westminster Abbey.

Pétain (pā-tăN′), Henri Philippe, a French general in the World War, commander in chief of the French armies.

"Pickwick Papers, The," a novel by Charles Dickens, of which the hero is Mr. Pickwick, notable for his good-heartedness and simplicity. He founds a club called after him, and, with other members under his guidance, travels over England, meeting with laughable adventures.

Place de la Concorde (plăs dē lä kôN-kôrd′), a noted square in Paris, north of the Seine and west of the Tuileries.

Plato (plā′tō), a Greek philosopher (427–347 B.C.).

plumb bob, a weight at the end of a line to indicate a vertical direction.

poilu (pwȧ′lōō′), a French soldier.

Port Natal (nȧ-tăl′), a seaport in the province of Natal, Union of South Africa.

Potidæa (pŏt′ĭ-dē′ȧ), an ancient city of Macedonia, the site of which is southeast of Salonika, Greece.

prefect (prē′fĕkt), the chief administrative officer of a department (territorial division) in France.

premier (prē′mĭ-ēr), the first minister of state; more generally, chief officer; especially, the prime minister, as of France.

Propylæa (prŏp′ĭ-lē′ȧ), the monumental gateway to the Acropolis at Athens, begun in 437 B.C.

Protagoras (prō-tăg′ō-răs), a Greek teacher of rhetoric, philosophy, and conduct (481?–411 B.C.).

quixotic (kwĭk-sŏt′ĭk), romantic to extravagance; absurdly chivalric, like Don Quixote (dŏn kwĭk′sōt; *Spanish* dōn kē-hō′tā), the hero of a Spanish romance by Cervantes.

rabbinate (răb′ĭ nāt), the office or function of a rabbi, or Jewish teacher.

Raphael (răf′ā-ĕl), an Italian painter (1483–1520).

Renaissance (rĕn′ĕ-sänS′), the revival of classical art and learning in Europe, marking the transition from the Middle Ages to modern times.

Rennie (rĕn′ĭ), John, a British engineer and architect (1761–1821).

rostrum (rŏs′trŭm), a stage for public speaking. (For the origin of this meaning, consult a large dictionary.)

Saint-Mihiel (săN′mē′yĕl′), a town in Northeastern France on the Meuse River, the scene of a battle in 1918.

Santa Barbara (săn′*tȧ* bär′b*ȧ*-r*ȧ*), a city in Southwestern California.

Saul, an oratorio by Handel containing a notable march called the "Dead March."

Schubert (shōō′bērt), Franz, an Austrian composer (1797–1828).

Schwyz (shvēts), a canton in Central Switzerland.

sheepwalk (shēp′wôk′), a pasture for sheep.

Sistine (sĭs′tēn) **Chapel,** the Pope's private chapel in the Vatican.

Socrates (sŏk′r*ȧ*-tēz), an Athenian philosopher (469–399 B.C.).

Somme (sôm), a river in Northern France, where battles were fought in 1916 and 1918.

southernwood (sŭ*th*′ērn-wōōd′), a shrubby European wormwood cultivated in gardens for the pleasant-scented foliage.

stave (stāv), a stanza.

Strasbourg (*French* strȧs′bōōr′; *English* străs′bûrg), a city in Alsace which was taken from France by Germany in 1871, and returned to France in 1919. The German spelling is Strassburg (shträs′bōōrK).

Sunda (sŭn′d*ȧ*) **Strait,** a strait between Java and Sumatra, which is sixteen miles broad at the narrowest part.

Suresnes (sōō′rân′), a manufacturing town in France, west of Paris.

Tagore (t*ȧ*-gōr′), Sir Rabindranath, a Bengali poet (1861–).

Tampico (tăm-pē′kō), a seaport city in Mexico.

Theseus (thē′sūs), the Greek hero who slew the Minotaur.

Thomas à Kempis (tŏm′*ăs ȧ* kĕm′pĭs), a German ecclesiastic and author (1380–1471).

Tolstoy (tōl-stoi′), Count Lev Nikolaevich, a Russian novelist (1828–1910); commonly called Count Leo Tolstoi.

Tommy, short for *Tommy Atkins*, the British soldier.

Trafalgar (trȧ-făl′gȧr) **Square,** one of the principal squares in London. It contains the Nelson monument. Trafalgar is a cape on the southwestern coast of Cádiz, Spain, famed for a great naval battle where Admiral Nelson met victory and death, in 1805.

trick, the spell, or turn, of a sailor at the helm.

Tuileries (twēl′rē′; *English* twē′lēr-ĭz), a royal palace in Paris.

Unterwalden (o͝on′tēr-väl′dĕn), a canton in Central Switzerland.

Uri (o͞o′rē), a canton in Eastern Switzerland.

Vasari (vä-zä′rē), Giorgio, an Italian artist and biographer (1511–1574).

Verdun (vĕr′dŭn′), a fortified town in Northeastern France, on the Meuse River, where battles were fought in 1916.

Vive la France! (vēv′lȧ frȧNs), Long live France!

Vive la Republique! (vēv′lȧ rā′po͝o͝′blēk′), Long live the Republic!

Whitehall, in modern London, the main thoroughfare between Trafalgar Square and the Houses of Parliament.

William the Silent, William I, Prince of Orange, founder of the Dutch Republic (1533–1584).

Williams, Roger, the English founder of Rhode Island (1604?–1683).

Xenophon (zĕn′ō-fŏn), an Athenian historian and general (434?–355? B.C.).

Ypres (ē′pr′), a Belgian town in West Flanders, where battles were fought in the World War.